MEISSONIER

MEISSONIER

His Life and his Art

BY

VALLERY C. O. GRÉARD

DE L'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE, VICE-RECTEUR DE L'ACADÉMIE DE PARIS

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS NOTE-BOOKS, AND HIS OPINIONS AND IMPRESSIONS ON ART AND ARTISTS, COLLECTED BY HIS WIFE

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY LADY MARY LOYD AND MISS FLORENCE SIMMONDS. WITH 34 PLATES AND 236 TEXT ILLUSTRATIONS

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NAPOLEONE CIVILI, 1885.

ERRATUM.

Page 76, line under illustration, *for* "Orders," *read* "The Orderlies."

I

THE LIFE OF MEISSONIER

GENERAL AND ADJUTANT, THE SALICE ROAD, ANTIBES.
(Metropolitan Museum, New York.)

MEISSONIER

MEISSONIER said one day: "I ought to go to the School for the Blind, and learn the method of writing taught there, for I scarcely sleep at all now, and I spend my nights in meditation and retrospect. It would tire me terribly to write for hours by candlelight, but I much regret my inability to fix the images that rise within me in the darkness. I fancy I should have produced volumes by this time."

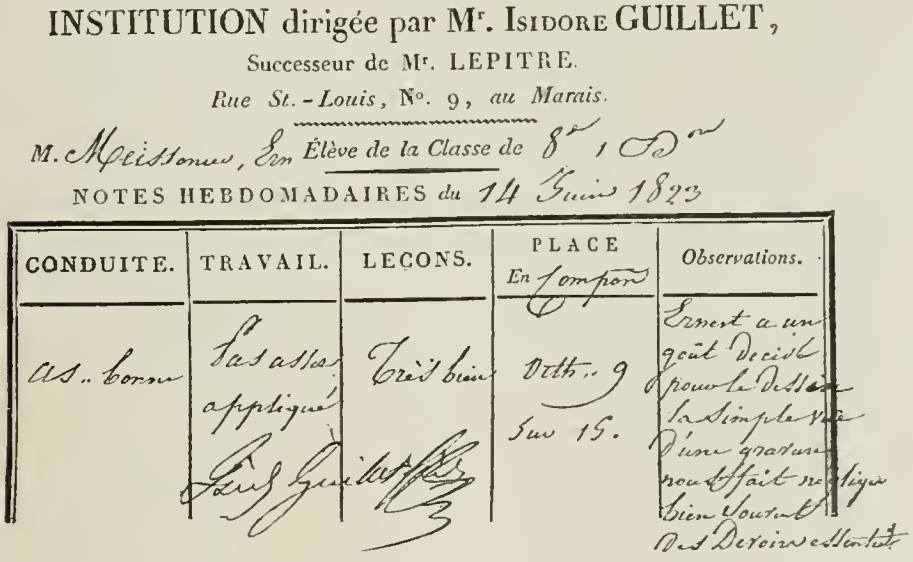
And another day, himself restricting his field of thought, he exclaimed good-humouredly, yet sadly: "Memories are like grapes in the wine-press. The vat is filled to the brim with fruit which will produce but a little wine. How small a portion of our lives have we really lived!" It is this small portion which I have attempted to collect from the familiar notes of his sayings, taken down by the friend who became his second wife. The reader must not expect either a continuous biography, or a detailed appreciation of the master's work. What he will find is simply the truth about himself by a man who, in his studio, at his easel, riding in the woods of Saint-Germain or Marly, travelling in Antibes, Venice, Holland, or Switzerland, quitting an exhibition, a museum, or a meeting of the Institute, considered, touched upon, or discussed the most varied subjects, as circumstance or the impression of the moment moved him. Nothing could be freer or less didactic. But when brought into relation one with another, these scattered musings, now lofty, now playful, now grave, now piquant, always sincere and simple, offer a series of indications, almost of confidences, wherein the man, the artist, reveals himself, living and natural, in the familiar setting of his own thoughts and feelings.

Mon portrait
dessiné par ma mère
en 1821 ou 22
E. Meissonier

EARLY YEARS.

His childhood was gloomy, his youth hard and laborious. Such early experiences as his are the common lot of artists who make their own way in default of help and encouragement in their homes. In Meissonier's case, however, his trials had this special feature, that they moulded his character, without embittering the sources from which his soul and genius drew their nourishment. He grew up to be both tender and courageous.

If, as he said, "certain dates were hopelessly lost in that gulf of the past, into which thought plunges like the diver after pearls," the emotions connected with them had not faded. He adored his mother. Judging by the portrait he drew of her, she was a woman of refined and pleasing appearance, and cultivated mind, who had a taste for the



INSTITUTION dirigée par Mr. Isidore GUILLET,

Successeur de Mr. LEPITRE.

Rue St.-Louis, No. 9, *au Marais.*

M. Meissonier, Son Élève de la Classe de 8e 1 D.n

NOTES HEBDOMADAIRES du 14 Juin 1823

CONDUITE.	TRAVAIL.	LECONS.	PLACE En Composition	Observations.
as.. bonne	Fait assez appliqué	Très bien	Dixth.. 9 Sur 15.	Ernest a un goût décidé pour le Dessin la simple vue d'une gravure lui fait reconnaître bien souvent les défauts essentiels

arts. She had taken lessons from Madame Jacottot, at Lyons, and painted cleverly on china. Meissonier always treasured the little round table at which she used to work. It was at this table, no doubt, that she made a charming pencil drawing of her son. Did she foresee his future glory, in some flash of maternal prescience?

A report made by one of the masters of the Lycée Charlemagne, where Ernest was a seventh form boy in 1824—he was then nine years old—shows that he had by no means distinguished himself either by his exemplary conduct, his industry, or even his aptitude for spelling, but the following note appears in the column headed "Observations": "Ernest has a very marked taste for drawing; the very sight of a picture will often make him neglect his appointed studies." The young mother, who died in the following year at the age of twenty-five, seems to have been more struck by these words than by all the rest, for she put the paper carefully away in her paint-box where Meissonier found it, yellow with age, twenty years later, after the death of his father. Of his mother's premature death Meissonier retained a mournful and tender recollection, which no success or happiness of after years could ever weaken.

COURTYARD OF THE HOUSE IN THE RUE DES BLANCS MANTEAUX.

"It is the 20th of February, my birthday," he said on the day when he reached his seventieth year (1884). "What a long time to look back upon! This morning, at the hour when my mother gave me birth, I wished my first thought to be of her. Dear mother, how often the tears have risen to my eyes at the remembrance of you! Alas! I knew so little of you! It was your absence, the longing I had for you, that made you so dear to me! How sweet it must be to have a mother, I often said to myself." He distinctly

remembered the solemn night when his father fetched him and his brother to his dying mother's bedside, her last injunctions, the blessing she gave them with "the white hands he knew so well, even to the little mark on one of them."

Thoughts such as these were no fugitive impressions of a special anniversary. Meissonier cherished these feelings as sacred. Born at Lyons, he was brought to Paris in his third year. It was in Paris he grew up in the quarter known as the Marais, so long the stronghold of the Parisian middle-classes, and to the last years of his life it was a pleasure to him to revisit his old home. After his second marriage, he made a sort of pilgrimage in the district, lingering at each landmark of his childish affections: the Rue des Vieilles Haudriettes, where his father, a chemical manufacturer, had warehouses; the Rue des Blancs-Manteaux, where his mother died, and whence on March 25th, 1825, she was borne to the neighbouring church. With deep emotion he entered the little court where she used to watch him at play; he pointed out the windows of their rooms on the third floor, whence her gentle face greeted him as he came home from school, the old staircase with its yellow balustrade and projecting joists. "I will come some day and sketch it all," he said.

STAIRCASE OF THE HOUSE IN THE RUE DES BLANCS-MANTEAUX.

When he speaks of his father his tone is less tender. Affection is not wanting, but respect predominates. It was his father who opposed his vocation. The elder Meissonier seems, from his son's account of him, to have been a clear-headed and energetic person, who thoroughly knew his own mind. In his youth he was remarkable for the elegance of his appearance, and the tastefulness of his dress, and was not a little proud of his well-shaped leg; a handsome man and an accomplished gentleman, he was a type of what was known as the "Lyonnais set," under the Restoration. At a time when Vestris was still a name to conjure with, he was one of the most famous dancers of his day; he and two or three friends as enthusiastic as himself would make up sets for quadrilles at evening parties, and all the rest of the company would leave off dancing to look on, standing up on the chairs to get a good view. He had also a taste for music, played the flute and sang ballads. But though addicted to those social pleasures which are allied to the arts,

MEISSONIER'S FATHER.
(*Miniature.*)

PORTRAIT OF MEISSONIER'S MOTHER.

M. Meissonier was pre-eminently a man of business, and he intended to bring up his two sons to his own trade.

The premature death of Madame Meissonier upset the arrangements for the boy's education. Before he was sent to the Lycée Charlemagne, he had been for a time at a boarding-school at Chaillot, during an illness of his mother's. All he remembered of this place was his childish terror when he had to go back in the evening after a day's holiday, and pass the wood of the Champs-Elysées, "so dark and marshy." His return to Chaillot was suggested, but his father had an intimate friend at Grenoble, a professor, who was afterwards Dean of the Faculty of Science. This friend agreed to receive the child in his house, and let him attend the college classes. After a journey of four days and three nights spent in the depths of the stage-coach, where an old lady took possession of the corner his father had secured for him, Meissonier arrived at Lyons, and fell into the arms of M. and Madame Fériot, who were waiting for him. His sense of loneliness was terrible during the first days of his sojourn at Grenoble. He found himself lost among a horde of new companions, miserable and almost ashamed at having no family refuge like the rest, "a refuge only those who have felt the want of it can properly appreciate."

M. Fériot, an enthusiastic amateur of the violin and of backgammon in his leisure hours, but a mathematician above all things, and a man with a stern sense of duty, harassed the boy with problems even during his walks. "Never once did Madame Fériot kiss or fondle him, never once did she warm the childish heart that was hungering for affection by a caressing word." Yet the Fériots were worthy people, and he had a great regard for them. Years afterwards, when he himself was an elderly man, he came back to Saint-Ismier—a modest country house close to Grenoble, where the Fériots lived during the summer—full of joy and gratitude, to paint the little dwelling "with the pure light bathing the façade, the smiling garden, the splendid cypress towering so vigorously skyward." Later still, in his extreme old age, he touched up the faded portraits of his former hosts with almost filial piety.

Did his homesickness, from which he had suffered so severely at first, really plead for his recall, as he seems to suppose? After two years at Grenoble, his father sent for him, and immediately on his arrival in Paris, put him into the counting-house, employing him, by way of a beginning, in copying letters. The intervention of a customer, whose son was at school at Thiais, saved him once more. It was at Thiais that Meissonier acquired a taste for study, in the society of Alcide Lorenz, Lejeune, the future great doctor, and the

PORTRAIT OF M. FÉRIOT.
(1835.)

PORTRAIT OF MME. FÉRIOT.
(Purchased by the State.)

two Thierrys, with both of whom, and more especially with Charles, he formed a life-long friendship. Romanticism was at its zenith. He devoured Alfred de Vigny, Victor Hugo, and Lamartine in secret, and was intoxicated by them. The first dawn of this enthusiasm was associated in his mind with the image of the little church of Thiais, where his soul went out in dreams as he listened to the solemn music of the organ, and gazed at the painted windows. "I floated," he said, "mid-stream in the ideal." The great events that were passing round him were not indifferent to him, nevertheless. He was still a school-

Charles I. on Horseback.

(See page [illegible])

Imp. Delâtre & Le Blanc, Paris

boy when the revolution of 1830 broke out. Émile Augier has described how he, a schoolboy too, at the Institution Hallays-Dabot, a branch of the Lycée Henri IV., amused himself with his chum, Got, by quietly counting the cannon shots during the days of July. Less phlegmatic than his future friend, a Liberal by instinct, and already keenly alive, as he was throughout his life, to political agitation, Meissonier longed to go and take part in the fray. "We were," he says, "in an extraordinary state of effervescence, hearing the roar of the fusillade in the distance. Three or four of us agreed to go to bed in our clothes, to get up as soon as the house was quiet, to climb the low garden wall, and to make our way to Paris. But a traitor played us false. One of the masters came up to my bed, pulled off the clothes, found me fully dressed, administered a couple of boxes on the ears which made me tingle with shame, and without a word, marched me off to solitary confinement."

CHURCH OF THIAIS.

In the following October he returned to Grenoble. His father had decided that he should give up the study of the classics, and devote his time to book-keeping, physics, chemistry, and modern languages, as a preparation for business. As before, he was placed under the care of the worthy Fériots. But at Grenoble, an ancient provincial capital, proud of its past, a city of wars and parliaments, few people took any interest in commerce. Meissonier was surrounded by young men destined for letters, medicine, and the bar; the students who came to M. Fériot's

were all preparing to enter the Government schools, on leaving which they were to become engineers, soldiers, or sailors. It hurt him to have to confess that his future career was trade, more especially when the voice within him proclaimed more loudly each day: "I too am a painter!" What had he gained after a year of this education against the grain? Very little in the way of mathematics, he confessed; but his reading had been fairly extensive, he had a keen interest in history, a practical knowledge of English—then a very rare accomplishment—elementary notions of German, a habit of seeing both within and without himself, a taste for moral observation, great delicacy of perception and sensation, and above all a passion for nature, "all sorts of tender attachments to the fair skies and mountains of Dauphiné, intimate communings with the little springs in the meadows, the limpid brooks that ran along the foot-paths over brilliant pebbles, the barberry-bushes swarming with red and blue winged grasshoppers, which he loved to frighten out of their shelter in swarms to see them sparkling in the sunshine." How well he knew every valley, every crest, from the top of Malaval to Le Lautaret, from Grenoble to Briançon! With what delight he explored them, wandering haphazard, sleeping on a bundle of hay in a barn, supping as best he could. He was known as the Mountaineer. He loved the wild rough life of the hillside, full of picturesque spectacles and charming surprises. Certain scenes were impressed on his brain like pictures, among others the following. One magnificent evening in June, during the Whitsuntide holidays, when the setting sun was crowning all it touched as with a nimbus, he was wandering among the Dauphinoise Alps, bareheaded, his hair floating in the breeze. He wore a long loose blouse, made in the antique fashion, which he fastened up on his hips for walking, and wrapped round him when he rested. He had climbed a rock that overhung a dried-up water-course, in the bed of which some children were playing, gathering the polished pebbles. He stood at the extremity of the rock, silent and motionless, his figure sharply outlined against the sky. Suddenly the children looked up, and perceiving him, fled with cries of terror. What story did they tell in the village? Perhaps Meissonier still retains something

in the nature of an altar and a legend on the outskirts of that beautiful wood.

Meanwhile his father, who had been ruined by the revolution of 1830, was working energetically at the restoration of his fortune. This was not the moment for him to look favourably on a vocation which, from M. Fériot's letters, he judged to be little better than an excuse for idleness.

At the beginning of 1832 Meissonier was apprenticed to a druggist of the Maison Meunier, Rue des Lombards, exactly opposite the well-known house which bore the sign *Au Mortier d'Or* (The Golden Mortar). He could never look at Gavarni's caricature, "*Born to be a man, and doomed to be a grocer*," without a quip at his own expense. He too had been a grocer! He had swept the shop—not the outside, indeed, for his dignity rebelled at this. But careful and conscientious by nature, he excelled in the preparation of Burgundy pitch, the tying up of neat little packets, the glib utterance of "and the next article?" His chief distraction throughout this phase was the practice of athletics. Some years later, when he was living in the Isle-Saint-Louis, a vigorous and agile young fellow, bold to the verge of recklessness, he was fond of punting on the Seine from the Pont des Tournelles to the Pont Marie in crazy tubs that took in water by the gallon, of climbing the towers of Notre Dame in search of Victor Hugo's *Ananké*; in short, he barely escaped drowning or breaking his neck some twenty times each Sunday of his life. When he lived at Poissy he boated and rode with the greatest enjoyment; he was a remarkable swimmer. These accomplishments were the result of an education begun early, and carried out indefatigably. He was proud of his muscles, and not ill-pleased when the denizens of the Rue des Lombards admired his prowess in lifting a cask of some six hundred pounds in weight. He was arming for the struggle he felt to be inevitable, inuring himself to the hardships he foresaw. He began by taking to drawing again in the evening, in secret. Then he made up his mind to show as much determination in clinging to his vocation as his father in the attempt to oppose it. "Give me three hundred francs," he said to the elder Meissonier, "and you shall hear nothing of me till I have

made a name." He was ready to set off for Naples, and there enter the service of the first painter he could find. At first his father turned a deaf ear to his naïve outpourings. Finally, he consented to give him a week in which to look for a master, who would guarantee his aptitude and undertake his education.

Meissonier accordingly set to work to seek both testimony and guidance. The eight days were almost gone, and he had not found

M. FERIOT'S HOUSE AT ST. ISMIERS.
1835.

his man. One morning he took his courage in both hands, and went to see Delaroche, whom he knew only by repute. Delaroche was at work on his *Death of Lady Jane Grey*. The interview was brief. The conditions of apprenticeship in Delaroche's studio were impossible with an empty purse. He was going home sadly, not knowing where to turn for help, when he met M. Levesque, a friend of his father's, and an engraver of seals, at the corner of a street near the Palais Royal. "Where are you going with that melancholy face?" Meissonier told

him that his father insisted on his finding a master in a week's time, or giving up his folly altogther. He had a sketch with him, in the lining of his hat, but he had not had courage to show it to M. Delaroche, to whom he had just been. M. Levesque sent him to the Passage Sainte-Marie, to a friend of his own, one Jules Potier, a sometime *prix de Rome*, who now made a living as a drawing master in ladies' schools. A dreary lodging, grey walls, enlivened by a cheerful canvas of *Ugolino and his Sons in the Tower of Hunger!* "If I had a son," said Potier, as soon as he understood the young man's business, "I would rather make him a cobbler than a painter!" The Johannots, to whom he next ventured to apply, were kind and friendly, and asked to see his drawing. But they could not take pupils, and sent him back to Potier, recommending him to show his sample to the latter. It was a group of soldiers drinking in a wine-shop. When he had looked at it, Potier changed his tone altogether. "Forget what I said to you the other day, I am going to write to your father." And he set him down to copy figures in stump on yellowish paper. For a whole winter Meissonier made his way every morning from the Rue des Blanc-Manteaux to the Passage Sainte-Marie, buying a pennyworth of chestnuts on the road when he was in funds, which warmed both his pocket and his stomach. His father allowed him fifty centimes a day for his meals, and invited him to dinner every Wednesday, when the members of the family met. "Like Châteaubriand during his exile in London," says M. Alexandre Dumas, "Meissonier dined on a halfpenny roll; after which, on Wednesdays, when he really felt the need of a little refreshment, he would come in to dessert. 'Have you dined?' his father would ask. 'Yes, I have only come in to have coffee with you.'"

UGOLINO IN THE TOWER OF HUNGER.
(Pen sketch.)

After a time, Potier, for whom he had done some drawings that had sold, took him to Cogniet, and paid his fees in advance for five months. Meissonier, however, all but made up his mind not to stay. On the day when he had, according to custom, to pay his footing, and treat the studio to rum-punch—he had been obliged to borrow the money for this function—one of his future comrades called out at sight of him: "That little chap's a grocer!" "Is it written on my forehead, then?" thought he, remembering the Rue des Lombards. His proud shyness took fright; and but that he got leave to work in a little room adjoining the studio, he would perhaps never have returned. He only saw Cogniet twice all the time he was in the studio—once on the day of his arrival, and once again when the master came and corrected his drawing.

PORTRAIT OF M. QUESNEVILLE.
1834 (in the possession of his son).

The Salon catalogue of 1834 is the first that shows his name. It stands over *A Visit to the Burgomaster*, and the Société des Amis des Arts bought the picture for a hundred francs, which in those days was considered a very fair price. A Decamps fetched very little more; and the Delacroix never sold at all. *The Little Messenger* was rejected, and found no purchaser but his father, who, however, began to admit that his son had a certain aptitude. Meissonier then undertook the portrait of a great friend of his family, M. Quesneville, a chemist in the Rue Jacob. M. Quesneville was a collaborator of Pelletier, the discoverer of quinine. His father, to whom he brought it

directly it was finished, was greatly struck by it. Never, perhaps, did he feel greater pride or deeper joy, not even when, six years later, he was called upon to receive the first gold medal won by Meissonier, who had been detained at Saint-Ismier. He announced that he intended to send his son to Rome, and make him an allowance of a hundred francs a month. A hundred francs a month! This was such a magnificent sum that Meissonier considered it enough for two, and made up his mind to take a friend with him. His father made only one stipulation—that he should stop at Grenoble on the way, and paint portraits of M. and Madame Fériot. By the time he had finished these, cholera had broken out in Italy, and he found himself unable to get farther than Lyons. He was obliged to pass a winter there, which proved a very severe one. An incident of this enforced sojourn was often quoted by him to illustrate his early poverty. "You can have no idea," he used to say, "of the ambition I had, throughout my childhood and youth, to possess a cloak!" It was one of his father's theories that children should be hardened by exposure to the cold! In the depth of winter Meissonier wore his blouse as in summer, and cast many an envious glance at his warmly-clad playfellows. He remembered, "with a shiver down his back," certain New Year Eves, when he was taken to pay family visits, blue and numb under his scanty covering. He tasted something of the same misery again at Lyons. His friend and travelling companion, Gournier, got a commission for him to paint water-colour portraits of two of his cousins, the Demoiselles Thibault, daughters of a rich merchant. The price agreed upon was ninety francs, with which Meissonier at last acquired the cloak of his dreams. The anecdote would be incomplete if I omitted to add that he had six silver buttons sewn on to it, and that he always wore it with great pride and pleasure.

On his return to Paris he found a little studio ready for him—his first studio. This was a gift from his father. But the studio did not provide him with an income. The elder Meissonier, whose affairs were beginning to recover, but who had lately taken a second wife, had reduced his son's allowance from twelve to seven hundred francs, telling him that he must make up the difference himself. It was as

difficult, however, to find work as it had been to find a master, and a second Odyssey began.

On the advice of Johannot, he went to Curmer, who, after looking him up and down ("I was an insignificant urchin enough!") was finally induced to let him make a drawing of the *Murder of Eleazar* for Royaumont's Bible. Curmer was so well pleased with his work that he at once engaged him to illustrate *Paul et Virginie* and *La Chaumière Indienne*. But the very brilliance of his success turned against the unhappy novice. To "extend his commercial relations," as his father said, he called on Hetzel, counting on the effect of these first essays. Hetzel addressed him in these "never-to-be-forgotten words": "After the wonderful drawings you have done for Curmer, I could not give you any of mine." "Then I suppose I am to starve, because I do my work too well!" exclaimed Meissonier. But he was not the man to be discouraged in well-doing. From this time forth it was his rule to make everything he undertook, great or small, as perfect as possible. While he was at work on *La Chaumière Indienne* he passed the greater part of his days in the hot-houses of the Museum or in the Bibliothèque Nationale, studying tropical plants, and searching the catalogues for books which the Director willingly procured for so assiduous a student. Three times a week he went to bed at seven and got up at midnight, when he drew until morning, in order to have the rest of the day free

SKETCH OF MEISSONIER AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.
(*Pen sketch.*)

for study and research. He worked upon his mother's little round table, on which he had engraved these words: "Watch and pray, for ye know not in what hour your Lord cometh." And he observed the precept, "both in flesh and spirit." "Ah!" he would say gaily, in after years, "I was not at all afraid of thieves! When I went out in the morning I could leave the door of my room wide open!"

According to the very careful accounts he kept, his unremitting

FACSIMILE OF A DRAWING *La Chaumière Indienne.*
(In the possession of M. Piat.)

labours for Curmer and for Hetzel, who thought better of his first decision, and sent for him again, brought him in nine thousand four hundred and four francs, between June 1st, 1836, and April 1st, 1839. For an initial letter he was paid from five to eight francs, for compositions from fifteen to twenty, and even forty francs, which last sum he received for *The Death of Eleazar*. Some exceptional drawings had reached and even surpassed the sum of one hundred francs. He calculated that this gave him a clear profit of from nine to ten francs a day. For himself

alone, this would have been a competence. But at twenty-three, on October 13th, 1838, he married the sister of his friend Steinheil, the glass-painter. This marriage brought him nothing but additional expense, and his father, who presented him on the occasion with half a dozen silver spoons and forks, a year's rent, and a year's allowance paid in advance, made the following speech : " It is now quite evident that you want nothing further from me. When people set up housekeeping, they must consider themselves capable of providing for an establishment."

Was it at this stage of his career that he painted pictures with Daubigny at a franc the metre ? He never complained of these years of hardship, nor would he have liked others to pity him. Like Rousseau and Millet, he had known difficult days, and he certainly did not consider extreme poverty necessary to an artist's development. He no doubt regretted circumstances that may have delayed the maturity of his talent ; he wished " those days could be given back which he had lost in providing for the morrow. But as to unhappiness . . . Is it possible to be wretched when one is twenty, when life is all before one, when one has a passion for art, free passes for the Louvre, the Bibliothèque Nationale, and the Jardin des Plantes, an eye to see, a heart to feel, and sunshine gratis ? "

HIS WORKS

I

Although the *Conversations* deal more fully with Meissonier's intimate experiences than with the works of his youth or of his early maturity, they indicate the general character of these with interesting precision.

It was an axiom with him that an artist, no matter how marked his progress under development, should never disavow his first efforts; and it may truly be said of him, that had he never produced anything but his early illustrations, he would have secured a place in the history of art. He had no complete collection of these, but he always turned them over with pleasure when he came upon them in the hands of friends or publishers. "My conception of things is much the same now as then," he would say, with pardonable pride in these first-fruits of his art; "my vision is unaltered; I have changed very little." Nevertheless, like Poussin—who also began with ornamental initials, tail-pieces, and even signboards—he made a distinction between subjects done to order, and those chosen by the artist himself. Among the first Meissonier himself seems to have included the *Death of Eleazar*, and the two episodes from the history of Holofernes—*Holofernes entering Judæa*, and *Judith before Holofernes*, executed for Royaumont's Bible. The two *Holofernes* illustrations lack neither unity, precision, nor vitality; and the *Death of Eleazar* reveals a dramatic sense of no common order. But the *Eleazar* betrays a want of ease and inspiration, in spite of the careful differentiation of pose and expression; the figures are short and stunted, the heads out of proportion. Above all, we miss the sentiment of the sacred writings. Compare these illustrations with the illuminations of the miniaturists of the fourteenth century, whose clumsiness and hieratic formalism

bear the impress of such artless religious fervour. We note the same inadequacy of emotion with the same intensity of execution in the *Isaiah* and the *S. Paul* of the *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle*, which date from the same year (1835). But the personal accent makes itself felt in the drawings of the following year for the *Voyage a' l'Île des Plaisirs;* the moral idea of Fénelon's genial story—the wholesome satisfaction produced in man by industry—is interpreted with equal gaiety and picturesque precision in the vignettes of *The Sellers of Appetite*, and of *Women directing municipal Business in the Absence of Men overcome by Sloth.* The same pleasant and delicate humour marks the illustrations for *Le Livre sur le Mariage.* But Meissonier's actual conquest of individual style and talent dates from his drawings for *Paul et Virginie*, and *La Chaumière Indienne.*

In the *Paul et Virginie*, Meissonier was only a collaborator with Tony Johannot, though a collaborator, be it said, of marked superiority. Johannot, as he himself admitted, was worn out, disgusted. His compositions lack variety; their elegance is trivial, their grace insipid; landscape and figures melt into each other in a sort of languid sweetness; and when the catastrophe approaches, the violence of the drawing, by an abrupt transition, becomes almost brutal. The forty-seven vignettes furnished by Meissonier are distinguished by the precision and sobriety of their design. Whether he shows us the boat waiting to fetch Madame de la Tour's correspondence from the ship whose imposing hull and flowing sails appear at last on the horizon—or the stuffs spread out before Virginie—or the healing solitude in which Paul seeks consolation and courage—the definite character of his image gives vigour to the occasional weakness of Bernardin de Saint Pierre's thought, and the frequent fluidity of his prose. The drawing of the *Bay of the Tomb* in particular lends a natural and sublime solemnity to the somewhat artificial and literary emotion of the writer's *dénoûment.* So great was the impression made by this final vignette that the publisher singled it out for mention, as one of the illustrations which gave a special value to his edition, associating the name of the young artist of twenty-tree, with those of experienced draughtsmen such as Camille Rogier, Levasseur,

Devise, and Girard Séguin, then the acknowledged masters of illustration.

La Chaumière Indienne was illustrated almost entirely by Meissonier, and "secured some little share of fame for him." The luxuriance of fancy here displayed seemed marvellous. From every line, almost from every word of the text sprang a profusion of ornamental letters, scenes, views, images of every sort, fecund and vivid as tropical nature herself. The fertility of idea was only to be equalled by the extraordinary finish of the details. The architecture of each building, from a synagogue at Amsterdam to the Vatican Library, from the convent of Mount Carmel to the Pagoda of Juggernaut, had been carefully studied in documents of incontestable authenticity. The pipes exchanged by the Doctor and the Pariah at parting, as mementoes of their converse, and tokens of spiritual union, were drawn from originals in a collection Meissonier had made himself. Throughout this wealth of plastic interpretation the soul of the book circulated freely. Meissonier gives an added depth and extent to the subject by the manner in which he throws open before us those sanctuaries

THE SMOKER.
(Pencil drawing, 1890.)

where questions of human truth and happiness had been debated from time immemorial—the clamorous assemblies of doctors of the various religions, and the solitary rock on which the Pariah finds a refuge; he makes us realise the controversies and reflections of the characters by their attitudes, and their relation to each other, till we almost seem to hear them speak. "In this little work," said Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, "I had vast ends in view." The declaration was sufficiently ambitious. But Meissonier justifies it at more than one point by the breadth of his commentary. The lesson of philosophic simplicity which the good doctor finally deduces from his wanderings round the world, is enforced by all the images, graceful or piquant, elegant or noble, always intelligent and vivacious, with which the illustrator has peopled his horizon.

Meissonier's friends often lamented that the delicacy of his drawings was sacrificed in the English process of reproduction. The best of the vignettes in *Paul et Virginie* and *La Chaumière Indienne* were saved by the essentially French talent of Lavoignat, but in too many instances the original designs were blurred and weakened in engraving. Such is undoubtedly the case in the majority of the prints for *La Chute d'un Ange* (1839). Some of the landscape backgrounds, that of *The Cedars*, for instance, and of *The Struggle*, are unusually vigorous; the expressive power of *The Seven Murderers of Daïdha* is remarkable, but as a whole these engravings cannot be said to bear faithful or complete witness to the artist's power. It is obvious, too, that here his imagination was less alert and unflagging than in *La Chaumière Indienne*.

The illustrations for the *Contes Rémois* belong to this series of early efforts. The modern reader of these *Contes* is somewhat surprised at their quondam popularity. Much of this was in fact due to Meissonier. M. de Chevigné's audacious verse, supple, facile, good-humoured, gallant, and full of agreeable ornament, has neither the irrepressible verve nor the devil-may-care grace which are at once the attraction and the excuse of such literature. Meissonier, as we shall find, had no tenderness for lax morality in art. He undertook the illustrations at Chevigné's earnest solicitation, but he evidently set to work on the

Contes Rémois with a certain repugnance, and never threw himself heart and soul into the task. He sought the motives for his drawings rather from without than from within the *fabliaux*. The subjects were uncongenial to him. "I always avoided the psychological moment," he declared. The motives he chose are as a rule charming. The *Waterside Scene*, the *Smithy*, the *Interior of a Church* (a study of the church at Poissy), *A Company of Arquebusiers*, *In the King's Name*, the *Boat-girl*, the *Good Cousin*, the *Choice of a Mass*, are perfect little pictures. The delicate poetry of the setting redeems the triviality of the idea. Meissonier had always a great wish to illustrate Molière and La Fontaine. He had his own conception of Alceste, whom he would have dressed, not in the traditional dark green coat embroidered with gold of the stage, but in dark gray faced with green; gray seemed to him the one colour suitable to the character of the misanthropist. Jouast had asked him to undertake an edition of La Fontaine; they had agreed upon a selection of six fables, among which were *Le Chêne et le Roseau*, and the *Vieillard et les trois jeunes Hommes*. About 1880, when he was at the height of his fame, Meissonier had an idea of reviving this project. Unhappily it was never carried out. With what truth and charm he would have interpreted the most exquisite among the lovers of nature, the most sagacious among the students of the human heart!

PEN SKETCH.

The great variety of the works taken in hand by Meissonier at this early period has excited little comment hitherto. Scarcely any illustrated book was published by Curmer, Hetzel, Delloye, Dubochet or Pagnerre throughout these years, in which his collaboration was not

invited. We may instance the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Gresset*, *Lazarillo de Tormes*, the *Orlando Furioso*, *Grèce Pittoresque*, *Chants et Chansons populaires de la France*. His portrait of Dr. Primrose has all the delicacy of a highly finished miniature. His Lazarillo is an admirable conception, and what a profile he has imagined for the arch-priest of San Salvador, whose shrine has been pillaged by the rogue. How gay and charming is the scene of the French Guards, chanting the story of Madame Marion, glass in hand! He has been accused by critics of denationalising our eyes by borrowing the costumes of a by-gone age, and it almost seemed at last that he would have found a difficulty in depicting the men of his own times in the realism of ordinary dress. He made no excuses for his preferences; he had reasons for them which he will himself reveal to us. Realism, if he could have accepted its creed, would not have found him wanting as an executant. In *Les Francais peints par eux-mêmes* we find a whole series of plates after his designs (1840–42). The personification of trades, professions, and districts of France was a very popular device of the illustrator of that day. Meissonier, with great independence of taste, and a faculty for generalisation which was already strongly marked, substituted the view of some special point or district for the typical figure. The *Port of Havre*, for instance, stands for the *Sea-captain*, the *Panorama of Montbrison* for the *Native of Forez*; his *Souvenir of Normandy* was the *Apse of the Church of St. Pierre at Caen*; sometimes, he associated the calling itself with some scene appropriate to it, as in the *Fisher with a Line*, whom he places on *A Quay in Paris*. Thus he created *types*—the word commonly used to denote figures of this class—vignetted *types*, such as *The Rake*, *The Stockbroker*, *The Sportsman*, *The Old Bachelor*, *The Poet*, *The Captain of Grenadiers of the National Guard*; and full-lengths, such as *The Old Clothesman*, *The Cobbler bringing back his Work*, and *The Cobbler at his Bench*. And in all of these, physiognomy, attitude, and costume reinforce the vigorous vulgarity of the subject.

It is not generally known that he was associated with Balzac in the *Comédie Humaine* (1842). It was agreed that he should make a drawing of the novelist, whose popularity was just dawning, as frontispiece

for the series. This was the basis of the treaty. In those astonishing calculations with which pride and fond imagination beguiled him, Balzac, whose own rights in the venture consisted of one franc on each volume sold, promised his collaborator at least two millions! To a man who had never possessed a thousand, this must indeed have seemed as probable a consummation as some gift from a genie in an Arabian tale. He set to work nevertheless. "Balzac had a truly Rabelaisian head, full of a subtle drollery; a comical snub nose, eyes of fire, thick sensual lips, heavy curls that hung over his ears and neck, a clean-shaven face." The portrait, a half-length, seated, was getting on famously, when, unfortunately, it had to be put aside for a week or two. One day he wanted to paint a pair of breeches, the folds of which "arranged themselves very happily" on the model's legs. Meissonier was eager to seize the effect at once. He began to sketch on a corner of the panel on which Balzac was waiting. The hang of the breeches improved every minute. They began to encroach on the figure and finally covered it entirely. These breeches were afterwards transferred to *L'Homme à l'Epée* (*The Man with the Sword*). The portrait was sacrificed. It seems that the treaty, thus broken, was never renewed, but six drawings were the result of the scheme. These were *The Forsaken*, *Schinner*, *The Hopeful Apprentice*, *Monsieur de Fontaine*, the *Servant of a Great*

THE MAN WITH THE SWORD.
(After the etching by Meissonier.)

House, *Monsieur Guillaume*, the wise, patient, sagacious draper of *Le Chat qui pelotte*, Monsieur Crottat, the notary, one foot in the law-courts, the other in the world, bursting out of his tight official coat, with pursed-up mouth and vivacious eye, his hand in the opening of his waistcoat, solemn and teasing, obsequious and self-important—these testify that Meissonier lacked nothing to make him a successful delineator of the originals of his own country, "with the features and apparel appropriate to their legal and social status," as he jestingly said.

II

Although work of this kind was interesting to him, less perhaps for the profit it was necessary that it should bring, than for the extreme delicacy he made it a point of honour to bestow upon it, it was far from satisfactory to his ambition. "No, no," he would say impatiently to those who congratulated him on its merits with more zeal than discretion, "these things are not the expression of my personality. I resign myself to doing them, but meanwhile, I am dreaming of something very different." What were these dreams?

Two distinguishing features mark the independence of his mind from this time forth. The great schism which was agitating and dividing the world of letters was loudly echoed in the world of art. Ingres bore the banner of classicism, to use the language of the day, with the dual authority of a character fashioned to command, and a talent consecrated by works of such incontestable mastery as the *Apotheosis of Homer*, and the *Vow of Louis XIII.* Delacroix confronted him, raising the standard of romanticism, and winning the rights of leadership with his *Dante and Virgil*, the *Massacre of Scio*, *Sardanapalus*, and the *Murder of the Archbishop of Liège*. The two leaders were in reality divided less by their respective creeds than by the passions of their disciples. It is, as a rule, minds of the second order, minds that follow in the track marked out by others, "the agitated," as Delacroix called them, who embitter dissension by exaggerat-

ing and perpetuating it. Great masters meet on those heights to which their gifts raise them, and restore harmony by the sheer superiority of their point of view. Has not Delacroix's journal shown how deep was his reverence for Racine and Mozart, for grace and finish, for the profound harmony and serene beauty of classic art? "Neither Mozart nor Racine," he says impatiently, "had any absurd antipathies; their reason was of the same lofty nature as their genius, or rather, it was their genius itself." When we look through the portfolios of the Museum of Montauban, can we refuse to Ingres the merit of a persistent striving, not only after perfection of line, but after colour, movement and life? Nevertheless, the two ideals, both equally impassioned, were equally necessary to direct art to new paths, without severing it boldly from great tradition. It was good that minds firmly balanced and sure of themselves should seek out their originality, not in sterile imitation, nor in that compromise between extremes which nearly always reveals, and invariably results in mediocrity, but in the natural development of their distinctive temperaments. It is to Meissonier's honour that he was capable of such development. He never cared for Ingres, who was persistently hostile to him. He greatly admired Delacroix. Romanticism, as we know, had charmed him in his youth. "Ah! fair visions, vast inspirations of one's twentieth year! Old manuscripts, with holy virgins on gilded backgrounds! The Gothic spire, the angelic choir! Certain verses still bring tears into my eyes, at sixty!" But if these heroic visions elevated his soul, they never disturbed its equilibrium. The usual progress of the artist is from the old masters to Nature. Meissonier arrived at the old masters through Nature. He admitted that he never understood some among them, Correggio for instance, till late in life, when his own powers had matured, and he was able to look at them without bias, "with no passion in his heart save the passion for truth."

This love of natural truth was inseparably bound up with a yearning for moral truth in his early conceptions. He had "embarked in the arts with the firm conviction that art should be the great moralising influence of society." This was no mere academic theory. "Note my first efforts," he used to say: "*The Siege of Calais*, the expression of

civic courage ; *Peter the Hermit preaching the Crusade*, the expression of religious enthusiasm ; *Saint Paul*, the expression of the love of God." He formed a sort of propaganda of this doctrine, for the public weal, enlisting five of his most intimate friends in the cause : his brother-in-law Steinheil, Trimolet, Daumier, Daubigny, and the sculptor Geoffroy Deschaumes. By the terms of a convention which all the five signed with their initials, four of the number agreed to work indefatigably, and to supply the fifth with the means of livelihood, to enable him to produce one work of an elevated kind during the year. The association took a ground-floor flat with a garden in the Rue des Amandiers, and

LAST MOMENTS OF THE OLD BACHELOR.
(Engraving from *Les Français peints par eux-mêmes.* Curmer, 1841.)

arranged a large well-lighted studio. Trimolet was the first recipient of the common bounty. The others supported him while he worked at his *Sisters of Charity distributing Soup to the Poor.* Steinheil was the next appointed to feed this vestal fire. His contribution was a *Man at Prayer* upon a mountain, beset by the seven deadly sins. After Steinheil came Daubigny. When the turn of the fourth came round, the association had ceased to exist. Meissonier had voluntarily retired, immediately after his marriage, which laid new duties upon him. He did not, however, repudiate his idea, to which he returned in after years.

The Barricade.

It was to Chenavard he owed the advice which, acting upon the vocation already indicated by a strong natural bent, determined his future course. The circumstances connected with this advice were deeply impressed on his memory.

In 1833 he went to the Rue Vivienne to see a picture by Chenavard, *The Convention*. Many members of the Convention were still living, and from them Chenavard had gleaned a number of details which gave great power and reality to his work. Meissonier, who was much affected by the picture, expressed a wish to make the acquaintance of the Lyons

STILL LIFE.
(Water-colour drawing in the possession of Mme. Dumas-d'Hauterive.)

master, his senior by several years, hoping, no doubt, that he might take an interest in a young compatriot. Eighteen months later, in 1835, when he returned from the Fériots, his father's cousin, Claudius Carthant, introduced him to Chenavard, who had just arrived from Italy. From this time forth their friendship was uninterrupted. Chenavard was "a philosopher who had seen much, read much, and thought much." But he had the reputation of a stern and discouraging critic. His friends called him *The Upas Tree*. "In 1838 or 1839," says Meissonier, "he came one day to take his accustomed seat at my

little table. Before dinner, I showed him the picture I was working on. It was *Jesus with His Apostles*, a canvas the whereabouts of which I no longer know. Chenavard looked at it for a long time in silence. I went on expounding my idea to him; still he said nothing. At last he walked round the studio, examining each canvas attentively, but still silently. Before the *Violoncello Player* he made a longer pause than usual. When he had finished his review, he came back to the *Apostles*, and began to demolish them. 'I suppose you hardly imagine that you will ever do these things better than Raphael?' 'Certainly not.' 'Well then, what's the use of saying a thing over again that some one else has already said far better?' Then, taking me over to the *Violoncello Player*: 'Here,' he said, 'you have something really personal and most excellent.' He then took me to see Gleyre, with whom he was very intimate. To everything Gleyre showed him, Prodigal Sons, cartoons of this and of that, he said: 'Capital!' He approved of everything, praised everything. I was greatly surprised. As we went downstairs I asked him: 'Did you really think all those things so good?' 'Did you once hear me praise anything in particular,' he said, 'or one thing more than another? And why not? Because there was nothing striking, nothing beyond the average in all we saw.' I then understood the value of his warm approval of the *Violoncello Player*, after his outspoken criticism on the *Apostles*."

From that moment, a new genre-painter was born to us.

"Every genius is the son of some other genius," writes Théophile Gautier, "but the artist may be the son of a father dead long before his birth. Terburg, Netscher, Metzu, Brauwer, Mieris, Frans Hals, Van Ostade, and Peter de Hooch should hang upon Meissonier's walls as portraits of ancestors; but this filiation does not prevent him from being himself an ancestor. Dutch art is essentially national. Meissonier's originality made it both French and universal. He showed the same independence in his relations to the foreign masters he admired, as in his attitude towards the masters most loudly acclaimed in his own country. He never imitated; he discovered and re-created. He gave us again the exquisite care, the delicate observation of detail, the life and

vivacity of the human face—all that perfection of workmanship, in short, which the modern artist scarcely hopes to equal. And at the same time, he is distinguished from his exemplars by a more reasoned care for the general effect, a deeper knowledge of composition, by the tasteful and intelligent adaptation of costume, and finally, by his care for the expression of the type in the expression of the individual.

The minor Dutch masters excelled in their renderings of low-ceiled rooms with narrow leaded windows, sideboards of ancient oak loaded with shining plate, and polished stools, all the solid plenishings of those silent and orderly interiors, where no grain of dust was ever to be seen, where, when the snow fell and the north winds blustered, the inmates, men and women alike, gathered round the stove or the common table, warmly wrapped in their substantial garments, and more or less drowsy with a sort of sanctimonious well-being. But most Dutch pictures are episodes or portraits which lack an appropriate setting. The eye either seeks the background in vain, or is repelled by one entirely uninteresting. The figures stand out none the less vigorously, it is true ; this naïve simplicity often enhances the effect. But it can hardly be denied that those lowering ceilings, which seem almost to press upon the heads of the figures, obscure not only the natural but the spiritual vision, to which they deny, as it were, its proper complement, the indications necessary to an easy and rapid comprehension of the theme. They may, indeed, testify to precision of local colour. But while enforcing the character of the subject, do they not sometimes make it incomplete or ambiguous? To take the most striking example, nothing, perhaps, is more instructive in this connection than the discussions which have arisen over the intention of Rembrandt's *Night-Watch*. But even now, when the solution seems to have been finally arrived at, can it be said that this masterpiece, incomparable as it is in many respects, would have lost anything, if the spectator had been enabled to grasp its meaning at a glance by a more precise definition of surroundings? The time we now spend in puzzled meditation would have been so much added to the term of our enjoyment. Meissonier has always the merit of clarity. In his least important

canvases the setting always helps the subject, explains it, and stimulates our enjoyment of it. His interiors speak; they invite us to enter into relations, into communion, as he used to say, with

A SONG.
(Picture in the possession of the Comte de Greffulhe.)

their inmates. By the insight he at once allows us into the habits of his characters—whether they are reading, writing, looking over prints, playing bowls or cards—we find ourselves in harmony with

their thoughts. This cabinet could only have belonged to one particular connoisseur; this tavern is evidently a soldier's house of call! With Meissonier we never wonder where we are. In all he shows us, the eye travels through a limpid atmosphere, which entertains while it illuminates. The artist saves us the trouble of

THE LOST GAME.
(In the possession of M. Steengracht van Duiwenvoorde, at The Hague)

puzzling out his meaning, and leaves us at liberty to admire frankly.

If he did not paint the Frenchman of the nineteenth century as the Dutch masters painted their contemporaries, it was not from lack of capacity, as we have seen. He thought their costume

ugly and uninteresting. "Fancy painting a modern *Reader*, a gentleman in a dressing-gown and slippers, his legs crossed, glancing over a newspaper with an air of abstraction, in a library littered with pamphlets and books at a franc apiece, not worth the trouble of binding." He confessed to a more exacting æsthetic sense. Attitude and costume were necessary to his brush. "In every artist there is, and must be, something of the actor, let who will ridicule him for this tendency. I see myself now, in my boyhood, alone in my room, dancing, pirouetting, practising steps, striking attitudes, wrapping myself in draperies, imagining a person or a situation, inventing scenes which fired my fancy, and which I reproduced with the utmost energy." He demanded a certain beauty in man, and thought a certain amount of adjustment necessary even to beauty. "Happy Veronese, and his fellows, who were not obliged to hunt for a sleeve or a bodice as I have to do for my picture, *Le Chant*. Time was when men respected themselves, and considered their appearance. A person had but to pause in a familiar attitude, and the artist had his model before him. . . . Gesture is no studio trick, but natural movement. So thought our fathers; it belonged to those good old times, to which I too belong. . . ." Now the "good old times" of costume he considered to be the middle of the eighteenth century. Before the military uniform of the Empire became the special study, the passion of his palette, so to speak, he had directed his minute and patient researches to costume from the Renaissance to the Directory, from the *Reître* (Cavalier) to the *Incroyable* (Beau), and all his life he loved to find models in the treasure-house

MEISSONIER'S NOTE ON THE ENGRAVING BY J. JACQUET—"LE PORTRAIT DU SERGENT."

A CAVALIER.
(Water-colour drawing in the possession of Mme. Spitzer.)

of this varied gallery. But he had a special partiality for the uniform of the French National Guard, and the costume of the Parisian citizen in the days of Fontenoy and of the *Philosophe sans le savoir*. The guard-rooms of Marshal Saxe's soldiers, interiors of the time of Sedaine and Diderot, are his favourite backgrounds. The costume of the period, at once graceful and simple, free and precise, practical and decorative, seemed to him to lend itself most happily to all the solid coquetries of art, without conveying any sense of affectation or research. He declared that it gave a charm and refinement to the life of the moment, without falsifying or emasculating it.

THE BEAU.
(In the possession of Baron E. de Rothschild.)

In Meissonier's art this is indeed the part played both by costume and surroundings: they serve to express the character of his personages. This expression was what he chiefly aimed at. "Nothing is really interesting to the artist," he said, "but that which he has not yet done." And indeed, if we examine them carefully, there are not two of all the host of *Smokers* and *Readers* painted by him between 1840 and 1860—he was besieged with commissions for such figures—that are really alike. "Take the *Smoker*," said Théophile Gautier. "He is a good fellow, we see at a glance, dressed in a loose gray coat of antiquated cut, and a carefully brushed beaver. Swinging a foot encased in a solid shoe, silver buckled and well polished, he inhales, with all the

THE SCOUT.
(In the possession of the Duc d'Aumale. Chantilly Gallery.)

is another *Smoker*, dressed in red, who also holds a pipe in his hand, and is occupied in much the same fashion. But his tumbled garments, buttoned all awry, the three-cornered hat jambed down on his eyebrows, the ruffles and shirt-frill crumpled by a convulsive hand, the attitude of the nervous, feverish figure, the twitch of the lips on the clay pipe stem, the resentful thrust of the hand into the empty pocket, all proclaim the adventurer, or the unlucky

phlegm of a peaceful conscience, a long puff of smoke, breathing it out again in tiny cloudlets with a frugal desire to make his pleasure last. Beside him, on a spiral-legged table, stands a measure of beer with a pewter lid, and a tall drinking-glass. An intimate satisfaction beams from that face, lined with deep furrows, full of figures, orderly habits, rigid honesty! We would hand over our ledgers and cash-box to him without a moment's uneasiness. Here

THE SMOKER.
(After the original etching by Meissonier.)

THE READER (*Le liseur blanc*).
(In the possession of M. Chauchard.)

gambler. We almost hear his exclamation: 'Who the devil can I borrow a louis, or even a crown, from?'"

This diversity is all the more interesting from the fact that, while

each of these two smokers expresses a special state, they are closely akin in general character, in breadth of expression and style. To take another instance: No men could differ more widely than the two *Readers*, one standing up by a window, with a fixed eye, and a face full of strained attention, devouring the last pages of the book he holds close against his breast, the other seated comfortably in a wide arm-chair, his forehead resting on one hand, while with the other he holds daintily, as if caressing it, an elegant little book, the exquisite binding of which delighted that accomplished bibliophile, Jules Janin. Yet both represent the *Reader* with equal propriety. Meissonier is so far an idealist, that in painting an individual he brings together those common features which express a character in a single action, and make of a person a type. Brauwer's *Peasants Fighting* have extraordinary expressive energy; but they are peasants, and Flemish peasants. We can only conceive of them in their characteristic surroundings. Who, on the other hand, who has studied *La Rixe*, can ever think of a violent quarrel without evoking the tumultuous scene in which Meissonier has once for all seized the universal elements of such an episode, expressing them without triviality, nay, more, with nobility? We recognise unchanging truth in the convulsed faces of the combatants, their furious glances, the straining muscles of heads and necks, the culminating frenzy of a violence which has been aggravated rather than exhausted by the struggle in which benches, tables and stools have been overturned—a violence no longer to be restrained by the intervention, at once deprecatory and threatening, of comrades who seek to part the maddened adversaries.

I do not think Meissonier ever showed this gift for generalisation of expression more forcibly than in two pictures of this period, the *Monk Ministering to a Sick Man* (1838) and *The Barricade* (1848). What a combination of gratitude and anguish in the sufferer's face; what mingled firmness and gentleness in the monk's tender grasp! Here we have Christian charity itself at the bedside of suffering humanity. *The Barricade* is a drama, a drama which is a reminiscence. Meissonier was a captain of artillery in the National Guard during the days of June, 1848. The insurrection was surging round the Hôtel de

La Rixe (The Brawl.)

(H.M. THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND'S COLLECTION.)

Ville, which it was his business to protect, and he was present when the barricade of the Rue de la Mortellerie was taken. He saw its defenders shot down, thrown out of windows, the ground strewn with corpses, the earth red with the blood it had not yet drunk. "It was on this occasion," he said, "that I heard that stern sentence, which showed me more forcibly than anything, how minds are unhinged by passion in these street risings. 'Were all these men guilty?' said Marrast to the officer in command of the National Guard. 'I can assure you, M. le Maire, that not more than a quarter of them were innocent.'" Inspired by this tragic incident, the picture of *The Barricade* became something more than an episode. It is an image of civil war in all its horror. The fight is over, night is falling, a deathly silence broods over the scene. At the entrance of a narrow street, we see high walls blackened by powder, and riddled with shot. In the foreground, a heap of paving stones stained with blood, the last rampart in the fratricidal strife; behind, a mass of mangled humanity.

"When Delacroix saw the canvas in my studio, he was so moved by it that I experienced one of the greatest pleasures of my life in making him a present of it the same evening."

III

Solferino opened out a new career for Meissonier (1859). To Solferino he owed his conception of the great Napoleonic epopee.

At Napoleon III.'s invitation, he set out for the seat of war, intending to "illustrate" the campaign. Edmond Texier, a contributor to *Le Siècle*, was to write the text. His own reminiscences in the *Conversations* are full of life and colour. The itinerary from Mont Cenis to Milan does not appear to have been very well regulated. Not one of the leaders seemed to know exactly whither he was bound, and all the roads were blocked. On the Lombard highways the heat became stifling, the dust blinding; every one had to get food and lodging as best he could. A glass of water was an eagerly contested prize. So scarce were forage and oats, that Meissonier often had to rub the husks off a handful of green corn for Conyngham, the

faithful horse who carried him throughout the campaign. The spirit and confidence of the army were nevertheless marvellous; their advance might have been the triumphal progress of Charles VIII.'s men-at-arms marching to victory. The variety of uniforms "in motion," defiling under his eyes delighted the artist. He arrived at last at headquarters, and was at once admitted to the staff. At daybreak two days later the cannon began to thunder. Was it battle? Those about the

THE THREE SMOKERS.
(In the possession of M. Thiéry.)

Emperor thought it a mere reconnaissance, perhaps a skirmish of the advance guard. However, the cannonade increased, it seemed to advance, to leap from mamelon to mamelon. From the crest of a hill he knew not how he mounted, still less how he had descended, Meissonier watched the dislodgment of a corps of Austrians. . . . "For hours they gallop straight ahead, climbing, rushing forward, in the noise and smoke of artillery. An obstacle then presents itself which resists. . . . This position too is taken. The staff follows the Emperor, who scales the redoubt, piled up with corpses, passing along

A Cavalier of the Time of Louis XIII.

(PEN DRAWING.)

Printed by Dujardin & Lescuyer Paris

the alley of interwoven vines and mulberry-trees, under shelter of which our little soldiers had scaled the height, and finding in the long line of their dead bodies the evidence of their rapid attack." Is this victory? The cannon still thunders; but they sleep that night on the field. It is victory then—the victory of Solferino! "Melancholy sight!" he said long afterwards, when the impressions of that memorable day were still as vivid as when they were fresh upon him. "Terrible indeed was it to see the wounded, some rigid with pain, others weeping uncontrollably, victors and vanquished disarmed by suffering, dying side by side, almost in each other's arms. . . . Everywhere broken weapons, shattered limbs, pools of blood in which the horses slipped; we had to dismount and walk." He shuddered still at the recollection of certain episodes. As they passed by a place where the corpses lay thickly scattered, an officer picked up a forage cap and offered it to him. The cap had fallen from the knapsack of a young Austrian lieutenant, with a pale, gentle face, who lay on the ground. He recoiled in horror. Many corpses had already been rifled. One struck him particularly by its beauty. It was stripped to the waist—displaying the torso of an ancient athlete. In another place—"a delicious little green field—a perfect setting for a pair of lovers, a family of Italians, those whom we had come to deliver, old men, women, and children, were weeping on the threshold of their smoking cabin. Towards evening, by a striking contrast, the sky, which had been cleared by a violent thunderstorm, became exquisitely pure, and the calm of a summer sunset died away into night over the plain, where but an hour or two before three hundred thousand men were butchering one another." When he heard that the Peace of Villafranca was signed: "Thank God!" he exclaimed, "we shall

SKETCH OF A GRENADIER.

see no more corpses in the furrows!" The staff, however, murmured loudly at the speedy conclusion of the war.

It is evident that these experiences explain not only *Solferino*, but Meissonier's fashion of rendering a battle generally. Wholesale slaughter was repugnant both to his art and his humanity; he could not have painted the massacre of Eylau. He seeks the expression of war in the mind that directs, the courage that ennobles it. He exalts and humanises the idea of battle. At the foot of the hill he shows us one battery broken, another charging; on the slope, a few dead bodies in the grass; on the summit, the redoubt of Cavriana; a puff of smoke here and there indicates the headlong dash of the *chasseurs* who took the churchyard, and the *voltigeurs* who seized the Hill of Cypresses. On a piece of rising ground facing the mamelon, Napoleon III., surrounded by his staff, watches the heroic assault. Such is the picture, a deliberately reticent conception, in which only so much of the bloody circumstance of war appears as is necessary to suggest the battle. In like manner, when he painted *The Cuirassiers*, he chose, not the actual moment of the struggle, but that immediately preceding it, when leaders and soldiers were waiting, motionless and silent, the first to give the supreme signal, the second to obey it. Thus again, in *1814*, he is content to indicate the horrors of the retreat by the wheel of a gun-carriage on the verge of the forest, a flock of crows battening on a dead horse, a few corpses seen through the trees. Has he not himself defined his æsthetics of war, so to speak, in the following words, dealing with *1807*? "I have hinted at the battle in the background, because some such touch was necessary to give meaning to the enthusiasm of the soldiers, and to make the spectator enter into their passionate devotion to the Emperor in the zenith of his glory; but I was careful not to sadden the scene by any lugubrious details; I avoided all such; an over-turned waggon—the corn that was never to ripen—these were enough!"

This conception of military glory was with him at once so natural and so thoughtfully reasoned out, that, strange to say, he attributed it to the Emperor himself. He was indignant at hearing such a phrase

imputed to Napoleon as that the lives of two hundred thousand men were no more to him than a pinch of snuff. He thought it a degradation of his hero to imagine him merely satisfied with his victory on the evening after a bloody battle. Could he have been unmoved by the sight of all those corpses? He would not allow of any doubt as to the sincerity of Napoleon's "dream of a progress through a pacified Europe." Sincere he may have been in 1814; but in 1807? Meissonier, however, believed he had a keener insight than this into the Emperor's dreamy, and, as it is now the fashion to call it, humanitarian spirit, when he said that "he wished to make war, and dreaded the sight of the dead." The paradox seems strange enough, however we conceive of it. But it confirms the very personal and pronounced views of Meissonier as to the composition of battle-pieces, and explains the general sentiment of the works in which he deals with Napoleon.

SENTINEL.
(Water-colour drawing. Collection of M. Chéramy.)

"One cannot touch such a figure with a cold hand," he said; "every one is violently agitated by Napoleon. One either loves or hates him." He himself loved him, and had always loved him. The bringing back of the Emperor's ashes in 1840, at which he had been present in the forefront of the enthusiastic crowd, following the procession from stage to stage, from Neuilly to the Arc

de l'Étoile, was as fresh in his memory in 1876, as on the day after the event. He was often urged to paint a full length portrait of the Emperor, but refused for a long time. He was never quite satisfied with that in *Malmaison*. Not that he felt incapable of painting him, as David had done, in full dress. But he could not conceive of him isolated, like a king or a pope. He saw him always in action. One day he amused himself by making a drawing of *The Evening before Marengo*. "It had been raining all day, as it was to rain afterwards at Waterloo, and in the evening the young and brilliant General of the Army of Italy dismounted in the plain with his officers, all, like himself, dripping wet; some *chasseurs* had lighted a fire of dry vine-branches, and the General chatted gaily." This was his conception of the episode, and the episode pleased him. But it was merely an episode. One of the master's early ambitions was to sum up the Emperor's history in five great pages: *1796*, *1807*, *1810*, *1814*, *1815*. He returned to his project continuously towards the end of his career—amplifying the *1814* he had finished, and the *1807* he was working upon, modifying and perfecting the conception as a whole in his *Conversations*, and in his pen-drawings. We must refer the reader to his own detailed account of these successive essays. Here we will only briefly sum up the general idea by borrowing the most characteristic words of the *Conversations*.

1796. The first ray of glory and of fortune. We are in Italy at daybreak on a summer morning, the morning of Castiglione. Half hidden behind the hill, we see a body of cavalry; on the height, a battery of artillery; in the foreground, a deep enfilade of infantry. Bonaparte passes along the line at a hand gallop. The rising sun illumines his face. He himself, like all around him, beams with youth and life.

1807. Friedland. The ninth anniversary of Marengo, to the very day. Destiny has proclaimed itself. The world circles round Napoleon as round an immutable axis. At his feet, a throng of intoxicated men who pour out their souls to him in passing. He is the idol, lofty and impassible.

1810. Erfurth. The supreme moment. It was customary during

the Congress for every sovereign, as he entered the hall, to be announced by his titles in full, with great ceremony, not one of all his honours being omitted. When they were all seated, the door opened once more, and the herald announced "The Emperor!" Nothing more. And he seemed the only person present!

1814. A dreary sky, a devastated landscape. Not the retreat from Russia, but the campaign of France. The dejected, exasperated faces express discouragement, despair, perhaps treachery. He moves slowly, weighed down by his thoughts; his body is bent, but his eye, still deep and penetrating, looks straight ahead. All is not lost, all may yet be recovered, if only those who follow him share his faith.

PEN SKETCH FOR 1805.

1815. The *Bellerophon*. He sits apart, on the cannon known as "The Emperor's gun." In the background behind him, the English sentries.

Each time he discussed one of these designs, Meissonier kindled. He admired the great organiser no less than the great captain. To his cycle of the military epopee, he hoped to add a page of civic glory: the Emperor presiding at the Council of State. He had thoroughly studied Napoleon; he knew all the complexities of his mind, the passions and weaknesses of his character. He attempted to palliate them. He could not bear them to be made a slur upon his memory. This made Lanfrey's book very painful reading to him. He was irritated by the cackle of petty revelations, too favourably received by popular malice. "I am less severe," he said, "because I have looked deeper. To appreciate men of such a stamp, one must be of the same

order, or one must be capable of putting oneself into their position. Napoleon vain! To those on the top of Mont Blanc, and those at the bottom, things, no doubt, look very different! We must not confuse pride with greatness. Faults and qualities, vices and virtues, everything in the genius, must be measured by genius. History, in its simplicity, will see him as I do."

THE MASTER.—THE MAN

It is always interesting to know what an artist has added to his work in the shape of commentary, more especially when such commentary reveals himself, his mind and character, his fashion of applying art, and of understanding life. The *Conversations* go to the root of these subjects. They initiate us into all the secrets of Meissonier's labours, and show us not only the genius of the master, but the nature of the man, at once simple and grandiose, proud and shy, impetuous and thoughtful, imperious and gentle, equally zealous in the performance of the most modest duties and the exercise of the most brilliant functions, attracting by the very diversity of his impulses, and the curious contradictions of his character.

I.

Although his early education had been desultory and incomplete, he had profited by it, and in later life had been able to refine upon and enlarge it. He was an insatiable, yet a fastidious reader. Like Rubens, he liked to breakfast alone, a book by his side. When his mind was not engrossed by the conduct of his brush, when, for instance, he was painting accessories, he got some one to read aloud to him. These readings he used to call his "easel-studies." After a day of hard work his favourite recreation was a good book. He admired Shakespeare and Goldoni, both of whom he was able to enjoy in the original. The classics were no less familiar to him. One day at Fontainebleau, while he was working on *Solferino*, the generals were

assembled waiting for the Emperor, who was to give the artist a sitting. "Napoleon III., full of his favourite archæological subjects—it was

A READER.
(M. Jambard's collection at Nice.)

when he was writing his *Cæsar*—began to discuss how the Romans

managed to turn corners in their chariots. I ventured to point out that he was mistaken, that the construction of the circular *spina* made it impossible that they could have executed the manœuvre as he supposed; and I supported my opinion by a quotation from Tacitus! This was an event! In the evening I saw every one looking at me, and I heard whispers of 'He quotes Tacitus.'" He knew no Greek, and this was always a subject of regret to him. But Homer and Æschylus were, like the Bible, books that lay always by his bedside. At Antibes he dreamt of the wanderings of Ulysses: the most trivial of Homer's episodes made him long to paint, so vivid and exact were the images they suggested. The "humanity" of Sophocles moved him deeply. "If you had come into my studio by any chance after my day's work," he wrote to a friend, "you would have been a good deal surprised, I daresay, to find two people quite overcome by the sorrows of Œdipus." In French literature, he considered the century of Corneille, Molière, and La Fontaine the great century. One evening after dinner Monsieur Alexandre Dumas was talking to him of the Auteuil supper-parties. "I wonder," he said, "that you have never thought of painting a picture of the three poets chatting together." "I have often thought of it," he declared; "but I never could make up my mind to venture." Nevertheless, he was able to judge of these poets in a superior manner, just as he felt their charm. Here are a few lines of admirable criticism on Madame de Sévigné. He had long owned an edition of the *Letters* annotated by his great-uncle, the Prior, the loss of which he always lamented. "What charm and what good sense! What depth of insight under this perfectly natural manner! Not the least trace of coquetry. Open the book where you will; as with Montaigne or La Fontaine, you will always find the idea expressed in trenchant, lively and original phrases, full of flavour." He is no less happy in his criticism of La Fontaine: "I am never weary of the *Fables*. How admirably the verse adapts itself to the temperament of each character! What profound philosophy, what ready grace! And the landscapes, how he paints them! We are on the spot in an instant, revelling in its beauty!"

The philosophy of the *Fables* was of the kind that charmed him,

that he himself possessed. Delacroix was a thinker. His reason evoked all subjects, pursuing them and forcing them to those limits where knowledge ends, and the dream begins. Partly as dreamer, partly as reasoner, he had formulated a conception of life. His religion was that of Marcus Aurelius, of Spinoza and of Goethe; it was based on resignation to the inevitable necessities which establish the laws of life, necessities such as that of death, the great condition of life. Meissonier was no less deeply stirred by these large questions. "According to the Scriptures, it is not long since the creation of man; according to science, it is millions of years since his first apparition. What was the date of his advent, who placed him in the world, what gave him his superiority to other beings? . . . What a problem it all is!" But for him, it sufficed to propound it. He left its solution to religion. He did not care to sound these abysses. "I believe in God simply and with all my heart," he said. He was willing to accept, without understanding, that which no one was able to explain. "Mystery is the essence of religion; we must accept it as the divine germ from which all the rest is born," he said. Was this intellectual indolence? By no means. He defended his position vigorously and confidently, though no more convincingly than others. "What now seems confused and inexplicable will become clear and logical, when God's dealings with the world are revealed to us." This was his hope and his conviction. Science would not have converted him to the opinions of his opponents; it would only have strengthened him in his opposition. "Study makes atheists of other men. It would only have made me terribly earnest in religion, had I not been so already by nature," he said to his friend, Doctor Robin, after seeing certain organisms through the microscope, and noting the perfection of these atoms, invisible to the naked eye. "Seeing the treasures dredged by the *Talisman* and the *Vengeur* from the depths of the sea, all those miracles never destined to see daylight dragged from their obscurity, it is impossible to deny that the more one learns of creation, the more manifest is the hand of the Creator? Chance did not form these masterpieces in the course of ages." He quoted the arguments of Fénelon and Bernardin de Saint-Pierre approvingly.

His logic was largely influenced by his heart. Jealously guarding this single-minded attitude, and distrustful of all that might tell against it he would never open Renan's *Vie de Jésus*. There was a certain ecclesiastical strain in him; a great-uncle, who signed his name *Meysonnier*, was prior of a rich abbey near Lyons. His deepest feelings had their roots in strong and pleasurable emotions. "Protestant functions between four bare walls" froze his senses. The sound of church bells evoked recollections of holidays or of pleasant lessons. In 1850 he went to Antwerp. It was then a habit with him, when he first arrived at a place, to wander about haphazard. He put up at the Grand-Saint-Antoine, in the Place de Meir. It was at the beginning of January; the ground was covered with snow; the cold was intense. Suddenly a strange melody burst upon the air; it was the Carillon, which he then heard for the first time. "The charm still lingers in my heart after all these years," he said in 1876. Ten years afterwards, on a May morning at Poissy, he felt and expressed the same emotions with a like intensity of accent. "This morning at 5 o'clock I was at my window, listening to the songs of birds as they greeted the dawn, when a sudden contrast struck my ear. A poet would have celebrated it in verse. The time had just sounded from the *Mairie*, in a thin, harsh voice; and the old church clock, my neighbour, began in its turn to count the hours, but in grand, sonorous, impressive accents; I seemed to be listening to a 'morality.'"

Although this tenderness of religious sentiment made him indifferent to metaphysical discussion, his desire for exactitude in the expression of life had early given him a keen interest in history. He often said that had he not been a painter he would have been a historian. He considered that the painter alone can bequeathe trustworthy documents to posterity, because he alone sees things "in relief." Michelet himself had no keener taste for, no more penetrating intuition of this relief. The past appeared to him "in flesh and blood." He saw the persons of a bygone age in their costumes, their dwellings, their armour, with the customs and passions proper to them. A scene from Shakespeare re-created Falstaff's tavern for his imagination and his brush; a page of Sully's *Mémoires* conjured up the Pont

au Change of Henry IV.'s reign with its boards and shops. "I *lived* all the *Récits mérovingiens*," he used to say.

From this luminous intelligence, this deep historic sense, he drew all sorts of ideas as to the renovation of art. Attached as he was to his own religious belief, he recognised that faith was no longer, could no longer be, the source of artistic inspiration. And had not the religious idea reached its highest expression in the Italian school? Great art admits of no returns upon itself. History, on the other hand, had entered upon new paths. Renouncing summary sketches of

CAVALIER OF THE TIME OF LOUIS XIII.
(Water-colour drawing in the possession of M. Bernheim.)

barren facts and dry chronologies, it was seeking to revivify the aspect of the ages by means of picturesque detail. What fruitful sources of inspiration might it not find in painting? Was there any more spontaneous, faithful, and expressive witness to the spirit of an age than the canvases of the primitives? "Look," he said, "at the Murano *Madonna*, the great lonely figure without the Child, her empty hands outstretched against the golden mosaic of the sky, imploring help. This was painted when Venice was engaged in a struggle for life, a

ceaseless struggle with a daily foe, the lagoon. When she had conquered, came a time of security, luxury and enjoyment, and with it rich and triumphant Madonnas." The aid thus rendered by art to history, art might, he thought, in its turn, demand from history. "They are sisters who should raise and support each other." If it had ever come within his province to give a direction to painting, he would have done so on these lines. He always regretted that the Versailles Museum had not been conceived on the plan of a vast book of national epics, where every great event, described according to contemporary documents, and treated in the spirit of the day, should have occupied a place corresponding to that it had held in the development of our history.

At the main entrance to the galleries, each of which he would have devoted to a single epoch, he imagined a sort of philosophical introduction, representing the principal stages of French national development, and showing the gradual transformation by which the man of the past, labourer, soldier and citizen, had become the man of our own times. "We passed and repassed through our fields," he said, "and never noticed the peasant at his work. Millet painted him, and he has entered into our very vitals."

When he spoke thus, did he recall Le Bruyère's poignant description? Perhaps we must look for an additional meaning in this trenchant and original phrase. A lover of literature, with a passion for music, Meissonier had too much sense and too much taste to classify the arts, and assign degrees of rank to them. But he insisted that each should preserve the character proper to it, and he claimed for painting the supreme advantage of expressing things by images with absolute definition and precision.

At the Conservatoire he was a constant visitor. He delighted in Beethoven's Symphony in A; he wished the Andante, "inexorable as the voice of Fate," to be chanted at his funeral; he was never weary of listening to the Finale which had so often called up exquisite landscapes before him. "Just now," he said, after hearing it on April 6th, 1881, "I saw once more the rippling brooks at Grenoble, the clumps of sunlit willows, and the airy flight of blue dragon-flies with their slender bodies and shimmering wings outspread upon the waters." One

of the great charms of music to him was that it allows the listener to find anything he wishes in it, and even to persuade others of what he sees himself. Change the movement, and the whole character of the piece is changed. Did not Gluck himself say that it was not impossible to dance to the air of "I have lost my Eurydice," if the time were hurried sufficiently?

But this very diversity, mobility, and individuality of impression which music excites also marks its limitations, according to him. Berlioz was in error when he attempted to express too much. "A symphony may suggest, and admirably suggest, a general feeling of rapture, joy, or melancholy; it may produce a state of mind; but it cannot express details. It may indicate; it cannot represent.[1] You will scarcely attempt, I suppose, to reproduce *Readings at Diderot's House* for me in sounds?"

He would hardly concede, even to literature, the power of fixing the actual aspects of life. Literary description comes, goes, wanders to and fro, and invites the imagination of the reader to wander with it; at every step it works some little miracle; but all these little miracles, though they delight the reader, tend to mislead him. In painting there is no such thing as a diffuse or discursive conception; herein lies its strength and its superiority. It treats a definite subject in a definite setting. A picture does not allow either spectator or creator to wander from the point; it seizes, concentrates, and masters his thought. "My painting," he said, speaking of himself, "leaves no room for conjecture, or for any doubts as to the reality of my conception; it is inalienable, unchangeable; there are no intricacies. The whole thing is before you."

In reading the *Conversations*, we must not forget that the careless ease which is one of their chief attractions is in some sense a pitfall. Doubtless, if Meissonier had been at the pains of systematising his ideas, he would have been more exact in marking gradations, and indicating points of contact in the various arts. The barriers which divide them are not so high but that each may keep the other in view;

[1] Was it not thus, in fact, that the *Dies Iræ* and the chants of the Month of Mary heard by Delacroix in a church suggested his *Pietà* in Saint-Denis du-Saint Sacrement?

all the arts are sisters. No artistic work worthy of the name, whether musical or literary, can afford to disregard precision; and even in painting, precision must not be pushed to such an extreme as to incur the reproach of dryness, and leave nothing to the imagination. "Both painting and music are *above* the idea," as Delacroix finely said, and as Madame de Stäel had said before him. Herein lies all its superiority to literature. But Meissonier's humoristic expression of his convictions is full of ingenious truths, and the general tendency of his observations attests the strength of a mind nourished on the marrow of the mighty, and trained to a generous breadth of vision.

THE LOVE LETTER.
(Painting in the Baroness Dumesnil's collection.)

II

One of his ambitions, perhaps one of the strongest, was to teach at the École des Beaux Arts. He was unsuccessful, however, in his candidature, and he felt it deeply. He loved young people, though he never came much into contact with them. He loved action, he loved his art.

An artist's own value, said Gounod, may be gauged by his respect for the great masters. Meissonier's admiration for the masters of his craft was lofty and sincere. Passionate and enthusiastic, he was

intoxicated by the sight of the beautiful. It agitated him, "stirred every fibre of his being, transported him." He was once given an abstract of a course of free lectures, in which the lecturer spoke of great men as dangerous guides. This roused his indignation. "People of this sort have a horror of the heights! They would like to lead us all to some intellectual and moral Beauce, to some plain of dull uniformity towards which the world will throng, no doubt, when the end of all things is at hand! Its infinite dead level will have at least the imposing vastness of the sea!" He remembered the painful impression he had received during an Alpine ascent above Lac du Bourget. Climbing the slopes, one expects to reach a summit, and finds nothing but an irritating succession of little hills. One never attains to the sovereign peak! Thus it is with the talents which are scared by genius! "Proscribe the masters, the immortal masters! What a satisfaction to think that one has always loved them, and always will love them! . . . that old age, which chills so many ardours, has not diminished this!" (1886.) His definition of the term master is at once simple and profound. "A master is an artist whose works never recall those of some other artist." He did not share the opinion of those who dread the influence of Rome as unfavourable to independence and originality in art. "Rome is necessary; she teaches style, beauty, and nobility."

It was not until he was sixty (1875) that he himself accomplished the great pilgrimage on which he had started in 1835, with his hundred francs a month. Another projected journey (a tour in Holland, planned in 1840) had also come to nothing. He was fond of describing its inception. At a dinner of friends where he was present, a forthcoming important sale of pictures at the Hague was discussed. It was suddenly suggested that all the company should attend it, and that they should take the opportunity of visiting the Dutch museums. Augier, Ponsard, John Lemoinne, Chenavard and Delacroix were to be of the company. Any one breaking faith with the rest was to incur a heavy forfeit. At the last moment Delacroix, who was never happy out of Paris, cried off. The plan fell through, and Meissonier first saw Amsterdam some ten years after. Venice he visited still later, in

The Confidence.

(M. CHAUCHARD'S COLLECTION.)

1860. But what he gleaned during these visits (too long deferred and too infrequent, to his mind) was graven in his eyes, so to speak, and there were very few subjects of conversation which did not suddenly evoke some memory of his travels.

He had his artistic preferences. He placed the School of Florence far above that of Venice, for instance. He could never tolerate any belittlement of the French School. He worshipped Claude. But it was on individual works that he loved best to dwell, regardless of schools. He was fond of explaining how he had come to appreciate some sooner than others, classifying them according to what they had taught him, the enthusiasm they had inspired in him. Here again, of course, we must not ask more from the *Conversations* than they pretend to give; touches rapid and fugitive, but vivid and happy to a degree! One hears and sees the speaker! and can fully appreciate what he would have been as a teacher. I will quote but a few typical utterances.

THE DRAUGHTSMAN.
(M. Chauchard's collection.)

All the world knows how Ingres worshipped Raphael. Raphael to him was not only the greatest of painters; he was beautiful, he was good, he was everything. If, contrary to the usual fate of artists, he was happy too, it was because he was inviolable by nature. No less profound, Meissonier's worship was less exclusive. He would have framed the *Psyche* in

diamonds; the drawing in the Ambrosiana "made him drunk with pure beauty." But he reasons out his enthusiasm, even while giving himself up to its intoxication. "Raphael was heir to the genius of all the masters before him. From each he took the best, like a bee making a divine honey. His is a supreme harmony made up of familiar chords. He is not original in the strict sense. Hence he never stirs our emotions to the same degree as Giotto." He was a lover of Correggio. At first he did not altogether understand him. But one night when Louis Philippe gave a fête at the Louvre, in the Salon Carré and the Rubens Gallery, where he saw the *Antiope*, he was enraptured. This gallery was his road to Damascus. "No other painter of flesh," he said, "makes one long to pass the hand over his surfaces as does Correggio with his melting carnations." His admiration for Titian was less expansive. The pomp of that regal brush had not an equal attraction for him at all seasons. In the *Gioconda*, what strikes him chiefly is the perfection of the *model*: "I could never have loved that woman in real life." "Why, in the *Entombment*, did Titian evade the supreme difficulty, by painting the figure of Christ in shadow? Christ ceases to be the chief point of interest by the side of that magnificent drapery! That crimson mantle is a defect in such a place!" The vigour, the nobility, the breadth of Rubens delighted him; but he rarely alludes to the great Fleming's works. It was not to him that he felt himself naturally attracted.

"Michelangelo, Rembrandt!" "These," he cried, "were the true originals. Gemito"—Gemito was the young Neapolitan sculptor with whom he formed a friendship, and who made a statuette of him—"in his ardent simplicity, lighted upon the best, the only definition of their power: 'the man of the Sistine tells you things that your father and mother could not teach you.'" Meissonier himself gave utterance to a memorable saying about the *Pensieroso*. "In whatever light we see him, the *Pensieroso* meditates unceasingly, seated gravely upon his tomb, and in this meditation, profound, unfathomable, he seems to return from the eternal shades." This thought occurred to him one evening, when he had lingered among the tombs of the Medici till

twilight, and every time he saw the figure, the idea rose in his mind and absorbed it. For Rembrandt his passion was still more intense. Before his works, he was no longer master of himself. He belonged to the painter. "What colour! What a marvellous, limpid fusion of impasto! The blood seems to pulsate under the skin. A pin-prick would surely make it flow!" If he had been a rich man, he would have given a million—any price, indeed—to keep the *Gilder* in France. "What magic with the point! What an indifference to form from the point of view of ideality and beauty. And what a passion for the physiognomy, the soul. What a tragedy is his *Calvary!*" His passion had something of violence, as he himself confessed. Sometimes, after an attempt to make others share in his enthusiasm, he would end up with: "Well, no, you cannot understand anything about it, One must be a painter to enter into the living flesh of this man, to enjoy such communion to the full, and feel its ever-increasing rapture!" He knelt at the master's feet in adoration. Others might have flashes of genius; Rembrandt was genius personified. "Every artist should make a study of the *Bullock's Carcase* in the Louvre. What unerring precision of touch throughout the frenzy of the handling! Each tone falls into its place with the impetus. It is painted with fire. Truth and freedom—these qualities are admirable everywhere and above all things."

Appreciations such as these, thrown out in the course of a discussion or a conversation, will be found collected together in the second part of this volume. To this the reader is also referred for an exposition of Meissonier's theory of art in general. Here we can only analyse the main idea. Art, in its early stages, is simply a manifestation of the artist's soul. Naïve and inexperienced, he renders the passion he feels, and expression is his first thought. Then, as art gradually perfects its methods, a canon of beauty takes the place of the dramatic sentiment of nature. Now, is it the true function of art to move our passions, or to bring us face to face with the beautiful? Great as was Meissonier's admiration for beauty, it was passion which really appealed to him. The grace, the force, the serenity, the superb organisation of the antique struck him more than it touched him. He

did not hesitate in the choice between perfection of workmanship and intensity of emotion. Truth of idea, sincerity of passion, even

THE SIGN-PAINTER.

(Water-colour drawing, Metropolitan Museum, New York.)

imperfectly expressed, seemed to him far above all those masterpieces of execution which mask poverty of thought. "Soul, soul," he wrote,

"and yet again soul! This is what we must keep on repeating to the young ones. The true object of every work of art is the expression of

THE BROTHERS ADRIEN AND WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE.
(Metropolitan Museum, New York)

emotion. If you do not feel this emotion yourself, how will you inspire it in others? The greatness of the primitives lay in their power of communicating to the spectator the passion with which they

themselves were filled—a passion often naïve, brutal, and ill-regulated, if you will, but so striking that none have ever equalled them in this respect. Cultivate heart then; you will always have enough head."

Perhaps this was a secret easy to discover. Meissonier confessed as much. It was more difficult to put it in practice, and this he did not hesitate to proclaim. His counsels, like his admirations, were virile and sincere. "Painting is a proud and harsh mistress. To win her love, it is not enough to love her." On this subject he was as outspoken as Boileau: "A shoemaker who makes good shoes, a ploughman who turns a straight furrow, a joiner who uses his plane well, are a thousand times more precious and more respectable than a bad painter . . . This may not sound agreeable, but a doctor is a doctor." He looked upon mediocre artists as national scourges. Everything in painting which was not good, which did nothing towards purifying taste, and raising the moral tone, seemed to him reprehensible. Hence it was useless to look to him for vain and dangerous encouragements. As to those who have a real vocation, let them gird up their loins; for to paint, they must understand; to understand, they must know; to know, they must study diligently. On these points the *Conversations* abound in counsels of remarkable precision and great authority.

No artist can understand his subject unless he begins by plunging deep into the sources of its history.

"It is the fashion now to say quietly: 'I am going to paint a picture from the time of Louis XIII.;' to go to the Bibliothèque Nationale and turn over a few prints, then to sit down at the easel. Works produced in this way impose no great strain on the artist; but they are worth just about what they have cost him. A fruitful preparation is a very different affair." In 1886, *The Death of Nero* was the subject given to competitors for the Latinville prize. One of the competitors, whose work was not devoid of merit, represented Nero stealing away in the shadow of a staircase, dimly lighted by moonbeams and by the glimmer of lights from a banqueting-hall seen through an opening between curtains. "A banquet, a secret staircase,

and moonlight," cried Meissonier, "when we know that Nero fled by the glare of lightning, his face veiled, on the horse of the freedman in whose house he killed himself, bewailing the death of an artist!" Then, taking up Suetonius, he emphasised all the dramatic elements of the scene, text in hand. He pictured Nero terrified by earthquake and thunder, the corpse in his pathway that startled his horse, the blast of wind that unveiled his face, the glance of the Pretorian, who increased his terrors by saluting him, the bypath he followed through thorns and reeds to avoid the high road, the pool from which he drank a mouthful of water in the hollow of his hand, exhausted, panting with fear and fatigue . . . And this close and penetrating commentary, amazing in its power of evocation, transports our imagination, as the master desired that of the painter to be transported by study, to Rome itself, the Rome of Caligula, of Claudius and of Nero, resuscitating its baser and more violent aspects. "The first condition of composing," he said, on the occasion of another academic judgment—when the theme was *A Vision of S. Francis of Assisi*—"is belief in the subject, and this belief one can only feel after meditating deeply, after letting one's heart beat in unison with those of one's characters, after having lived with them, dreamt of them. On how many nights did Napoleon haunt me in my sleep!"

When once the general impression is firmly established, another kind of work begins, the work more definitely related to the choice of the theme; the psychological moment must be determined. Here the mind must no longer be rocked and caressed by a general sentiment, no matter how profound. Nothing is more dangerous to art than the long-drawn reverie which robs it of precision. The artist must be capable of a decision. Meissonier was very much opposed to an over-definite laying down of the lines on which students are to treat given subjects. It is their business to choose the moment of action. A right judgment in such matters makes the artist, according to him; he judged of a painter by this faculty for vision. "I see and feel my whole picture at the first touch," he said; "I either see it instantly or not at all."

By "seeing" he meant seizing the moment when the proposed episode reaches its highest point of intensity, its supreme crisis. He

THE POET.
(M. Thiéry's collection.)

was fond of quoting two examples in his own experience, by way of illustration. One was his first picture, *The Siege of Calais.* To his mind the most pathetic moment was not that generally chosen by the

artist: the six burghers, the ropes round their necks, throwing themselves at the feet of the king, while Queen Philippa intercedes for them. The sentiment of this familiar intervention seemed to him to attenuate the sacrifice. This was his conception: "The brave citizens, the ropes round their necks, hasten to the public square to announce their intention. Women, children, the entire population, press around them, embracing their knees, and sobbing aloud. They are worshipped, bewailed; blessings are showered upon them. They take their leave. The sacrifice is most clearly manifest in these farewells. At the next stage in the drama, the pain is less acute, less poignant; a ray of hope has stolen into their hearts." The second example belongs to his maturity. The Duc d'Aumale asked him to paint a *Turenne* for Chantilly, showing the Marshal at the moment of the legendary bullet, when Saint Hilaire, with his arm shot away, becomes the hero of the piece, so to speak, by his famous repartee. "No!" he cried, "if I paint Turenne, it shall be when all his soul was in his face, at the beginning of the battle."

A conception of this order, prepared at leisure, and deliberately reasoned out, entailed great clarity of composition. Perhaps it was here that the essentially French character of Meissonier's art was most clearly demonstrated. He thought it not only possible, but essential to be intelligible. He could have forgiven the violent contrasts, the discord, the noisiness of modern music, music of the school of Wagner, if only he could have understood it. When its admirers said: "Wait; the light will come," he answered, "But why should I be left in darkness meanwhile? I can understand the *Huguenots* from the very first chord." He attributed this superior lucidity to simplicity; his favourite maxim was that of Homer: *Sit simplex quodvis*. His bent was towards organisation; he had the instinct of unity. In his youth, he had sometimes amused himself with his friends by smoking haschisch. In the sleep induced by the drug, little points of fire appeared before him at certain moments, and these points always seemed to dance rhythmically, or to form themselves into patterns of irreproachable symmetry. At the Conservatoire, the most delicious arabesques, the most enchanting variations in Haydn's and Beethoven's symphonies only inflamed his

ardour in the pursuit of the "central melody"; he listened eagerly for its reappearance, and when the orchestra began to resume the theme "all his being melted in voluptuous satisfaction." Like a symphony, every picture seemed to him to have its dominant, and in painting the dominant is supreme. Pictures admit of no arabesques or variations. Meissonier called painting the art of sacrifice. On the other hand, the antitheses, the contrasts affected by modern art, jarred on him like false notes. His first care was the general effect. "Harmony of parts, unity of impressions, make up the charm of small things, the strength of great ones. To ensure this harmony, this unity, it is necessary to see and feel the whole while working on a part; otherwise everything will be out of focus. Effect, for itself and by itself, should never be aimed at. It may dazzle at a first glance; but at each subsequent view, the impression diminishes, and very soon the interest it excited dies away altogether. Take *La Rixe* (*The Quarrel*), for instance. At first I made the light fall on the face of the friend who intervenes; it attracted the eye, and weakened the impression made by the furious rush of the antagonists; I therefore added a hat, which casts a shadow over it. Or take *Les Renseignements*

THE READER.
(M Thiéry's collection.)

(*Information*); all the witnesses of the scene, even to the hussars in the glade of the background, have their eyes fixed on Desaix, who endeavours to read the looks of the hostage, and this concentrated gaze holds our own." ". . . If you are only attempting a picturesque effect, you can arrange your picture in the manner of a flower-piece, as Delacroix has done in his *Femmes d'Alger* (*The Women of Algiers*). But if you are painting a drama, every detail should contribute to the general intention."

Not until this conscientious study of the historical and moral aspect of the subject was accomplished, not until this precise conception of the subject was present, did Meissonier allow that the time had come to seize the brush. When the canvas was stretched, he could almost say as did Racine, when he had only to put his tragedy into verse: "My piece is finished." But all the world knows to what lengths he carried his enthusiastic quest for authentic documents, his passion for preliminary study, before he embarked on actual execution.

IV.

Meissonier had a memory of rare plasticity; his recollections stamped themselves indelibly on his brain. He was not quite ten years old when, on the occasion of Charles X.'s entry into Paris, he saw the heralds with their cocked hats and white plumes, their ruffs, their silk fleshings, and yellow doeskin boots, yet he could make an accurate sketch of them with a few strokes of his pencil, showing them at full length or in the saddle. The old Paris of the Restoration, the Champs Elysées, the quays, the Place de la Grève, the Parvis de Notre Dame, the Tournelle, the Petit Pont were fresh in his memory. Even after the transformation wrought under the second Empire, he had but to close his eyes to recall them in all their details.

But the facility with which he evoked such reminiscences could not satisfy the exigencies of an art which insisted on accuracy in the most trifling accessories. When Meissonier first began to make collections, he certainly was often in want of food. The first relic, perhaps, of which he became the possessor was a gift from his father a pair of

boots dating from 1810. Unhappily, in 1833 or 1834, "boots were the very height of the fashion." Meissonier had a great desire for a pair, a desire almost as keen as his ambition for the cloak. He cut off the tops of the famous relics. The leather had become hard and dry; it split in the process, and at the age of sixty he still bemoaned his loss. What would he not have given, too, for the uniform his father wore under the Restoration, as one of the Lyonnais guard of honour: a white costume, embroidered with gold on the basques and sleeves. Towards 1838, the Temple market was the usual field of his speculations. He visited it two or three times a week, early in the morning, when the goods were unpacked, before other customers had arrived. His brother-in-law, Steinheil, describes how he used to carry off everything he could find in the way of old costumes of the eighteenth century, relics of financiers, citizens, national guards! When he married, his household goods consisted chiefly of a trousseau of old ratteen breeches, coloured stockings, buckled shoes, long waistcoats, vests with wide pockets, felt hats, and wigs. The things he could not pick up ready-made—shirts, frills, and cuffs—his wife manufactured from patterns he drew. But sometimes, when he was studying an engraving after Gravelot or an etching by Chodowiczki, he found that the linen in which he had dressed his model fell into very different folds to those they drew. This caused him a good deal of vexation. One day when he was turning over the *Encyclopædia* in the Bibliothèque Nationale, he discovered, under the heading *lingère* (seamstress), that in the days of d'Alembert and Diderot cambric was always cut on the cross instead of straight. This was the secret of the suppler and more delicate pleats. He came home jubilant!

His passion developed with his resources. His temperament was very favourable to research. According to circumstances, he brought to bear upon it diplomatic patience or passionate impetuosity. Learning that at Vernon, in a little commune of Indre-et-Loire, there were some precious tapestries in a dilapidated church, where they were in urgent need of money for necessary repairs, he set out, arrived at night, got the curé up, examined them by candle-light, and paid for

The Postilion.

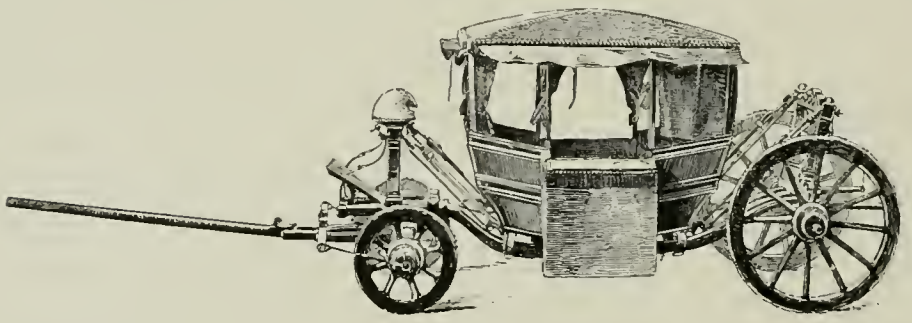
(PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF M. MICHAELIS.)

them on the spot. At Poissy, his locksmith, the son of a postilion of Triel, Achille Dault, who formerly rode post on the diligence, possessed a complete set of harness that he could not make up his mind to sell, Meissonier bided his time, without hurrying matters, and at last the bargain was struck. When he undertook the *Siege of Paris*, he never rested till he had secured Henri Regnault's great-coat and Friar Anthelme's gown. He delighted in autographs : " It is so instructive to touch the handwriting of a man ! " Like all born collectors, he had an instinct for discoveries, and with this instinct great good luck. It was when he was taking the waters of Evian, at the little village of Saint-Gingolphe, that he discovered the counterpart of the berline in which he had travelled to Switzerland with the Fériots. Once in the presence of the coveted object he was impelled to restore it. He prided himself on having reconstructed many missing details with scrupulous exactness in the *The Postilion :* the portmanteau rolled in a goatskin, the stirrup and stirrup-leathers, the cord hanging to the left. To ensure accuracy, he himself manufactured all these. He was by turns tailor, saddler, joiner, cabinetmaker. He prided himself on making his own implements, like Michelangelo. He prepared the wax for his models. For the chariot in the *Visite au Château* he got a goldsmith to make him a little model like a trinket. The whole thing moved and worked with the utmost precision on his studio table. The doors opened ! It was a little gem, a marvel !

This collection of lucky finds and happy restorations was nothing, however, as compared with his military museum. Armour, headgear, costumes, harness of every style and period were represented. He had a collection of side-arms—halberds, blunderbusses, rapiers, short swords, long swords, daggers and poniards—varied enough to furnish forth one of Victor Hugo's tirades, or equip a company of condottieri. In 1889 he brought it from Poissy to Paris to exhibit at the Invalides, and all the members of the *Sabretache*—a society of which he was president—knew that he meant to set up a museum as soon as he could find a suitable building. Each of these weapons had its history. Meissonier knew its date, its purpose, how to use it. It was impossible

to deceive him. A friend, anxious to give him a surprise, got possession of a piece of armour, found in a marsh near Metz, and showed it to him as a unique fragment of a Merovingian suit of mail. Meissonier proved it to be part of the cuirass of a pikeman of the time of Louis XIII. The keepers of the museum of artillery had the greatest respect for his technical knowledge, and often asked him for an opinion.

As soon as he began to interest himself in Napoleon, he enquired diligently into all the possible sources of information. Long before the beginnings of that burst of Napoleonic literature which is still in full flood, he knew all it was possible to find out about the Emperor, his



COACH OF THE TIME OF LOUIS XIII.
(Executed from drawings by Meissonier.)

manners, his habits, his tastes. Was it not from him we first learnt that Napoleon never wore but one glove, that he put on clean breeches every day, because he was constantly soiling them by his inordinate snuff-taking, that he wore big boots, that all his riding-whips were frayed at the end from his habit of tapping his foot with them; that, as he never would take the trouble of unhooking his epaulettes, his overcoats were made large enough to slip on over them; that he went to bed in the dark, throwing everything he took off about the room, his clothes, and even his watch, and that he never allowed a light to be brought till he was actually in bed? These details, too insignificant for the historian, were not without interest for the painter. Like M. Thiers, Meissonier had gleaned a great deal from the old generals of

the staff who still survived, notably the Duc de Mortemart. But his most valued informants were humble and obscure persons, who had nothing to gain by deception, and had not the wit to invent ; Hubert, Napoleon's valet, among others, and a groom named Pillardeau, of whom he spoke so often that it is strange he should never have painted him. True, his charming character-sketch of this worthy is almost a water-colour. I may perhaps be allowed to quote a part of it:—

"This Pillardeau was an odd fellow. Although by no means intelligent, and absolutely uneducated, he was, I may say, one of the most invaluable assistants I have ever had in my researches. He knew a great many things, he answered readily, and he was not in the least a braggart. He always said quite frankly, 'Ah! that I don't know. I wasn't there, I didn't see it!' He had been brought up in Joseph Bonaparte's household at Mortefontaine, where he was put into the stables, and became head groom. He had a passion for military life, and would have liked to have been a soldier, but his mother would not hear of it. He consoled himself by questioning the soldiers he met upon all the details of their lives, and very often he put down what he heard on paper. At a later date he collected everything he could lay hands on in the way of uniforms, arms, and military accoutrements. He often lent me specimens, of which he left me several in his will. Unfortunately, his family sold all his effects at his death, when I was away. Pillardeau lived quite close to Poissy, at Vernouillet, but no one told me of the sale, and the collection was dispersed. . . . The worthy Pillardeau delighted in pretending to himself that he had been a soldier, and in making others believe it. The institution of the medal of Saint Helena was a terrible blow to him. As he could not claim it, he was no longer able to put on his uniform as he had been accustomed to do, every 5th of May, when he went to lay his wreath at the foot of the column, with the other veterans. He still, however, had the pleasure of occasionally appearing in the uniform of a regiment in which he had had several old friends, and he talked with much authority of the campaigns in which it had taken part! At Chantilly, where he lived before he came to Vernouillet, he had arranged an attic on

TRUMPETER OF THE TIME OF LOUIS XIII.
(M. Bernheim's collection.)

the model of a soldier's room, the room of a trumpeter of dragoons billeted on the owner. On the wall he hung some martial prints; the bed was made in the military fashion, the trumpeter's clothes laid out on the portmanteau, his arms hung by the bedside, so that he had but to stretch out his hand to take them. On the table stood a commissariat loaf in *papier mâché;* in a corner of the room, classified and labelled as in a museum, were all the souvenirs he had got together of the Republic and the Empire. Sometimes Pillardeau's fancy took a higher flight; he aspired to the epaulettes, and imagined himself an officer in this or that regiment. Then the uniform of the particular regiment would be set out, with the helmet and all the accoutrements, as if his orderly had just put it ready for him. He made his brother and his nephews dress up in old uniforms when they came to dine with him. He was really extraordinary in his passion for his hobby, and like all excitable people, he was very touchy. By way of acknowledging his help in some way, it occurred to me to send him a case of delicacies one New Year's Day. He was much offended, and abused me roundly. I apologised humbly, saying, 'But my dear M. Pillardeau, among friends such a little attention is permissible!'"

WATER-COLOUR SKETCH OF A SPANISH DRAGOON.

But carefully as such documents may be collected, they can but furnish the elements of life. It was in his studies that Meissonier created that life itself. He almost preferred these to his pictures, so pleasant were the memories of happy toil they evoked. They were "his flesh and blood." He often said that it would have been his ideal to make nothing but sketches, to take notes here and there and dash them upon canvas, "as Pascal put down his roving thoughts on paper; avoiding the long fatigue of building up a picture."

After his death, a certain number of these studies were published in two volumes. They prove how ardently and how tenaciously he

worked out the subjects he wished to render. In some the same motive is treated three or four times over: the difference lies in the greater ease of a gesture, the happier direction of a ray of light, an expression, a

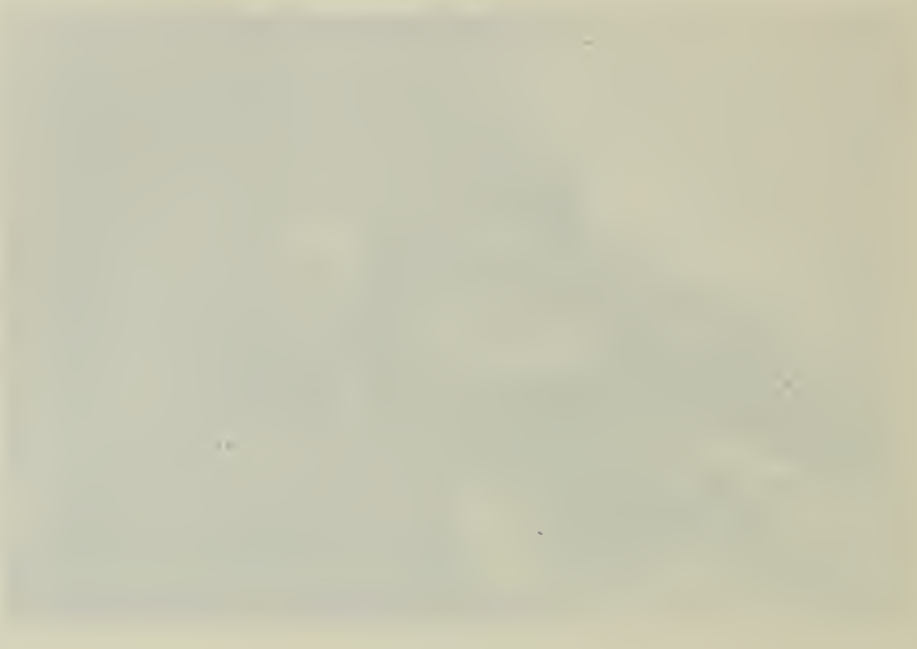
THE DOG MARCO.
(Water-colour drawing.)

look, a trifle too slight for definition. Some are finished carefully, others are the roughest sketches, serving to seize an attitude, the movement of a horse's leg, the pose of a sleeping dog, the arrangement of a piece of harness, the outline of a face, the shape of a helmet, the folds of a pair of doeskin breeches. His eye penetrated, fixed, and comprehended all he noted. "Thiers talks of the lightning of swords, I make you see it!" But, "to make us see," what research, what conscientious and minute toil were needed! He would not trust to the recollections most clearly fixed in his brain by long observation. When he wanted to paint a corner of a ploughed field in *1807*, he went into the country to make sketches of clods. A current

PEN SKETCH.

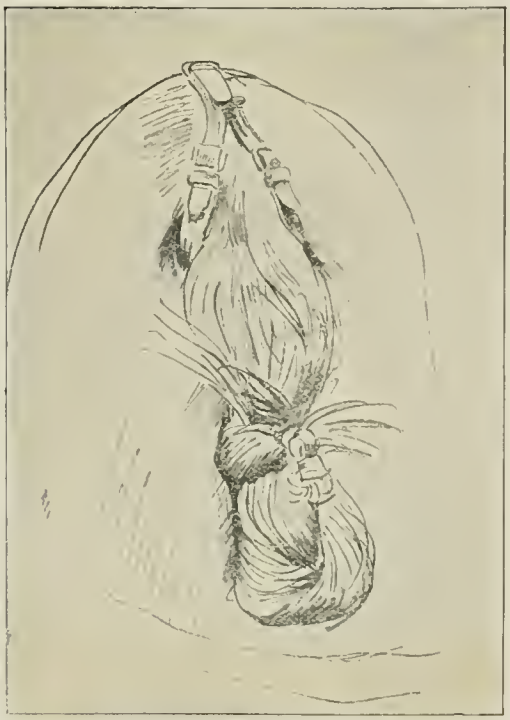
A Cavalier of the Time of Louis XIII.

(STUDY FOR "L'ARRIVÉE A CHATEAU," PENCIL AND BODY COLOUR.)



piece of studio chaff declared that when he wished to paint a soldier in a wheat-field, he bought the field, and then went to the barracks to fetch a soldier. Meissonier almost admitted the impeachment!

After the Italian campaign, he proposed to make a series of studies of the French army. One such study exists; it represents infantry soldiers in camp, their muskets slung on their arms, the sergeant-major calling over the roll before starting. He had made up his mind as to the subjects of the others. The artillery was to be represented by the battery commanded by General Mellinet, who was wounded in the cheek at Solferino by a fragment from a shell. He admired the *Dismounted Hussars*, in their Sunday full dress, marching past under the scrutiny of the sergeant. These types are amusing now, he said, and some day they will be very interesting. But Detaille has shown us the soldier in his every day life. Meissonier's idea was to paint him in the field, as he himself had seen him, after Magenta, and on the road to Solferino.



PENCIL SKETCH.

The cavalry were to have the place of honour in this album. Towards the middle of his career, the horse became Meissonier's favourite study. He revived, he may almost be said to have created, the art of equine portraiture. Gros, Géricault and Vernet had all made considerable progress in this art; but, as M. Delaborde has remarked, Gros' horse is an epic beast, the charger of romance, Pegasus. Vernet and Géricault substituted a more actual elegance for this ideal beauty, but they

troubled themselves little with the observance of realities in this connection. The same may be said of Delacroix. He has brilliant inspirations, but the ideal is always uppermost.

ORDERS—ENTRANCE TO THE ABBEY OF POISSY.
(M. Thiéry's collection.)

Meissonier was the first who succeeded in making a scientific knowledge of anatomy subserve picturesque sentiment in the treatment of horses. He was aware that the ancients, and more especially the Assyrians, knew the true movements of the horse. But he believed he himself had been the first to revive this knowledge. The moderns, even the most skilful among them, had only produced conventional renderings of horses, according to him; "and these arbitrary types had become so firmly established in the tradition of painting, the public believed in them so thoroughly, that it had cost him years of persevering struggle to win acceptance for the truth." He was always on the look out for any works that could add to his knowledge. No naturalist, astronomer, or physician was ever more eager for the results of research than he.

In 1879 a journal called *La Nature* published some studies of horses in motion, reproduced, it was said, from photographs taken in America. Several of these photographs were presented to Meissonier. By diligent study, he had at last succeeded in seizing the correct action of a horse in walking, a very difficult observation, it seems. He had also mastered the less intricate mysteries of a trot. "But that deuce of a gallop! he had brought his whole mind to bear upon it in vain! he could not satisfy himself. He had even broke down a horse in the attempt! And now this American had discovered the secret!" Shortly after this, in the autumn, an American merchant brought a certain Mr. Leland Stanford, formerly Governor of California, to his studio. The stranger wanted a portrait painted. Meissonier refused. Mr. Stanford began to talk of the photographs of horses in motion, telling the artist that he himself had taken them: he had indeed spent a hundred thousand dollars on the process, added the friend who accompanied him. Those which had been seen in Europe were nothing at all. Mr. Stanford had hundreds of others, far more interesting, not only of horses, but of bullocks, stags, dogs, men, fighting, wrestling, jumping, etc., etc. "I was perfectly enchanted! I forgot all about the millionaire. I recognised a collaborator! I promised him his portrait!"

But in this, as in everything, the observations of others, even when attested by photography, only served him as a guide. They did not

relieve him from the necessity of personal research. During the winter he often proposed to attend a course of anatomy at Alfort. In the summer, when he was at Poissy, he was a familiar visitor on the parade ground at Saint-Germain. Sometimes, when he suddenly surprised a movement that had long eluded him, he would rush back to his studio to fix it, or borrow one of his companion's cuffs and make a hasty sketch. But how was he to surprise all the details of the action of muscles in their fugitive mobility?

With that ingenuity which was natural to him, but which his intensely analytical train of thought had greatly developed, he had a miniature railway made in his park at Poissy, running parallel with a track; and seated on a trolly, the speed of which he was able to control or accelerate at will, he watched the movements of a horse ridden by a servant. By these means he had succeeded in decomposing and noting "in a flash," the most rapid and complex actions. Reflection completed what observation had begun. From a given movement he deduced its consequences. "To be a painter," he said, "is to have made severe logic a habit, to be always asking the why and the wherefore, to turn from effects to causes. Nature only gives up her secrets to those who press her closely. It is not enough to look at her admiringly; she must be coerced. I am a simple fellow, but I am a kind of gimlet for boring into the heart of things."

A CUIRASSIER'S BOOT (1807).
(Pencil sketch.)

V.

The methods Meissonier applied to his studies he observed in the execution of his pictures, carrying his keen pursuit of truth even farther here, if possible. He worked with his sketches beside him, within sight, but very often he returned directly to the model and to nature. "Nothing short of imprisonment" would have prevented him from following out this system. Those first essays, on which many painters would have relied throughout for the organisation of their work, very often only served to give him a sort of general impression. He rarely undertook a commission from a sketch submitted to a purchaser. He liked to feel himself untrammelled. His mind prepared, but free, he often struck out new ideas. Then began a real struggle with nature "his favourite and necessary slave." "Yes, slave," he would say, emphasising the word; "for she must obey me. She is not my mistress." This was his interpretation of the classic adage: *homo additus naturæ*. And this explains his predilection for subjects that set his whole mind in motion.

He would have made a delightful landscape painter. He painted many exquisite views of Venice, Antibes, Evian and Poissy. He had a profound enjoyment of the penetrating charm of woods and waters, the mysterious silence of dawn, of those divine hours when earth and heaven seem to blend more closely in secret harmony, and beckon man away from the tumult of the world. The splendours of evening enraptured him. "Ah! the beauty of an April sunset, with its crimson tints, and the flaming sky against which the little budding leaves of the oaks stand out like green pearls! . . . Ah! the golden dazzle of an October forest!" Before sights such as these, his eyes filled with tears. "When my time comes," he said, "what I shall most regret, after those I have loved, will be, not cities, museums, the works of man, in short, but God's Nature, the fields, the woods, the so-called inanimate things which have so often made me weep with admiration. How beautiful is light, how beautiful is Nature! And to love it all—how good it is! Happy landscape painters!" He had a poet's feeling for

Nature, a painter's delight in it ; "for the painter has this advantage over the poet, he has the pleasure of mixing his materials, of caressing his idea with the brush ; it is an incomparable sensation."

But vivid emotions such as these would not have sustained his ardour indefinitely. For a long time he delighted in the scenery of Switzerland ; then he lost his taste for it, and would never return to lakes and mountains. It was the same with portraits. Those of Doctor Lefèvre, of Chenavard, of Vanderbilt, of Doctor Guyon, of Victor Lefranc are masterpieces. Meissonier thought, with much judg-

SAN GIORGIO, VENICE.

ment, that to paint a successful portrait, it is necessary to know and love the sitter ; and confirming his theory by example, nearly all his portraits—from forty to fifty—were labours of love. But he also thought, and no less judiciously, that though the attachment of two friends may increase in the intimacy of frequent sittings, just as in the close companionship of travel, it is also possible that this very closeness of contact may lead to quarrels. At a time of poverty and distress, he had an idea of devoting himself to portraiture. Neither his talent nor his character were such as to fit him for the long probation of such a career.

Where he really shows ease and mastery, on the other hand, is

PORTRAIT OF VICTOR LEFRANC, 1881.
(In the possession of Madame Victor Lefranc.)

when he finally attacks the picture, after long pondering the subject—genre or history. He never laid a ground to work on, and rarely

sketched in the composition save in the slightest fashion. He modelled as he worked. No outlines ; the mass took form at once, as in sculpture. His outline grew out of his modelling. No calculation of any sort, nothing deliberate or irrevocable. He obeyed his impulse. "Before Nature"—how often we find this speech on his lips under the most diverse forms, the most picturesque images—"I am like a child ; I know nothing. I look at her, I listen to her ; she carries me away, suggesting how I shall approach her and make her my own. I set to work at a venture. . . . My touch is spontaneous, personal, independent. I am like the huntsman who fires at the flying quarry ; I do not like aiming among the branches. The pencil works too slowly to please me. Give me the brush, which brings out the luminous point at once, . . I paint like the wind, . . . no 'enraged musician' ever touched the notes more swiftly ; I know no one whose execution is so rapid as my own ; my one idea is intensity of expression." It has been asked why woman occupies so small a space in his work ; he has given the reason himself : "I have neither desire nor aptitude for the tendernesses of the brush."

His impetuosity, by a very unusual combination of qualities, was only to be equalled by his patience. Eager to attack, he was slow to finish. He was not ashamed to acknowledge that he had acquired his rapidity of touch by forty years of hard work ; indeed, he was proud to own it. Although he thought there should be no trace of effort even in the most elaborately executed work, there was nothing he undertook which was not sanctified by effort ; nothing he did not think it worth while to do well. He used to apply this principle "even to blacking his boots" in early life, and we know that he excelled in tying up parcels ! There was nothing, he contended, in which one would not feel a certain satisfaction, if one could do it thoroughly well. He said to Doctor Guyon : "I hear a great deal of talk about photography. But what would be the pleasure of practising it ? No pursuits are really amusing but those which present great difficulties. Don't you feel that you would lose all interest in an operation if your instrument could work of its own accord ?" The brush became animate in his fingers ; he felt the tip of it as he laid on a touch. "When I paint a hand I

must imagine that I am actually working in flesh itself! And what a delight it is to see things coming right!" As soon as he had taken his place at the easel, he would allow no thought unconnected with his work to enter into his mind or heart. Even his friends disturbed him, as he confessed to them. "Don't talk," he would say to those he liked best, "I must think. My art before everything! I have lived for it all my life! This has been my ideal and my delight. A painter, a true painter, must have no mistress but painting! He ought not to marry, or, if he does, his wife should be ready for every sort of self-sacrifice." "Let well alone" is a dogma of the sluggard, he used to say. He re-touched, corrected, re-cast his work again and again. *1807* was in his studio fourteen years. After a day of exhausting work, he would think he had at last carried out some idea successfully; the next morning he would take out the whole thing. Thus, though he worked so rapidly, his progress seemed slow, because he was continually beginning over again.[1]

A CAVALIER.
(Pen sketch.

What a number of men and horses he slew in his *Dragons* (*Dragoons*) to get a better attitude for an arm or a leg! "There are two or three pictures in *Les Dragons*, one on top of the other!" Some canvases he called his "Penelope's webs." He had a passion for truth. "If I enjoy poetry more than prose," he said, with an

[1] An instance of such re-painting, recorded by his family, deserves mention. His brother-in-law, Steinheil, went to see a picture he was just going to send to its owner. "It's very good," he said, "but ——" "But what?" interrupted Meissonier, with the irritability he did not always control when there was no special reason for restraint. . . "The background is not in proportion with the figure." "What, not in proportion! You must be crazy! I measured it all—this and this and this!" "Oh, all right," said Steinheil; "perhaps I am mistaken," and he turned to leave the studio. "No, no, you mustn't go. Let us see. You may possibly be right!" By degrees he calmed down, looking at the picture, re-touching it here and there. "Upon my word, I believe you are right!" The next day Steinheil came back. All the background was scratched out, and Meissonier was painting it over again.

ingenuity which is rather disconcerting at the first blush, though on reflection it adds to our comprehension of his mind, "it is no doubt because of its splendid regularity of form." To this imperious desire for accuracy he was ready to sacrifice everything—his rest, his pleasures, his most legitimate feelings of impatience. Just before he sent off *Les Dragons* for exhibition (1883), he had doubts as to the accuracy of the regimental number he had given them. He kept back the picture until he had verified and changed it. He was the first to notice that the action of the horse whose rider looks down at a corpse, in the foreground of *Solferino*, was not quite correct; but when he drew it, he had not yet "mastered" the horse. A badly fastened gaiter

DRAGOONS IN THE FOREST.
(Water-colour drawing.)

offended his eye. He liked his bridles to look as if they could be taken hold of! No doubt, art should be so profound as to leave no trace of labour, but such traces cannot disappear until the illusion of reality has been produced. His impeccable finish was the despair of engravers. "My dear *confrère*," says Henriquel-Dupont in a letter to him, "when an engraver examines a picture, the first thing he asks is what he will be able to suppress; with you, I recognise at once that it is impossible to cut out anything!"

Although by no means indifferent to criticism, Meissonier never accepted any praise but his own. He had to satisfy himself. Per-

fection, when he saw it in the works of the great masters, exercised a sort of fascination over him. He followed earnestly after it in his own works. He never sent one away without signing it, and never signed one till he had finished it to the satisfaction of his own conscience. Indefatigable, unsparing of himself, allowing no difficulties to daunt or weary him, he worked sometimes for ten or twelve hours at a time, standing in his studio or in the open air, with the thermometer at thirty degrees of heat, his eyes scorched by the sun. Well might he say: "I don't think they can ever accuse me of being unconscientious!" Of all he taught, this was perhaps the most useful and the most noble lesson.

THE MAN.

"The nearer I get to the end of my life of labour," wrote Meissonier to a friend, "the more easily do I detach myself from all things which do not make truth and right their first object; and if I long to leave a painter's fame behind me, I desire even more to leave the name of a man."

This train of thought was habitual with him. The *Conversations* bear witness to its existence in every stage of his career, almost, it may be said, at every moment of his life. He would not allow that any one had a right to take life in a dilettante fashion, spending it like a traveller in a strange country, and refusing to share the burden of civic matters. For his own part he could honestly boast that he had never failed in the duties of which he had so clear a perception.

Poissy was the scene of nearly the whole of his career. Fate seemed to have marked him out to inhabit the town. While yet a lad, he passed constantly through its streets, a loaf under his arm, a few pence in his pocket, his paint-box in his hand, on his way to Meulan, to make studies in the sculptor Marochetti's *atelier*; and though these streets were then innocent of the most elementary sanitation, the aspect of the little place had always been an attractive recollection to him. His father once had an idea of buying a piece of waterside land there, and building warehouses to serve as an *entrepôt* for his goods. Meissonier settled at Poissy in 1845, and never gave up his home there, even when he owned a large house in Paris. His house at Poissy was originally part of the ancient abbey. When he was re-building it, he discovered a sealed bottle under the floor of the principal room, containing a paper dated from "the

Monastery of Saint Louis, Paris, 1679." The writer had come to Poissy, according to the paper, "by the King's order, to see to certain repairs, and re-establish order." He begged those who discovered the relic to have masses said for the repose of his soul. Meissonier, who piously obeyed the monk's behest, loved the calm of this sequestered retreat, and gradually adding cherry-tree to cherry-tree, and meadow to meadow, he increased the extent of his domain. After his second marriage, he moved to his mother-in-law's house on the quay, a house built some twenty years before from his designs, commanding a favourite view: on one side, the bridge, with the Moulin de la Reine Blanche, and the old arches, through which a glimpse of the islands, the windings of the Seine, and the outline of Medar were visible; on the other, the open country towards Carrières, the wide sky and luminous horizon. The gentle animation of this landscape was grateful to him. A few years earlier (1882) he was nearly tempted to become the purchaser of the Château de Carrières Champfleury, which was for sale; he offered two hundred and seventy-eight thousand francs, the price he had fixed upon as his limit, but he was outbidden.

HEAD OF A MONK.
(Pen sketch.)

He was further attached to Poissy by the good he did in the place. "I wanted to be the Mayor of my commune," he said, "and I undertook the office because I thought I could be of use to my fellow citizens." When he was thirty-three he was almost entangled in the mesh of politics by the events of 1848. What would he have gained by embarking on a political career? It would have puzzled him to say,

as he afterwards confessed. But to use the phrase then current, he was a Liberal. When he was still a young man making a precarious livelihood, a royalist publisher proposed that he should illustrate a *History of La Vendée*. "If I had lived in those days," he replied, "I should have fought on the side of the 'Blues'; I could not conceive or express events according to your ideas; I might satisfy you, perhaps, in the treatment of certain episodes, such as that of General Bonchamp releasing the Republican prisoners; but not with others." At a later date he was invited, with no better success, to design a medal, representing Guizot at the Tribune on the occasion when that distinguished leader of the Cabinet uttered the famous phrase: "Your abuse cannot rise to the level of my scorn!" He admired the talent of the orator; but he could not approve the policy of the statesman. He foresaw that a social transformation was imminent, and he would have prepared the way for it in wisdom. He was a reader of the *National*, a frequenter of the *Divan*, where he used to foregather with Chenavard, Hetzel, Francis Wey, Alfred de Musset, and Armand Marrast.

After the 24th of February, his best friends, Dezé, Cerrien, and Marrast himself, urged him to come forward as a candidate for the Chamber of Deputies. He was encouraged, indeed almost thrust forward, by Lamartine, who recommended him to the constituency as "a man of heart, an artist of genius, and a devoted patriot." He made up his mind, and contested a seat, for the first and last time. His successful opponent, M. Bezancon, was a lawyer of Poissy, the father of the lady who became his second wife. The two political questions which seem to have interested him above all others at this period were the maintenance of religious observances, and the reform of State education.

We have seen that he was very reticent in the discussion of metaphysical subjects. He was much bolder in his religious policy, at least in principle, and the opinions he expressed on this head in 1848 seem to have been but little modified in after life. He approached the question of public worship "from two points of view, the absolute and the practical. From the absolute point of view,

Original Etchings.

I should say," he wrote, "that every citizen ought to pay for his own particular form of worship, and that the sole function of the State in the matter should be to conciliate individual liberty and social interests by a watchful protection of all rights. But this position is only tenable if we set aside all consideration of habit, custom, and acquired rights. When, on the other hand, we consider that the tradition of centuries has led the people to class public worship among State functions, and when we further think of the forty thousand priests who would be suddenly deprived of the subsistence guaranteed to them by society, we feel the necessity of a compromise. I therefore accept the axiom that each man should pay for his own form of worship as a guiding principle; but I think we should approach its consummation by very gradual stages. Without attempting to lay down any very definite course as desirable, I may point to a process very often applied to analogous cases, which consists of striking certain votes from the budget by degrees, as the offices for which they once provided are suppressed by the death or retirement of their holders. But even this might be esteemed too harsh a measure, and I can understand that others more indulgent may be preferred." In the matter of State education he was more radical, insisting on a speedy and drastic reform (May 16, 1848). "The University has been mentioned. I thought she was dead. If not, she is *in extremis*. She was a very pedantic person, an aristocrat above all, abandoning the children of the people to a few ignorant teachers, whom she paid only with her scorn. She concentrated all her care on some three or four thousand privileged persons, whom she nourished on a luxurious diet of Greek and Latin. A stranger to the great principle of 1790, which proclaimed the right of every individual to a national education, she looked upon any liberal and economical scheme which tended to enlarge her restricted circle as contraband. Hence that examination for the bachelor's degree and that certificate of university training by which she laid a tax on all who aspired to a public career. But the revolution of February has changed all that. Now the whole nation calls upon its children to enjoy the benefits of education, effacing all the vain distinctions of our laws, and replacing them by a wide system of

equality. I should like to explain this system to you, as I understand it. I should show you the State, placing in every commune, side by side with the mayor, a teacher, whose function it is to give every child of the community an elementary education. At the age of twelve, the children thus prepared would be collected in the chief centre of their district, in a large school, where well-chosen masters could direct their physical, moral, and intellectual development by a system of secondary education." If Meissonier's judgment of the University is severe, it must be admitted that it is not altogether unjust. We may add that the programme sketched out by the artist was a wide and progressive one for the times in which it was conceived, and that it was inspired by a truly enlightened democratic sentiment.

Meissonier, "a man who could not remain quietly at home when great events were taking place in his country," set out for Metz at the beginning of the war with Germany. He was received by the staff almost as a herald of victory, but he had not been more than three or four days in the fortress before he realised the desperate nature of the actual situation. The day after Forbach and Wissembourg (August 8, 1870), he wrote the following melancholy letter :—

"What cruel days, what days of anguish! What, O God, is our fate to be? This will be perhaps the last letter you will receive; by to-morrow, no doubt, our communication with Paris will be cut off, and we shall be shut up in Metz. Poor France, dear and unhappy fatherland! To think that we should have possessed so fine an army, an army so full of pride and courage that it would have been irresistible if properly led, and that it should have been allowed to perish in little detachments. Here we are choking with indignation; our rage and despair are beyond description! To see vacillation and delay when every moment is precious, to know we are merely exposing ourselves to a check here, while guarding against another there, that we are pouring out the best and purest blood of our dear country unavailingly and ingloriously! The list of the killed is so long that the authorities dare not publish it. Whole regiments advance and never return! War is indeed a science; and when for years we allow our adversary to

master it thoroughly, while we ourselves despise and forget it, we ought at least to be philosophical enough not to rush ignorantly upon such grim hazards. Yes, I shall long remember these days at Metz, and others that are unhappily still to come! For I do not think it possible that we can get out. I did think of riding to Verdun, and so to Rheims or Soissons; but they say it would be madness, that the enemy will have scouts out all along the roads. Our misfortune is overwhelming and seems to be complete, unless we are saved by a miracle. You may imagine that I have done absolutely no work; I cannot even write, and these lines to you are a supreme effort. Farewell to military pictures for the future, though these poor fellows, doomed to destruction, are sublime, and deserve that the greatest of painters should dedicate his genius to them. But now they have lost the hope of victory that illuminated them. How I suffer! And how those savages must rejoice! It is the old story of barbarians who have but a single aim in view, who are bent on conquest at any price, and a highly cultivated race which only desires to live in peace, and enjoy what it possesses. . . . But let us say no more of this. Forgive me for sending you a letter so full of grief, I may almost say of tears; but I know you feel these things as keenly as I do. . . . Pray for a miracle. I sometimes go into a church and pray fervently. . . . To-morrow I shall perhaps make an effort to get out. Perhaps we shall all sally out, for every minute some fresh plan is adopted. This morning we were to start for Châlons, a fatal step, according to some. It was decided to stay here, but by this evening other counsels may prevail. . . . Oh! the man whose incapacity has brought us to this pass! . . ."

In Metz he was only another useless mouth to feed. Acting upon the advice of all the officers to return to Paris, where he might be of use, he started on his way back the evening before the engagement at Borny. The history of his journey, which will be read in his original letter, is heart-rending no less by what he says than by what he suppresses.

He set out at daybreak from the district of Saint-Martin—where he had found a lodging with some worthy folks—in an extraordinary garb, the best he could produce, consisting of large military boots, a

kind of tunic of gray stuff, a battered straw hat, his cloak slung over his shoulder, his cross of the Legion of Honour round his neck ; no baggage of any sort. In this queer guise he was obliged to report himself at every halting-place, showing the paper with which he was provided, describing him as charged with a mission to Paris. At Gravelotte, at Conflans, at every village he passed through, the inhabitants crowded round him with threatening looks, taking him for a spy. The gendarmes, who at first seemed inclined to arrest him, were forced to protect him. The servants at the inns where he was obliged to rest his horse fled directly they had served him. At any other time this mistrust would have humiliated and exasperated him, but here he only felt its painful aspect. Metz was always before his eyes and in his heart ; and as if this misery were not sufficiently poignant, it was aggravated by his memories of the Italian campaign. He recalled the streets of towns and villages gay with flags, the windows hung with many-coloured draperies, the little presbytery at Castiglione, where he had lodged, bright with joy and sunshine, the old priest, smiling in the scented grass-grown courtyard, and offering him a cup of coffee before his departure, the bunch of white pinks and vervain which the old man's niece had pinned into his coat, all the homage, great and small, laid at the feet of the victor. At Verdun he fortunately fell in with an old fellow-student whom he had known at the Fériots', and a colonel of the guard, whose regiment had been quartered at Saint-Germain, both of whom were able to facilitate his journey. To get to Châlons, he was obliged to travel in a cattle-train, lying on a truss of straw in the corner of a truck. But he scarcely noticed this. What struck him most was the disorder among the throng of vociferous and noisy conscripts. And how strange it seemed to find Paris so quiet when, only fifty leagues off, everything echoed to the tumult of invasion ! The day he entered Poissy he heard of the defeat at Borny, and two days later came the news of the battle of Gravelotte.

He always regretted having kept no journal during the siege of Paris. The *Conversations* contain only a few souvenirs of this period. At first he meant to do his duty as a citizen at Poissy itself. He went to see Trochu, for whose character he had a great respect, though

he distrusted his indiscretion of speech. One little incident struck him particularly. During the first days of the investiture, a horse was presented to Trochu. He acknowledged it in a letter of five pages. Was this the proceeding of a man of action? However, he made his way to the general's headquarters. "General, consider the position of Poissy: we have a prison, and not a single soldier. Give me the National Guard, and I will be responsible for the whole place." But there was not a serviceable gun in the town; nothing organised or organisable for its defence. On the approach of the enemy, he went again to Trochu: "I cannot stay, more particularly as the Prussian officers might wish perhaps to treat me courteously when they enter Poissy. I am free, my family is safe. Send me an order to resign my command of the National Guard, where I have absolutely nothing to do, and let me come back into Paris, where you can employ me as you will." At that time he had no domicile in Paris. He installed himself in the Rue Saint-Georges, in a room which was lent him. His friends, many of whom had left or were leaving the city, laughed at his chivalrous ardour. But he cared little for their jests.

Attached to the staff with the rank of colonel, his chief function was to inspect the outposts and conduct troops to them. One day, towards the end of December, he was sent to Arcueil-Cachan. "On that day," he says in the *Conversations*, "I saw death raining, as it were, on every side. For the distance of about a kilometre, I had to pass alone over a piece of ground as slippery as glass, to Raspail's house. I had left my orderly under shelter. The ground was ploughed up with shell all around me, the sinister whistle never ceased for a moment. I advanced slowly, but unhesitatingly. When I arrived, they said: 'Colonel, no one is allowed to cross this piece of ground now the bombardment has begun. There is a covered way which shall be shown you when you go back.' Duval, a very intelligent and resolute fellow, who was afterwards, like so many others, misled by the Commune, and who was among those summarily executed, commanded the post. He was not very well pleased by my visit at first, but directly he heard my name, he offered me the little liqueur he had left, and gave me all the information I wanted."

Meissonier was one of those who were for holding out to the last. Forgetting the dangers that might arise in Paris itself, he regretted that more use was not made of the National Guard. "You take a man from the plough," he said in the office of the staff, "and you declare you can make a soldier of him in six months! Yet you have no confidence in a body of picked men, who are ready to fight to the last gasp!" When he saw the catastrophe to be imminent, he could not restrain a cry of horror (Sunday, January 21, 1871). He had kept his spirits up hitherto, seeing some glimmer of hope in the darkness. If at night he knelt, praying God to protect those he loved, in the daytime he tried to think of them as little as possible, lest he should be unnerved. "The last gleam of light is quenched to-day; all is darkness round us. The hour is approaching when we shall be at the mercy of those savages!" He was at the battle of Buzenval. The death of Henri Regnault was a crushing blow to him.

SACRED SUBJECT.
(Meissonier's early days.)

He could never forgive Germany her victory and the way in which she acted upon it. At one time he had been much attached to the country, and had studied it in the works of Dürer, Holbein, Schumann, and Goethe. He was fond of recalling a charming apparition of *Gretchen* at Carlsbad, where he once went to drink the waters: "The daughter of the house where I was lodging, a young girl with braids of fair hair, simple and delicious, who went barefooted to fetch water from the fountain." But all these pleasant images had vanished behind the Vosges, which had become the insurmountable boundary of France. He could only think of Saint-Cloud, blackened, gaping, and battered. After 1871, he could never be induced to receive Mentzel,

or any other painters from beyond the Rhine. Even Heilbuth never crossed his threshold till he became a naturalised French subject. Appointed vice-president of the international jury at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, he asked his *confrères* "to authorise him officially, in the name of France, to shake hands with the Germans, as with the other members of the jury." Some years later he was offered the Prussian Order of Merit; he refused it. It was a grief to him to know that his picture of *Antibes*—in which he painted himself and his son on horseback—was exhibited at Munich. When Vanderbilt brought back his *Renseignements* from Berlin, he threw himself into his arms.

But the utmost intensity of generous sentiment will not suffice to resuscitate the broken energies of a nation. History had taught him that the world is not to be changed by a victory, and that nations which have lost their hegemony have nevertheless recovered it; it had also taught him that a people must look to its collective strength for salvation. "I often pray," he said, "that God will not treat this country like the tree in the Gospel, which, bringing forth no good fruit, is cut down and cast into the fire. I pray still more fervently that He may awaken a saving strength in each one of us." Although he believed in the stimulating influence of great men, he had not much faith in saviours of society. He greatly admired M. Thiers; he was proud of having been chosen by the minister a few days before his death to paint his portrait, and to have been almost the last person to converse with him. But, in 1872, he was almost as much alarmed as relieved to see France submitting her destiny to an old man of seventy-five. He looked to combined effort for the firm establishment of the Republic. "Let us set to work again," were his manly words over Regnault's grave; "the time is short; we have no eternity in which to re-create our country." He held that republican rule should be established on a sort of intellectual aristocracy, drawn from all ranks of society, independent and respected, and free to devote itself to the service of the State. "Many talk of the common good," he said, acutely enough; "but each thinks of himself alone. We see men aspiring to the office of municipal councillors who grumble unceas-

ingly at the exercise of their functions, and seem to think all the time they spend in the public service wasted." He turned back to the higher sources of the spirit of devotion. "In former days men knew how to die ; human life has come to be looked upon as a sacred thing, and this sentiment has engendered every kind of baseness."

For his own part, he was quite ready to set an example. In 1880 a seat in the Senate was suggested to him. "If it is offered me, I will

OLIVE TREES AT PONTHEIL, ANTIBES.
(Water-colour drawing.)

take it," he said. "I have never held that an artist should be indifferent to his country. Everything that concerns France is of the deepest interest to me." On many points he had formed very definite opinions. He would have welcomed an opportunity of defending the principle of artistic copyright at the tribune, as he had already defended it before the extra-parliamentary commission appointed to enquire into it. But he would also have taken his part in questions of general policy. "It is a commonplace that artists are incapable of business. If people would only consider how much logic and science goes to the

A Constable.

(PEN SKETCH WITH WASH)

making of a good picture!" He was much interested in details of military organisation, and was not a thoroughgoing supporter of the system of a nation in arms; he thought it less efficacious for the protection of a country than a system of defence by disciplined troops; nevertheless, when the territorial reserve was created, he demanded a place in it, despite his age.

Alarmed by the action of the English in Egypt, he cried: "How we miss Gambetta now, his firmness and his patriotism! France might have played a splendid part! If our fleet had been brought up after the bombardment of Alexandria, we should have entered Egypt with the English, and we should have entered as liberators. To what sort of a position shall we now be relegated by events?" He thought the loss of our influence in Egypt almost as injurious to our national prestige as the mutilation of Alsace-Lorraine. Nor was he less concerned for the internal situation in France. He never lost an opportunity of preaching concord. On the eve of the elections of 1887, in which he himself had no personal interest, he had drawn up a programme which he recommended to those around him: "At this decisive moment, we must take a lofty standpoint, and suppress all party and sectarian feeling. It is our privilege to affirm, in the ears of a listening nation, our love for a generous, liberal and enlightened Republic, which extends her protecting arms both to right and left, affording equal support to all who respect her, and desire to serve her loyally. The logic of facts, properly understood, must unite the whole nation in a common desire, the desire of establishing this beneficent Republic, a Government which should guard all liberties, forward all progress, place duty before privilege; which should oppose fanaticism of all kinds, and that furious intolerance, which, under the name of free thought, seeks to fetter thought; which should guarantee liberty of conscience, the only safeguard of man's dignity; which should patronise no special form of worship, but, at the same time, should not permit the State, because it is of no religion itself, to interfere with the practice of those who wish to observe theirs. No more distrust, no more hatred. The hour has come when we should call upon all good men and true to come forward from the four quarters of the land."

He never became either senator or deputy. Setting aside all idea of duty, he would have been pleased to hold such office. He was by no means indifferent to honours, distinctions, responsibilities. In the days of Michelangelo and Rubens, were not these great artists called upon to take part in the protection and the official representation of their native lands?

It would have seemed quite natural to him to undertake some great mission. Such a function would have been congenial to him, and he would have exercised it sumptuously, in the Medicean fashion. But he proved the sincerity of his zeal for the public service by showing no less enthusiasm in the most modest offices. As Mayor of Poissy, he neglected none of his civic duties. He discussed questions of house-building with officials of the Ponts et Chaussées, visited the schools, and took an active part in examinations for the certificates of primary education. He had his theory as to the teaching of history, a theory by no means injudicious. "Children are crammed with meaningless facts; they are well up in the chronology of which I am ignorant; dates rise to their lips mechanically, as if at the touch of a spring; but as to the general impression of things, the moral of events, their minds are a blank; they have perceived nothing. To what flights might their intelligences be trained by merely teaching them to see! There is not a commune in France without some heroic souvenir which would be interesting to describe and instructive to cite as an example." He also claimed that moral teaching, based on the notion of a God, should be essentially practical, and intelligible to the infant conscience. It was natural that he should look upon drawing as one of the bases of primary education; he saw in it the elements of a common language for the working classes, and a source of enjoyment open to all. When the schools of Poissy were in progress of building, he superintended the plans himself. He thought it highly necessary that "equilibrium and regularity should always be set before children, in the physical as well as in the moral order; and that their class-rooms and play-grounds should present a series of pure lines and regular angles." He had an affection for the poor, as well as for children. At Antibes, he found out that Mère Lucrèce, the old peasant-woman whose portrait he was

painting, was in extreme poverty. He at once assigned her a little pension, which he paid regularly until her death. At Poissy one Sunday the goods of an old blacksmith which had been distrained upon, were put up for sale. Meissonier happened to be passing. He inquired into the proceedings, bought up the property, reinstated the blacksmith, and to ensure him a fair start, guaranteed his rent for a year. Such traits of quiet benevolence and impulsive generosity are by no means rare in the life of Meissonier. He was always ready to contribute with pencil or brush to any work of charity. In his old age he often planned to buy a farm in some remote district, "in the heart of the country, the heart of nature," and to spend a part of the year there. "We should take an interest in the poor people, we should talk about their affairs with them in the evening, when the day's work was over. We should love them, and be beloved by them."

ANTIBES WASHERWOMEN.
(Painting, Musée du Luxembourg)

II.

Did the master show the same self-forgetfulness, the same amenity, in daily intercourse with his brother artists and his equals? What we learn from the *Conversations* on this head is not the least interesting of its psychological revelations. Meissonier was always sensitive on the point of having been trained in no special school, of belonging to no

distinctive society or group, and he never entirely lost that somewhat distrustful and irritable reserve common among those who have known adversity in early life. The least difficulty, the least rebuff, recalled the difficulties and rebuffs of former times. He was not embittered—his mind was too healthy and too lofty; but he retired into himself, and fenced himself round with a kind of stiffness. He had never been a frequenter of drawing-rooms, and had neither the aptitude nor the inclination for social success; fully conscious of his own powers, though he had no exaggerated estimate of them, he resented any non-recognition of them by others; he was not offended by opposition, so long as resistance was tempered by respect, but anything in the nature of an affront or an injustice roused in him that aggressive resentment which is always most violent in the normally timid and reserved. What others would have passed over as carelessness or forgetfulness, struck him as a deliberate outrage. The fact that none of his friends had suggested a dinner in his honour, to celebrate his jubilee as an exhibitor, wounded him so deeply that he could never speak of it. But if his fiery and impulsive temper sometimes betrayed him into violent outbursts and an offensive show of contempt, there was a winning sincerity in his compunction and atonement. M. Alexandre Dumas, so long one of his intimates, has given some touching examples. M. Chenavard, who knew him all his life, told me he was more amenable to counsel, and even to censure, than any one he had ever known. Meissonier, who knew that he was reputed "a very savage fellow," only asked people to "look more closely under the lion's skin." Besides, "are there not," he asks, "hours in the life of every man, when those who face him steadily may say anything to him?"

It was in these hours of calm that the *Conversations* noted his aspect, and recorded it for us. Faithful and devoted in his affections, Meissonier's notions of friendship were marked by a delicacy and an elevation neither Cicero nor Montaigne would have disclaimed. "I love my friends so well that I cannot bear to see them fall short in any way. I think I even love them so much that I am pleased to feel a certain jealousy of them. When my dear Cerrien, the remembrance

of whom is so constantly in my mind, used to talk to me of things of which I was ignorant, I was not jealous of his knowledge ; but when he touched on spiritual questions, the science of life, which all men should understand, and which he understood so much better than I, I was jealous of him ; I grudged him his superiority, although I loved him the more for it." He remarked very happily that "those who have once formed a true communion always return to each other in this teeming world ; life forces them apart ; but sooner or later, circumstances always bring together again souls born under the same planet." The same names recur constantly in his talk : Cerrien, Dezé, Lireux, Boissard, John Lemoinne, Ponsard, Émile Augier. Cerrien was his conscience. He had all sorts of moral affinities with Ponsard "the darling of Misfortune." He lived fraternally under the same roof, in the same room, with Augier, "the darling of Fortune." He may almost be said to have collaborated in *L'Aventurière*, for which he designed the costumes. The death of Augier was one of the great griefs of his old age. "If you could only know what I felt to-day as I followed his coffin along the road of La Celle-Saint-Cloud ! (December 27, 1886.) How many youthful days came back to me ! How often I had climbed those same paths with delight, urging my horse forward that I might the

COSTUME FOR *L'Aventurière*.
(Drawing in Mme. Augier's collection.)

sooner be laughing with him! With what pride I recall my friendship with him! When people met him they always asked: 'And how is Meissonier?' just as, when they met me, they asked: 'And how is Émile?' He was so good, so respected by all. His whole life was honourable. I am glad to feel that he loved me; I loved him with all my heart." I myself stood near Meissonier in the little churchyard at La Celle. After I had spoken the farewell words in the name of the French Academy, which I represented, he came to me with his eyes full of tears; it was all he could do to control himself. Those he loved, he loved with no half-hearted affection.

COSTUME FOR *L'Aventurière.*
(Drawing in Mme. Augier's collection.)

If, as a philosopher has said, we may judge better of a man by what he says of others than by what they say of him, Meissonier deserves that the tributes he offered at various times to his contemporaries should be collected. Although he had little in common with the masters of the Restoration, he was able to appreciate them. Rude's *Génie de la Guerre* (*The Genius of War*) "inflamed his heart with fury." "Professor Gros, too, was a great man!" he cried before *Les Pestiférés de Jaffa* (*The Plague-stricken at Jaffa*). "I think it hardly possible to conceive of anything finer in the way of *mise-en-scène* and organisation than this picture! The Emperor's gesture is magnificent, his hand

superb! And these men once set the standard of excellence at exhibitions!" Though he thought Paul Delaroche over-rated, though he criticised his superficial and anecdotic conception of history, he greatly admired *La Mort du Duc de Guise* (*The Death of Guise*), more particularly the impressive balance of the composition, in which the corpse, stretched at full length at the foot of the bed, is opposed to the group of retreating conspirators. We shall not be surprised to find him more severe in his treatment of Ingres. When he gave rein in the least degree to his passion, it carried him away: "Monsieur Ingres! Good heavens! when shall we be delivered from Monsieur Ingres!" (1874.) And so on. He atoned for this asperity by his admiration for Delacroix. He talked of him while he was still living in terms usually reserved for the dead. He declared he had never seen finer decoration than the ceilings in the Chamber of Deputies and in the Senate. He could not find words enthusiastic enough to express his admiration for the Gallery of Apollo. "What a splendid symphony! Every one should be ordered to take off his hat in passing, as I never forget to do! I know nothing to equal this personification of stupid, brute force. When we look at the huge beast struck down by the lance, we feel that that monstrous paw would have crushed every-

COSTUME FOR *L'Aventurière.*
(Drawing in Mme. Augier's collection)

thing. What a dream of genius are those vast distances which make us dream in turn!"

Jealous of the honour of the institute, he defended its open and liberal spirit. If he approved the State for having broken with traditional routine by giving Delacroix the commission for the Museum at Versailles, he considered that part of the credit for this important innovation was due to the Academy, which had suggested and supported it. "When, twenty-nine years ago," he wrote in 1890, "I had the honour of being received into the section of painters, the majority, admitting to the circle a genre-painter, whose assets consisted of a pack of little figures, also set routine aside, since which it has shown a truly catholic spirit in the election of Messrs. Gérôme, Breton, Delaunay, Gaston Moreau, and Henner!" He had an eye to the future. He sometimes asks what it is which is drawing us down. "Where are we going? Each year finds us on a lower level. The figures of the mighty dead wax dim upon the horizon; their glory fades away; they have no successors!" "Intelligence and soul have no longer any concern with the stuff that goes by the name of painting. But tradesmen buy, and painters swarm, as in a sort of artistic rabbit-warren, full of nameless works, ephemeral as their authors!"

COSTUME FOR *L'Aventurière*.
(Drawing in Mme Augier's collection.)

An infinite depression laid hold of him in the presence of this generation "who cannot even render their own low ideal, who debase everything, tearing up the divine flower and trampling it under foot." Annual exhibitions he thought very unfavourable to the development of real talent; he would have made them triennial. But though an occasional cry of anguish escaped him in his familiar outpourings, he did not despair. The so-called modern theories of "plein air" (out-door light) did not disturb him; he gave nobility to their origin by tracing them back to classic antiquity. "Was not the superiority of Greek art due to this," he said, speaking of sculpture, "that the Greeks knew nothing of a prepared light, but that with them everything took place in broad daylight, and was made to be seen in a blaze of sunshine?" "Outdoor light, indeed!" he says elsewhere. "Where is the novelty of this idea? Why, I was the first to paint it! Where is there more than in my pictures? As early as 1843, at Saint-Ismier, I was working in the open air, in the sunshine." I do not think he ever appreciated any honour so much as that of having been chosen to represent French art in 1889, as President of the Jury of the International Exhibition, and he was most zealous in his function. When the schism took place which divided the annual exhibition into

COSTUME FOR *L'Aventurière*.
(Drawing from Mme. Augier's collection.)

PORTRAIT OF GEMITO, IN HIS PARIS STUDIO, AT WORK ON THE STATUETTE OF MEISSONIER.

two sections, the Société du Champs de Mars chose him as its head.

He saw two of those who gave promise of leaving a vigorous and noble heritage to French art struck down before his eyes in their prime. We have already touched on his lofty and stimulating homage to Henri Regnault. At Antibes he was brought into contact with Carpeaux, already prostrated by the disease that killed him. "What a heart-rending sight," he wrote, "is this poor man, dying entirely alone, far from his wife and his children, his only companion an old, infirm assistant. I saw him again yesterday. He was lying on the beach. I sat and talked to him for an hour, which gave him great pleasure, and me a terrible heartache." There were others, happily, not less dear to him, whose careers he followed still more closely, and who fulfilled the hopes he entertained of their future—Detaille and Tissot. He thought very highly of Tissot's *Ruines de la Cour des Comptes:* "Two wretched creatures, almost imbecile from pain and misery, a man and a woman: the invisible Saviour has drawn near. He is shrouded in a radiant cope of golden tissue; but He throws it open before the miserable couple, to console them, to encourage them to suffer and endure by the spectacle of His divine and martyred body. Tissot has noble visions. He is in love with the ideal."

Gemito was perhaps the dearest to him among all the younger artists in whom he was interested. He delighted in "that genial nature, so enthusiastic in the love of art, and of all that is great; so full of simple gaiety, so confident, because it neither understands nor accepts evil." In Gemito he saw himself again, in all the inexperience and enthusiasm of his twentieth year. But Gemito was inclined to dream away his time in idleness. Meissonier recalled him to action, urged him on. It was ever the master's dearest hope and wish to see his favourite succeed.

LAST YEARS.

Meissonier's last years were brightened by great joys and saddened by great griefs. His works had become priceless. They were eagerly waited for by the amateurs of the two worlds, and bought long before they had left the easel. When by some accident an example passed out of the hands of its owner, it was competed for in a manner hitherto unparalleled in the case of any painter, living or dead. "What a history is that of my *Cuirassiers!*" he remarks (1880). "It was first bought for two hundred and fifty thousand francs, then sold at Brussels for two hundred and seventy-five thousand; on a certain Thursday the owner was offered a profit of one hundred thousand francs on his bargain, and on the Friday it was carried off in triumph. Scarcely had the case been opened after the arrival of the picture in Paris, when a collector came in, looked at it, and bought it on the spot for four hundred thousand francs, with this graceful speech: 'Tell M. Meissonier that this work, which has been restored to France, shall only leave my collection for the Louvre.' The first owner, who, after enjoying the picture for two years, made a profit of a hundred thousand francs without lifting a finger, is not to be pitied!" His friends, playing upon his name, used to call him "Le Moissonneur, Messor" (The Reaper). At one time he might have said without boasting that if he could have produced pictures to the value of two million francs every year he could have sold them. His jubilee exhibition was a triumph. He only showed a hundred and thirty of his pictures, but there were at least four hundred in existence. He had been an indefatigable worker. Outside France he was recognised, not perhaps as the head of the French school, for the French school no longer exists, but as the most representative and

The Connoisseurs.

(THE [illegible] COLLECTION AT [illegible])

Printed by Chassepot Paris - France -

brilliant of French contemporary painters. In 1881, on the occasion of Michelangelo's centenary, he was the delegate of the Institute to Florence, and with deep emotion made a speech in the Piazza della Signoria, at the base of the *David*. His promotion to the dignity of Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour after the Exhibiton of 1889—the first instance of such an award to an artist—was ratified by universal approval. All this noising abroad of his name sounded pleasantly in his ears. No doubt he was perfectly sincere when, in one of those outbursts which gave such generous charm to his character, he cried: "Glory! I care little for it! It gives me as much delight to stand before a Rembrandt, as to say 'It was I who painted that!' If my name were destined to obscurity, and I knew it, I should nevertheless put all my heart and soul into my work!" But we recognise a still deeper sincerity in the following utterance: "No artist would take up the brush, if he knew that no living being would ever see his picture. Ask Émile Augier whether he would write plays if no one read them but himself." He never felt a keener delight than in the full recognition of his talent and his authority. "I shall have known," he says in his intimate outpourings, "great poverty and great luxury, an obscure beginning and a brilliant end."

If we are to classify the works of his last fifteen years, we should say that they are distinguished from the rest by a greater breadth and elevation of sentiment. In the intervals of this more sustained execution he returned occasionally to genre: *La Chanteuse* (*The Singer*) was one of the pleasantest diversions of his old age. He also painted some military subjects: *1807*, the *Cuirassiers*, the *Dragoons*, "which ate up so many of my fine, sunshiny days." But the latter were but the completion of a work begun long before, the former a sort of interlude "to bring a smile into the soul." His mind aspired to higher things. He hankered after synthesis. Episodic subjects fatigued him, details disgusted him. In former years (1869) he had formed a conception which he was now anxious to carry out: "Poetry drawing inspiration from the life of all humanity, and nourishing it with her divine honey—": "the Word, hovering over the world, intoxicating mortals with her voice, and receiving the incense of all

creatures! This would give me opportunities for many fine groups: the offering of lovers, the laurel of the warrior on horseback, the symbols of the artist, the painter presenting his palette, the sculptor his model." Yet even this note no longer vibrated so strongly in his heart as before. Patriotic passion inspired and filled it. He could never understand how it was that the Netherlandish masters, Rubens and Rembrandt, who had seen their country pillaged and ravaged, should have been so little impressed by the memory of such miseries. When in 1889 General Faure, congratulating him on his promotion in the Legion of Honour, expressed astonishment at his vivid recollection of every detail of the war of 1870, he answered: "I have forgotten nothing, I can never forget." Three of the most stirring of his compositions, the *Ruins of the Tuileries*, the *Design for a Decoration in the Pantheon*, and the sketch for the *Siege of Paris*, bear the impress of this absorbing pre-occupation.

MEISSONIER.
(After Waltner's etching.)

He describes how he went to the Institute with Lefuel, the official architect of the Louvre. "We passed by the blackened Tuileries. In the midst of this colossal wreck, through which the car of victory

appeared in the distance, on the Arc du Carrousel, I was suddenly struck by the sight of the words, Marengo and Austerlitz, the names of two incontestable victories, which appeared, shining and intact, 'Do you see nothing curious?' I asked Lefuel. '*I* see my picture. In the background, Victory on her car, turning away from us. . . .' If the two names preserved on the modillions had been Wagram and Leipzig, the allegory would have been incomplete; the glory of those two battles was not pure and unclouded. But Austerlitz and Marengo will always be radiant words in history, as now over the ruins of the palace. . . .

'*Gloria majorum per flammas usque superstes.*'

The thought of the criminal hands which had wrought this ruin had never even crossed his mind. He saw only the national calamity, of which civil war had been, indeed, but the cruel consequence, and at the sight, the hope of retribution stirred in him.

The same passion inspired his design for a decoration in the Pantheon. When a place was reserved for him in 1855, among those to whom the various frescoes were assigned, he proposed to take *Joan of Arc* or *Attila* as his subject. *Saint Geneviève and the miraculous re-victualling of Paris* was suggested to him; even the points he was to dwell upon in dealing with the legend were indicated: "the boats laden with bread passing along the Seine, the rock which barred their passage at Villeneuve-Saint-Georges and against which the fleet would have been dashed, had not Saint-Geneviève, stretching out her arm, turned the rock into a serpent." "It is impossible to get up any enthusiasm for such subjects," he said, and declined the proposal, though he retained the place assigned him. After the war, he set to work on an allegory of *Peace*, in which a figure of France, drawn by two lions, appeared guiding the nations in the paths of civilisation and peace. Germany alone was absent in the procession. The work might be interpreted as a glorification of the French spirit.

But it was not a subject which he found altogether inspiring. "*Peace* does not carry me away in any sense," he wrote. "*The Siege*

of Paris will be the picture to paint. I will put all our sufferings, all our heroism, all our hearts—my very soul into it. The siege redeemed our honour; it enabled us to organise the defence of the provinces; for a moment it even struck panic into the hearts of the enemy, as we saw at Versailles. I will make an attempt to express it before I die." It was after his return to Poissy, while his house was still occupied by the Prussians, and he himself practically a prisoner in his studio, that

SKETCH FOR THE ALLEGORY OF "THE POET."

he conceived the idea. He returned to it in 1884 with increased ardour. It fired him, haunted him, worked like fever in his blood. He rejoiced to find himself "really inspired by the gods. The sketch for *The Siege* positively carries me away." He had not been working on it quite two months at this time; he describes its main features: "The City of Paris, in a robe of gold brocade, veiled with crape, her hand resting on a stela; on the stela, the mural crown, above the

PUNCH WITH A ROSE.
(Water-colour drawing in M. Beyer's Collection.)

crown, the crest of the city, the ship, against which an officer of the navy is dying; scattered here and there, the corpses of the illustrious dead, Franchetti, General Rénault, Dampierre, Neverlé; here an ambulance and a doctor; there a national guardsman returning from his week's service at the outposts; he is greeted by his wife; she shows him the corpse of his child, who has died of privation in his absence. Further off, Henri Regnault, one of the last victims. . . . The dead lie upon palm-branches, and crowns are strewn upon the ground. The spectre of Famine swoops down from the sky in one corner, carrying the Prussian eagle on his wrist like a falconer. . . . When I have finished this picture, if God is pleased to prolong my life so far, I will rest, for I shall have accomplished the work I have most at heart.[1] Who knows? Perhaps this is the picture which will be in the Pantheon some day." He would have liked to engrave it himself.

These constant patriotic musings brought him back again to the ideal of his youth, the elevation of popular sentiment by the teachings of art. He held that only five of his pictures fulfilled this didactic mission, the *Monk Ministering to a Dying Man*, *The Barricade*, *1807* (the apogee of triumph), *1814* (the dire reverse of the medal), and the *Virgin of S. Mark's*. He reproached himself for his unfaithfulness to his early vows. Was it a time "to paint little figures, to amuse oneself at the Vaudeville," when on every side, within, without, the tragedy of life was thundering? Even Punch, who had once amused him so much, and whose adventures were charmingly illustrated in a series of pictures on the staircase of his house at Poissy, gave him a certain amount of uneasiness. That incorrigible jester, that unscrupulous dare-devil, who kills his wife, beats the policeman, and insults all laws, human and divine, had certainly not been punished according to his deserts. He suggested a more fitting end for the rogue: "While Punch enjoys his triumph, his victims around him,

[1] It is interesting to compare this final conception with the somewhat commonplace idea first sketched out by Meissonier. "France, wounded, her arms shattered, looks on in despair while her provinces are torn from her by Saxon and Bavarian soldiers. The provinces cling desperately to France, who cannot save Paris."

Death should appear in the background, laying his hand at last upon him who laughed at his terrors for others, and forcing him to expiate his unparalleled villanies." One day when he was reading Fleuranges' *Mémoires*, in quest, as usual, of great scenes from national history, he was greatly struck by the idea of Francis I. knighted by Bayard before the battle of Marignan. The picturesque and naïve narrative of the chronicler, the personages, from the trumpeter, Christophe, to the noble Centurion, the whole array of chivalry, squires, marshals, men-at-arms, offered rich material for his brush, and the episode seemed to him one well-fitted to strengthen the weak-hearted at a time of moral depression. "At the entrance of the tent, Francis knelt with bowed head before Bayard, as if receiving the sacrament." The sentiment of military enthusiasm is enforced by that of religious pomp. Meissonier felt a deep interest in this intervention of devout emotion. He loved more than ever to dwell upon it, to purify his thought by its means. He wished he could have returned to Venice to paint a *High Mass at S. Mark's*. The *Madonna del Bacio* was always in the place of honour in his studio, the spot to which his eye instinctively turned in the intervals of work, seeking his favourite objects.

These conceptions, which combined all the noblest dreams of his life, would have been the delight, no less than the occupation of his old age, had they not been also to some extent the necessary ransom of an over-brilliant existence. His personal wants were few, and his habits extremely simple; he had no craving for wealth. He felt a sort of pity, indeed, for millionaires "so rich that one sees nothing of them but their money." "Money cannot give rank," and intellectual rank was what he coveted. But he was an artist to the core; he delighted in the more brilliant aspects of artistic life, and entered into it with characteristic impetuosity. He gave twenty-six thousand francs for his house at Poissy; the additions he made to it brought the total outlay up to about a million. He had great difficulty in resisting his fancies. In his youth, when he had barely enough to live upon, he was persuaded by his friend, Jadin, to buy a property at Bourg-de-Batz

which he had never seen ; the costume of the country had appealed to his imagination, and he proposed to come and study it on the spot some day. After the war, when the memory of the Prussian occupation had made his house at Poissy odious to him, he bought a piece of ground in Paris, in the Quartier Monceau, and built a house there after the manner of the Florentine masters. Possession was the least attractive element to him in these acquisitions ; he even professed "a horror of property." It was the pleasure of building and arranging that

MASS—S. MARK'S, VENICE.

tempted him and carried him away. When once he had incurred expenses, his scrupulous honesty, which his debtors described as the honesty of an upright merchant, would admit of no reductions or delays ; but very often he was reduced to borrowing in order to pay, and simply shifted his debt from one quarter to another. He blamed no one but himself. It was his own fault that he had been unable to make a provision of twelve thousand francs a year for his old age, when for twenty-five years he had been spending sixty

thousand. "I, to whom the absence of all vulgar preoccupations is so essential, who would fain live only for and with the beautiful, I am obliged to work, racked by anxiety, with anguish in my heart." He was involved in one law suit after another, and became learned in details of procedure, and very expert in mastering the contents of legal documents.

He might, of course, have sold his studies, but it would have given him great pain to part with them, and it was one of his most cherished projects to leave them to the nation.

It was suggested that he should paint some panoramas, the profits from which would, no doubt, have been considerable. He was to be free to choose his own subject: the Egyptian Expedition, the Pyramids, Aboukir, or anything he might himself suggest. But he thought he would be debasing his art to make it thus subservient to mere lucre, and he would not sell his liberty.

His anxieties would have been less pressing if he could have relied upon his health. Great art requires physical vigour no less than mental calm. The artist should be happy, for all in his work depends on the frame of mind in which he approaches it. In 1875 Meissonier was attacked by a dangerous disease, from which he recovered, thanks to a skilful operation. But this illness left its mark, and he began to feel the weight of years. "Sometimes, when I feel my hand is heavy," he said in 1879, "I tremble at the thought of those necessary tools, those faithful agents, so indispensable to the painter, which may lose their cunning, though his power of conception still remains to him. How dreary and bitter is the decay of the artist!" To will is to do, had been his maxim. He had willed all his life, and now he found himself powerless to do. To the very last his eye, that eye which seemed at once to penetrate and to enfold, remained intact; but for a time his hand was only steady when by an effort he managed to guide, to master, to control it. Sometimes in the *Conversations* a cry of physical torture mingles with the cry of moral anguish: "This hideous pain in my right thumb! The tortures of hell! If I were a writer I could dictate. But to paint . . . Yesterday I tried a new

remedy ; intense cold, instead of hot applications. I must try everything." (December, 1887.) But ice relieved him no more than fire.

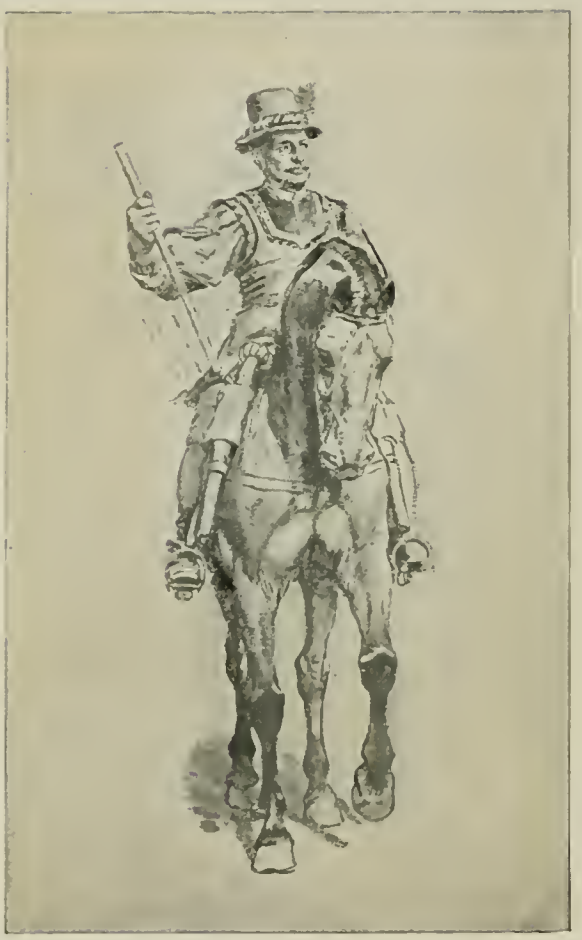
"How I am tortured, how weary I am! My soul is sorrowful even to death. Oh! for health! How good it would be to rest, one's work accomplished ; to wait quietly for the end, contemplating the divine fruits of toil, looking back upon life, and composing a moral treatise, simply and without bitterness, out of one's past experience. How sweet such days would be!"

If days such as it pleased him to dream of in the moments of relief that followed on some violent crisis had been offered him, it is doubtful whether he would have accepted them. Would he ever have allowed that his work was done? Would he have resigned himself to the idea even of rest? Rest killed him. "Business men seek distraction from a calling that disgusts them. But to an artist the hour of rest is never welcome ; for his work is his delight, his one, his supreme joy. . . . There have been beautiful things in my life—glory, love ; but nothing to equal the passion for work. If my friends have sometimes heard me groaning over my strenuous labour, they knew well that I was not bemoaning the necessity for work, but my own inability to approach it calmly, as I should wish to have done." At no time in his career was his spirit more dauntless, his heart more fervent, the passion of his brush more tenacious.

Another passion sustained him to the last. Among the works which, at the age of seventy-two, often kept him at his easel till nightfall, in spite of pain and weariness, there is none to which he gave more thought and labour than the water-colour, *1807*. The oil picture went to America, where it remains. He wished that Europe could have possessed it, together with the water-colour—Europe, that is to say, as represented by France. That house, the sumptuous construction of which he planned and directed in every detail almost to the hour of his death, was another bequest he hoped to make to France. He had carried on the building at all sorts of sacrifices, intending to make a museum of it. Few men of our time have honoured their country more than Meissonier.

He was a Frenchman both by the most solid and the most delicate qualities of his mind, a Frenchman in the nobility of his heart. His generous project was not to be accomplished. But all of his work that a pious hand has been able to secure is now assured to our great national collections. To this bequest he has added an inalienable, a priceless legacy, the example of a life wholly consecrated to Art.

PEN SKETCH.



EQUESTRIAN FIGURE DRAWN ON A WALL OF THE VILLA GARNIER AT BORDIGHERA.

REMARQUE ETCHING BY MEISSONIER FOR JACQUET'S PLATE OF FRIEDLAND.
(Collection of Mr. E. Simon.)

II

MEISSONIER'S WISDOM

NAPOLEON.
(Sketch.)

THE BRIDGE OF POISSY.
(Madame Meissonier's collection.)

MEISSONIER'S WISDOM

I

MAN

OFFICER OF THE FIRST REPUBLIC.
(Washed Drawing.)

MY art has been my constant preoccupation, for many long years. I thought about it perpetually, even before I began to practise it, and looking back now, into the far distant past, I like to recall those thoughts of mine. I often fancy the ideas that haunt me are good ones, and might be useful,—that I ought to have set them down. It is wrong, perhaps, to have let them wander idly and unregistered athwart our desultory talks. But I have never recorded them; why? Why, indeed! but because there is nothing so pleasant as to caress one's own thoughts, and be lulled by them; while it is far from easy to dress them up becomingly and show them to the world in decent garments! Far from easy, indeed! especially for us painters! We are

hardly ever forgiven for talking about our own business, and yet people should consider that we have really learnt it,—in the old days at least, we did,—and that, to do it well, we must have worked and thought more than a little.

Nowadays, when everybody writes, or engraves, or sculptures, it is less easy than you would think to talk to the public in general about the subjects one knows best,—as far, indeed, as anything can be known. In the studio, among friends, yes! there it is delightful to talk

MEISSONIER'S STUDIO AND DRAWING-ROOM IN PARIS.

freely, to tell them all your thought, concealing nothing, and, when they catch your idea, to see it reflected in their eyes, and so let the ball roll on. Objections only whet your eagerness. Every nerve is strained in the friendly effort to contest your opponent's views, and carry conviction to his mind. In the excitement of the moment you grow almost eloquent. But sitting alone before your inkstand, rounding your sentences, weighing every word,—that is a very different story!

I hope my pupils will carry on and re-inforce the tradition of that honesty, conscientiousness, and truthfulness which I have put into my own work, and which I have always taught them.

The man who leaves good work behind him, adds his quota to the glorious inheritance of the human race. His work is a spiritual bond connecting its creator with distant posterity. Let us then strive, so that we may not utterly disappear, so that those who come after us may recognise the artist's soul in what his life has accomplished.

THE FAREWELL TO THE CAVALIER.
(Sketch.) Entrance of Meissonier's studio in Paris.

My art before all and above all! In spite of my yearnings for deep affection, I am one of those who could have walked alone in the liberty of work and of creation. I could have foregone marriage. . . .

A man does not always need to feel affection waits at his elbow. His work comes first. How often we work with anguish in our hearts! Yet we work on!

Man should educate woman, and form her nature from the very outset. Every creature changes and modifies according to the care bestowed on it.

The faults and the wrong-doings of women may always be ascribed to men. The man should know how to fill his wife's life, completely, so that no void or longing should ever be felt by her. If she has loved him once, she may and should love him for ever. The tender watchfulness of his love must ensure it. Every man may say this to himself, "Seeing that I am married to a woman I have once loved, —if I cease to love her, it is her own fault; but if she ceases to love me, that, on the contrary, is certainly *my* fault, and I have nobody to blame but myself. She belonged to me, I could have been all sufficient for her, and if she deceives me, I am the guilty person."

Some men ought to marry. But not the true artist. *Painting* is his mistress, and all others must inevitably flee before her. Wife, family, home, can only be the means which permit the artist to move more freely in his ideal world,—seeing they release him from all daily cares, bearing them for him. . . . People pity us sometimes for working too hard; but work is our life, our only real happiness. They might just as well pity a child eating jam. . . . My life has been very full. I have known what glory is, and love. Nothing has or can come up to the deep and intense enjoyment of hard work. . . . Here is a piece of advice worth having. Never let your daughter marry an artist. You will bring her to sorrow if you do. . . . An artist cannot be hampered by family cares. He must be free, able to devote himself entirely to his work.

The woman who marries an artist ought to realise that she is entering on a life of self-sacrifice. An artist's wife must not understand fidelity in the ordinary humdrum sense of the term. . . . Even if the matrimonial horizon should be darkened by fleeting storms, it should be her part to restore peace and good will. If you have not the courage to include these items in your matrimonial budget, do not marry an artist! unless, indeed, you are a celebrity yourself, a Georges Sand, abreast of your comrade in labour and in talent.

An artist worthy of the name must make his deliberate choice

Study for a Figure of Samson.

Printed by Draeger Le[illegible] Paris

between the two existences. If he really has backbone, if his art comes first, and is above all other things to him,—if painting is his real *mistress*,—he should not marry, he should belong wholly to his art, passing through every phase of passion and delight unfettered. But if his art is merely skin-deep, if his will is to be ruled by any woman, if any influence of hers is to transform him into a mere mechanical money-getter, let him marry forthwith, and become the regulation husband and father.

Marry young. The father should be young enough to be his son's friend. It is an evil thing to feel one's self growing old and weak, just when one's children are reaching manhood.

STANDARD BEARER OF THE TIME OF LOUIS XIII.
(Pen Sketch)

I love my friends so well that I cannot bear to see them fall short in any way. I think I even love them so much that I am pleased to feel a certain jealousy of them. When my dear Cerrien, the remembrance of whom is so constantly in my mind, used to talk to me of things of which I was ignorant, I was not jealous of his knowledge; but when he touched on spiritual questions, the science of life, which all men should understand, and which he understood so much better than I, I was jealous of him; I grudged him his superiority, although I loved him the more for it.

I am always miserable when I see my friends at a disadvantage, when I detect their weaknesses in respect of matters which we should be able to despise. I say to myself sadly that I was deceived in them ; I can only love high-minded men ; I feel that my friendship is dead.

THE AMATEURS.
(M. Maximilien Beyer's collection.)

How sad it is that our latter-day intelligence should be so commonplace! Do you think the standard was ever so low before? Certain centuries, of course, have been more ignorant, more barbarous, more absurd! But this was atoned for by the occasional appearance of some mighty genius. While nowadays the general level seems to be falling to the lowest possible depth.

I do not think I shall ever be accused of having been unconscientious, of having disregarded sound advice, of having failed to follow indefatigably after the best.

I know people who declare that they are indifferent to the judgment of others, that they are insensible to criticism. This is impossible. The true artist cannot but feel the prick of the goad. When a man has put all his soul and strength into a work, it must always hurt him to see it misunderstood and decried by a flippant journalist.

In these days such an artist dreads the public verdict on his work more than the judgment of a brother-artist.

Very often, the so-called intelligent appreciation of the critic is due to some chance meeting. The artist was gracious to the amateur or journalist, and straightway becomes a fetish! He is discovered, understood!

The average reader buys his opinions in the daily paper which publishes critical notices. Those who feel and appreciate for themselves are few and far between nowadays. In the time of Michelangelo and Raphael, artists worked for *them*, thinking of what *their* judgments would be! Now we must work for the Press, and the subscribers to morning papers! . . .

You speak of the tendency of the lectures you have been attending, of the theory that certain great men are dangerous. . . . Such an idea, and the moral deduced from it, are a fatal sign of the decadence of this epoch. . . . Such minds would lead us to an intellectual Beauce, to that uniform flat expanse to which all the world will crowd, when the end draws near. . . . They hate all pinnacles, they loathe the ascendancy of soaring and overshadowing genius. They fain would level all things, lest they should have to bow down before any man. Dwarfs such as these tremble at the sight of giants! . . . The infinite extent of this same endless plain would at all events present the monotonous grandeur of the sea. But that which we have within our view is far more wearisome, a never-ending succession of wretched hillocks, which just shut out the horizon. . . . I remember that feeling when I was climbing the Alps, above the Lac du Bourget. The broken ground did not lead us up at last to the delight of looking far away into the distance. We climbed a slope, and thought that when we reached the top, we should see the whole view. But the little peaks rose provokingly one over the other, and we never attained the principal one which overlooked the rest. . . . The personalities of the present day, with their selfish and paltry intellects, strongly resemble those mountains! None are really great! There is no real power, no eagle eye that scans space and then springs aloft. We have only one *man*, and he is seventy-five years old (M. Thiers). We rejoice and tremble at once, at the thought of being in those hands, which may fail at any moment. . . . "Oh, that he were five and

thirty years younger," people sigh! There speaks the vulgar soul of the nation! To sleep again, and leave a single man to watch! That is the ruling thought!

❀

People *talk* about the public welfare. But each man *thinks* about his own affairs, for, after all, each man must live. The same holds good with all, great and small, and all are equally inconsistent, when theory has to become practice. . . . A man aspires to be made a Municipal Councillor, and once elected, he grumbles all day because he has to perform the duties of his office, looking on the time he spends for the common weal, and in the common name, as downright loss. . . . If the Assembly does not return to Paris, it should sit at some place like Quimper-Corentin. The members would have nothing but the public business to occupy them there, and they would despatch it all the quicker! A sad thought this, as applied to human intelligence. But the mind accepts whatever food is set before it, and is content therewith. We see that every day, alas! . . .

❀

What a part lies ready to the hand of the President of the Republic, if he understood his position aright! How he might surround himself with all the best glories of France! What a profound and eager interest he should take in science and art and all the noble efforts that bring honour to a country. A Mæcenas at the head of the State; the idea might fascinate any man! . . . How sad it is to have to acknowledge that all great dreams are growing dim, that real originality, and deep belief, have left us utterly.

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We are in honour bound to proclaim our love for a generous, liberal, enlightened Republic, which shall stretch out an equally sheltering arm on either side, and grant even-handed justice to all who respect her and are ready to give her loyal service. . . . The logic of facts must sweep the nation into the unanimous desire to found such a Republic,—conservative in its essence,—the friend of all liberty,—eager in all progress,—holding that duty must override mere right,—

opposing fanaticism of whatever kind, and that fierce intolerance, which, under the name of free thought, strives to bind men's minds with fetters,—ensuring liberty of conscience, which alone ensures human dignity,—protecting no special form of worship, but scouting the idea that the name of the Deity should be publicly banned, that the State should forbid the existence of a State religion, under pretext that a State religion cannot exist. . . . There should be an end of suspicion and hatred. The hour has come when honest men must be summoned from the four corners of the earth, to devote themselves to the general good. . . . These enlightened representatives of ours must watch over the finances, which past improvidence has endangered, they must protect agriculture, our nursing-mother,—they must urge our magistrates to judge independently, looking higher than to the authority which nominates them, deferring to eternal justice alone, and giving sentence undisturbed by political rumours and the passions of the Government in power.

At this moment (of the elections), which will decide our country's fate, we must look at matters from a high standpoint, calmly, proving our love for the Republic, a Republic open to all, which invests every man with a duty to all his fellow creatures, without giving him special rights over any one of them. . . . Yes, we do indeed aspire to progress of every possible kind, we claim the fullest liberty of conscience ; and we utterly repudiate that intolerance which, under the name of free thought, is in reality a negation of freedom. . . . We desire to see respect for the idea of religion, apart from any profession of form ; and perfect freedom of practice. . . . We want men who will give pledges of their love for the public weal. They must watch over our dilapidated finances. The magistrates must serve justice, and not the party in power.

The true Republican system is founded on an intelligent and independent aristocracy free to devote itself (as in England) to patriotic duty and civic functions. . . . Here in France we are all poor, all workers.

In former days the press had a real influence on the public mind. People devoured the *Nationale* in 1848. They really believed—those who held that side of politics—in the corruption of the court of Louis Philippe! How wise one would be, if one could live life over again, *plus* one's experience! I had nothing whatever to gain and

THE EMPEROR AND HIS STAFF.
(Musée du Luxembourg.)

was more likely to lose, by mixing myself up in the Revolution. I still wonder why on earth I did it!

The mystery is solved! I had a letter from the Minister, saying he had a verbal communication to make, and asking for an appointment. I replied by saying I should be in my studio on a certain day. A secretary arrives from the German Embassy, to speak about the Prussian order of merit. They wanted to know if I would accept

it. The secretary had to take back my refusal. No, indeed! I will have nothing from Germany!

When we come to considering human vanity, and the signs by which it betrays itself, what littlenesses we observe in people who think themselves very great indeed! . . . There is Flaubert, a passionate and eager student of human weakness, who spends his life collecting traits of it, like a miser, — and he comes and tells me he is sick with disgust at not being given a decoration!

NAPOLEON.
(M. Chéramy's collection.)

Ah, this turning people out of the service sickens me! How sad for the princes to be debarred from serving their country in the noblest of all careers, that of arms!

This idea of giving a political colouring to Victor Hugo's funeral is much to be deplored. . . . There is something so noble about such homage paid to literature. All men who think and give forth their thoughts to the world should be proud of it.

If I had not been a painter, I should have liked to be a historian. I don't think any other subject could be so interesting as history. It

is the only sort of reading I care for now, and I have always delighted in it greatly.

No, I don't think Napoleon actually *enjoyed* making war. He would be lessened in my eyes, if I fancied his purest satisfaction was in his triumph on the evening of a battle just won. I am convinced that even if, when all his troops were in position, and victory seemed a certainty, his conditions had been accepted and his ultimatum carried out, he would have gladly foregone the struggle. . . . The ruling passion of his whole life was his hatred of *England.* If he had been a sailor, and equipped for naval war, he would have delighted in hunting the *English* on their native element. That not being possible, he warred against Russia and Prussia, and declared the Continental Blockade . . . to strike a blow at *England.* . . . Would not any surgeon, even the most skilful, desire to remove all sickness, and pain, and need for surgical operations, from the face of the earth, if that were possible?—would he, if an interesting case came under his hand, operate for the pure love of the art, when he might have saved the patient without using the knife? . . . I believe Napoleon was quite sincere when he talked of his dream of travelling through a pacified continent of Europe. . . . I believe, too, that he would never have dreamt of divorce, if Joséphine had given him children. But he was too new a man to adopt an heir presumptive. . . . The Curé was wrong to say in his sermon, last Sunday, that Napoleon

NAPOLEON.
(Sketch.)

had been the destroyer of the Church. Was it not he who re-opened her doors? Did he not show how strong he felt her power to be, by seeking to obtain her acquiescence in the new order of things? . . . How the Emperor proved his instinctive knowledge of the situation, present and future, when he set his title of "Protector of the Rhine Confederation" above all his other honours; he felt the North threatened us, even then, and desired to guard the boundary of France, at all costs, by a confederation of which he himself was head. Men cast at him, as a reproach, that he sent his eagles into the four corners of the sky, that he gave thrones to all his brothers. . . . What is more natural, and more rational, after all, than to trust one's own kin? . . .

OFFICER OF THE 1ST REPUBLIC.
(Pen sketch.)

Some historians, nowadays, deny the Emperor all political wisdom. Yet what feeling he showed, both for political construction, and for the distant future. . . . It is the fashion now, and has been for years, to pick the great Emperor to pieces. What a welcome saviour he would be to us now, in our present plight! The instinct of this nation is always to seek for a master, and give the reins over to his hands. . . . The Coup d'État on the 2nd of December was not the outcome of one man's will, of one man's boldness! It was born, alas, of all our assentings, of all our falterings and failures.

Do you know Erckmann-Chatrian's novel, *Histoire d'un Paysan?* Heavens! how it bored me! How tiresome their eternal sameness is! Yet something fine might have been done with the

subject. They might have written, as they say themselves, a history, the noble history of the Republic. But under their invariably paltry treatment, the thing is simply wearisome. How far better would some enthusiastic character, shedding the light of his noble soul upon these noble doings, have told their story for them, than any aged peasant.

A wonderful fellow, La Fontaine! His verse is so perfectly adapted to his story, it seems to follow its very spirit. When I was illustrating the "Contes Rémois" I used to try and find a subject apart from the main idea of the story; I could never reproduce the psychological moment.

I should dearly like to illustrate La Fontaine.

ORIGINAL ETCHING FOR LES DEUX PERDRIX.
(Contes Rémois.)

It is finely expressed, no doubt. But after all, it is an unhealthy sort of novel. Except the Abbé's closing words about life being made useful to one's country, there is not one high thought, nothing to inspire a mind of any superior cast. Not a breath, not a momentary glow, of love in the true sense. The man's passion is purely sensuous. There is never a scrap of really interesting conversation between the two.

After reading the book, one says to oneself, "What have I gained? what have I learnt? I have been living with people I would not know in real life, in a circle of limited intelligences, that would bore me, which I should certainly avoid. Plenty of physical passion everywhere. No love. Desire once gratified, cannot continue to exist. That much is made clear." The poet, a sort of de Musset,

Expectation.

is well drawn. As for that miserable failure, de V . . . , he will end by making a commonplace marriage, and writing magazine articles.

To sum it up, the novel tells one nothing, leaves nothing with one, and is not worth the trouble of reading.

ILLUSTRATION FOR *Les Contes Rémois.*

Some millionaires have immense power. I grant it. But even if they possess every possible talent and quality, they are swallowed up by their money, just as the sunlight swallows up the glimmer of a candle. . . . They may weigh heavily, nay, enormously, in human affairs, but they count for nothing in purely intellectual matters.

ILLUSTRATION FOR *Les Contes Rémois.*

When the Chaldeans, camping out under the stars, saw the sun rise each morning and set each night, at different sides of the sky, they must have wondered whither it was going. . . .

My religion is to bow humbly before the mysterious will of Providence. That Will be done!

The epoch of the creator has never been that of the analyst. When new forms were no longer produced, men began to collect the old, to burrow into the arcana of the past . . . .

When we see what the *Talisman* and the *Vengeur* have dredged from the depths of the sea, marvels never destined to behold the light, strange beasts like flowers dragged from their mysterious obscurity, we

PORTRAIT OF MEISSONIER.

may well say that the more we learn of creation, the more evident is the Creator. Chance did not form those masterpieces in the course of the ages.

Study makes atheists of other men:—I should become intensely religious from using the microscope, and seeing the perfection of form attained by creatures invisible to the naked eye.

I do not wish to fathom the mysteries of religion. I believe in God simply, and with all my heart. I would not read Renan and his *Life of Jesus*. I prefer to accept without question what no one will ever be able to explain to me. In all religions, even in all mythologies, the gods are engendered in mysterious conditions, which set natural law at nought. . . . Minerva, for instance, and the demi-gods, born of the intercourse of Jupiter with a mortal. Mystery is the vital essence of religion; we must admit it as the divine germ from which all the rest is born.

Everywhere we see unconscious nature carrying out the axiom: might is right. See, this great oak is suffocating the others. And so with everything. It is only in man that we find the divine idea of justice.

I cannot believe that faith will come to us by reason and criticism; on the threshold of every religion, reason has to bow to mystery, to the inexplicable.

The intellectually barren, the incompetent, do not inspire pity; they declare they have never had a chance, when, as a fact, they could never have turned one to account.

Men of destiny arise, when there is need of them. We shall have such perhaps, let us hope, in France.

There are plenty of people who have a passion for arranging religious matters to suit themselves.

But priests should be governed by an inflexible rule, like soldiers. If they give way but an instant, they are lost. They have often been overwhelmed, in spite of the dyke behind which they shelter. They pull out a stone, and the water rushes in.

The celibacy of the priest is one of the beauties, one of the powers of Catholicism, that strikes me more and more as truly admirable!

The priest is free to devote himself to God, always, everywhere. The Emperor, that student of men, insisted on the celibacy of his

guards, that they might always be ready to leave home, to sacrifice themselves.

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When I hear discussions as to the teaching, secular and moral, to

PORTRAIT OF MADAME MEISSONIER.

be given in the University in the name of conscience, I think that morality, being of the divine essence, should be taught in the name of God, no matter in what form of profession, but by the priesthood. . . .

. . . . I have the confidence, the faith of a child in these matters I hope there will be time to send for a priest before I die.

The people require a religious social basis. To ensure self-sacrifice and true brotherly love, we must rely on the appeal of the divine ideal. The poor will be reconciled to the rich, and those who weep will be comforted, by one remedy, a common hope.

It is hard that the imperfect conception of the Divinity, with which my own being is penetrated, should be looked upon as the inertia of a mind that will not seek truth philosophically! I know myself, like all the rest, incapable of solving the mystery, and I bow in reverent belief before God.

An initial force created the movement of the world. Man will always be inquiring into this force, without ever discovering it. I admire the minds which can accept this truth calmly.

I hope, and it seems probable, that we lose consciousness just before death. Death is terrible to those who love. . . .

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.
(Pen Sketch.)

PEN SKETCH.

II

THE MASTER

A MASTER is an artist whose works never recall those of some other artist.

. . . . How infinitely greater were the imagination and conception of one nation than those of the other. The colossal monsters of Assyria approach the ridiculous, but look at the Egyptian sphinx! Here we feel the immutable power, the grandeur of eternity. And that extraordinary *Man in a Cube*, so vigorously, yet so slightly indicated!

The bas-reliefs brought home by Dieulafoy are unique specimens. They are portraits of the time of Darius, on a set of enamelled bricks; gigantic archers, with marvellous clear-cut profiles, and extraordinary richness in detail—all their trappings, even to the straps of their quivers, covered with delicate embroideries. What a piece of good luck to have brought them all together in harmonious completeness at the Louvre! . . .

Giotto's intensity of expression is startling. It would be impossible to emphasise the note more clearly. In a rapid sketch, we instinctively force the accent. Giotto shows a like artlessness in his finished work.

I place intensity of expression far above perfection of execution.

The Venetians were too happy as a race to know much of such

sensations. But the *Madonna* of Murano is terrible and poignant enough. This one picture contains the material for a complete study of the transformation of Venice. In the early stages she warred incessantly against the sea, against her daily foe, the lagoon. This struggle has left its trace upon her art. When once she had conquered, came the period of luxury, of pleasure, of enjoyment. We see no more Madonnas like that of Murano, that great, lonely Virgin, without the Child, her empty hands outstretched against the golden mosaic of the sky.

The Florentine School is the one I prefer to all others. How marvellous is the work of Signorelli! I have long wished to make a pilgrimage to Orvieto.

I should like to paint some subject from the history of the Medici, in the heart of the civilisation they created, in their court of artists and learned men.

Giotto and Rembrandt clasp hands across the centuries. Both felt the same emotion in the presence of Nature, deep, sincere, unfettered by the stately reticence of antiquity.

It would be interesting to inquire how it came about that the influence of Raphael's taste and judgment tended inevitably to substitute conventional beauty for the dramatic sentiment drawn from nature. So evident is this result, that dramatic sentiment may be said to have declined in proportion as taste has improved.

Giotto is very modern, in a certain sense. He carried the expression of the pathetic, the emotional, to its utmost limits. No modern has equalled him in this respect.

A picture has a peculiar character which no other work of art can possess.

It forms an entity of its own, the very essence of which is that it is unique; its power is immediate, it works in and by itself.

Of all works of art, a picture is the only one of which its owner can say that he possesses something really unique, which no repro-

duction could replace, even were that reproduction by the hand of the author.

What painter would maintain that it is possible to make a copy of Correggio's *Antiope*, of Leonardo's *Gioconda*, of Rembrandt's *Syndics!* However perfect it may be, do you suppose that the copy of Titian's *Death of S. Peter Martyr* can replace the original picture in San Giovanni e Paolo, destroyed by fire a few years ago?

THE LAUGHING MAN.
(M. Chauchard's collection.)

Here is consummate modelling of a head! I am enraptured by this red chalk drawing of Andrea del Sarto's! Old as I am, I should like to sit down and try to copy it. . . .

These young people have numbers of masterpieces in the national collections, heads by Titian, by Leonardo . . . they should copy them. This will put them on the right track.

Raphael was not original, in any strict sense. He passed among all the masters, taking the best from each, like a bee compounding his divine honey. . . .

The Emperor's Horse

(JENA, 1600)

Printed by Braeger & Lesieur Paris

Raphael was a supreme harmony made up of familiar notes. . . . Michelangelo, Rembrandt were the true originals. Gemito, in his

THE CONNOISSEURS.
(Baron Hottinguer's Collection.)

ardent and artless fashion, lighted upon the best and most astonishing definition of their genius. He said to me that the man of the Sistine

Chapel "told one things one's own father and mother could not teach one."

How admirable is this drawing of *Psyche* by Raphael! It should be framed in diamonds. What a marvel, what a lesson! . . . It is sketched without the slightest hesitation . . . Scarcely a line re-touched . . . the pencil plays freely, with all the suppleness of the tissues themselves . . .

Compare Domenichino's *Communion of S. Jerome* with Raphael's *Transfiguration*. It takes a painter's eye to see how one is a successful effort, the other a labour of love.

The impression produced by an admirable little drawing, such as the *Psyche* in the Louvre, is intensified a hundredfold by this important work, on which Raphael has bestowed the same care. . . .

What a lesson for a painter is this drawing at Milan! The master of taste *par excellence*, never surpassed, never even equalled, corrects and re-corrects his outline with this scrupulous and passionate exactitude! We are impressed less by the great beauty of the work, its magnificent arrangement, the exquisite taste of the costume, than by the consciousness of being face to face with Raphael himself! We see him at work, retouching the contours; we are admitted to a close intimacy with the artist; we watch each stroke as he makes it. . . .

In the fresco there is a certain coldness, in spite of the skill with which it is executed, whereas the Ambrosiana drawing stirs our very souls!

The feeling for form and organisation predominates in the work of the ancients. Michelangelo was the first of the moderns, so to speak, who allowed free play to the passion of the soul.

Rembrandt cares nothing for convention; he makes no attempt to soften the most daring realities; but such is his sincerity that he is never indecent.

In his *Wife of Potiphar*, in his *Saul*, he does not hesitate to paint the scene exactly as he conceives it to have taken place; he gives us the unexpurgated text of the Bible. In his renderings of the history of Tobias, one of his favourite sources of inspiration, the impetuosity of his vision proclaims itself in every detail: the spinning-wheel is overturned, the terrified cat rushes away, all the accessories help the action. The design is less close than usual in parts, as if to give a greater sense of freedom and movement.

Or take the admirable *Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane*.

Again, in the matter of colour, Rembrandt created, and created admirably. His tone is not that of nature, but it is nature of a kind, his own, which he made truth by force of genius. His soul inspired everything, filled everything, overflowed at every point. He draws rays of light from an ordinary face, because he penetrates to the utmost depths of the soul he depicts, and takes possession of it.

Ah! What a man! Delacroix too had something of these swift intuitions, these divine dreams!

The touch is marvellous in Rembrandt's portraits, but look at his etchings. Go and worship before the *Disciples at Emmäus*; the intensity of the sentiment will stir your inmost soul. You need not be a painter to feel it.

Look at this fourth portrait of Rembrandt. He shows himself as an old man, his palette in his hand, after having painted himself young, ardent, in the flower of his age! He does not hesitate to record the wrinkles that years have brought.

It is impossible to surprise the secret of the extraordinary relief in these works. Everything is bathed in the light, the air, which seem to vibrate about the figures.

"No blackness in my palette, no hardness in my touch."

Rembrandt's *Gilder* is the most extraordinary of his portraits. I will not say it was, of all the portraits he painted, the one he touched

most lovingly, since he also painted Saskia, but it is certainly the one of all others into which he sought to breathe the very breath of life. And how absolutely he succeeded. Does not the flesh look as if it would yield under the pressure of a finger, as if the blood would rush out if we pricked it? How exquisite it is, and how I grieve to think it was not possible to buy it for the Louvre!

. . . . If I were a rich man I would give a million, anything, to acquire this head of Rembrandt's *Gilder* for France. The *Psyche* in the Louvre and this portrait I consider the two most marvellous studies ever made by any painter. . . .

What an impasto, how limpid and melting; the blood courses under the flesh. . . . Put it side by side with a human face, and it appears no less living than nature itself.

I can speak only of those incomparable masters, who have continued to place their ideal higher and higher, like travellers, who, having climbed one peak, desire to attempt another.

What a satisfaction to think that one has always loved them passionately! What a happiness to feel that age, which chills all ardours, has not diminished this. If you could know what hours I have spent under the spell of that magician who is known as Rembrandt. Great as may be your admiration for such a picture as the *Syndics*, you cannot understand it altogether; one must be a painter to enter into his flesh, as it were, to enjoy to the uttermost, to feel the rapture of that communion more and more. No, those Syndics are not dead! They breathe; they are about to rise, to speak. We hear them.

To think that the *Gilder*, the finest of all Rembrandts, might have been offered to certain of our own millionaires, and that it was allowed to go to America from the Morny Collection. . . . Two or three years ago, when my affairs were most flourishing, I myself would have bought it for the nation.

I place Rembrandt at the head of the moderns, and far above them all. Correggio alone approaches him at certain moments. (See the *Antiope*, and the head of the *Saint Catherine* in the Louvre.) Rembrandt did not seek after plastic beauty like the Italians, but he discovered souls, he understood them and transfigured them in his marvellous light. Titian's—or rather, the Duke of Genoa's—mistress is more beautiful than Rembrandt's Saskia, but how infinitely I prefer the latter!

THE CURÉ'S WINE.
(M. Vosnier's Collection, Epernay.)

You should see the portrait of *The Gilder*, a masterpiece! a miracle! As a colourist, I place Rembrandt above Titian, above Veronese, above every one! Rembrandt never lets our attention wander, as the others sometimes do. He commands it, concentrates it; we cannot escape him. Think of the *Young Man* in the Louvre, of all his own joyous portraits, painted before that deeply pathetic rendering of himself in old age and ruin. We feel that

Rembrandt was full of kindliness. He loved the poor, he painted them as they were, in all their wretchedness.

There is something penetrating, kindly, acute, sensual, in his own radiantly living face, which wins the spectator's heart as he gazes.

It is possible to make good copies from the Italians; but not from Rembrandt.

I was asked the other day if it were possible for a painter to be deceived by a copy of his own work. Certainly not. I remember every drawing I ever made. I am perhaps the most impossible of all living painters to copy, for I have no method, no settled formula, like X—— for instance, and X——, who draw on a system, knowing exactly where they are going and how they will paint. Face to face with Nature, I know nothing beforehand; I look at her, I listen, she carries me away, suggesting what I must do, how I must seize her, and make her my own. I begin just where the spirit moves me, and so nearly all my drawings have pieces of paper pasted to them, on one side or the other, to say nothing of the strips of wood added to my painted panels.

At sales, I have often heard it said: "That's a Meissonier, the panel has been pieced."

All my work shows that my great ambition has been to paint men. I would a hundred times rather have painted the *Disciples at Emmäus* than the *Antiope*. Man is more beautiful than woman. I have neither aptitude nor desire for the tendernesses of the brush. How virile was Michelangelo's work. . . .

Fromentin is mistaken in what he says about the portrait of the Burgomaster Six. Six, Rembrandt's intimate friend, came to see the painter every day; he had just shaken hands, and was going, when he turned on the threshold; Rembrandt, struck by his attitude, called out "Don't move," and dashed off this admirable study at a sitting. The careless treatment of the hands bears me out.

When we speak of certain details in works such as this as poorly executed, we judge them by the standard of greatness set by the painter himself.

The last portrait on the left is admirable. The whole is living, speaking ; the eyes look one through and through. The nostrils stand out in a remarkable manner. They are almost of the same colour as the cheek, and yet we see them in strong relief. . . .

The eye is drowned in transparent shadow. The hair floats in the air. What liberty! What power! Certainly this man did not know how he was going on when he began. Execution came to him easily and without effort before Nature ; Rubens, on the other hand, knew how he would set about his work, how he would develop it.

In the *Portrait of a Man* by Rembrandt there is more deliberation, less liberty, less suppleness—relatively speaking, of course. The hair is heavy. We feel that the wind would not stir it. A model was sitting for the picture. When he painted himself, everything belonged to him in the deepest sense, the soul behind the face, no less than the external lines.

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Is it possible to suppose that Rembrandt did not love the poor when he makes us feel their sufferings so acutely? I have a passion for Rembrandt! What would I not give . . . to own the *Gilder*.

He shows us such a living reality here. If we pricked the flesh, surely the blood would flow. How lamentable that this masterpiece was not secured for France! Now America has it, and we shall see it no more ; it is unique in Rembrandt's art.

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The perspective often changes, by some fantastic caprice.

There is no attempt at homogeneity ; the figures were executed one by one, without much reference to the subject as a whole. . . . How fine is the gesture of the man with his hand on the shield, which rests on the ground in front of him. This was evidently a familiar attitude at that period. It appears in both frescoes. Donatello's beautiful statue at Florence therefore reproduces a familiar gesture of the period. . . .

In Correggio's *Marriage of S. Catherine* everything is admirable, save the junction of the neck and shoulder in the figure of the Virgin. How exquisite is the delicious awkwardness of the Child! The Mother encourages Him with a smile: "Come, put it on," but He does not know how to slip the ring over the slender finger of the kneeling S Catherine. . . .

The eye is too far from the nose in the Virgin's face.

In my youth I did not altogether understand the exquisite beauty of Correggio. I was attracted by the Germans and Albert Dürer.

I was present at a *fête* given by Louis Philippe in the Salon Carré and the Rubens Gallery. At that time the *Antiope* hung in this gallery, and when I saw it in the brilliant light, I fell down and worshipped! This *fête* was my journey to Damascus! . . . I have been to Dresden twice; but there is nothing at Dresden so fine as the *Antiope*.

The figure of the saint, in the *Marriage of S. Catherine*, is also exquisite.

Correggio's handling is love itself! No other painter makes us long to pass a hand over the flesh, as we long to do to the melting contours he has so lovingly painted.

How magnificent is the arrangement here! . . . One of the figures on the left is marvellously like my father. . . .

Everything is fading away around us. If we could but see signs of some dawning glory in Art! . . . The anecdote told of Titian comes into my mind. We are told that passing Veronese, he bowed low to the young man, saying, as he noted his modest confusion: "In you I salute the art of the future."

How natural, simple and serene is the work of Veronese! It is like a mighty river, flowing undisturbed. . . .

Titian is more complex, more subtle. How marvellous is his interpretation of the aspect of things! . . .

The Italians, Veronese and the rest, troubled themselves not at all with antiquarian researches and the famous "local colour" insisted on in our own times. But in painting their scriptural scenes they felt (or so their works lead us to suppose) that the Scriptures were for

THE TWO HORSEMEN.

all time, and that, so long as the figures consecrated by tradition were always represented in the same costume, they might appropriately be surrounded by the contemporary crowd of the painter's own period. . . . They invariably observed this rule. Thus, in the *Marriage of Cana* the guests are Venetian nobles, the friends of the painter, but the Saviour wears His traditional dress, as do the Virgin and the Apostles. We single them out at once. No mistake is possible.

At the exhibition of the Nareshkine collection, you will see the famous Terburg, which was engraved, and a delicious Pieter de Hoogh. They are nothing as compositions, but the tone is superb. We feel that Terburg took a positive delight in setting a figure here and there in this exquisite light. There are certain grays of extraordinary delicacy and charm. . . .

In Titian's *Entombment*, the figures of the two women are sublime. But why did he evade the chief difficulty by painting the figure of Christ in shadow? It ceases to be the centre of interest beside that gorgeous crimson drapery. That magnificent mantle is a defect in such a place. The attention should not be diverted by some insistent detail, in a composition of this class. The dominant moral note should hold us. The artist must be willing to sacrifice beauty of parts to the beauty of the whole.

As a conception, our splendid Giorgione is absurd enough. Those *naked* women, in the open landscape, before the flute-players! If any one were to paint a picture on such lines in these days, he would be ridiculed unmercifully. . . .

Perhaps those men had more genius because they had less wit than ourselves.

Rubens' picture of the *Trinity* at Antwerp is (shall I confess it?) almost grotesque to my mind. . . .

Happy Rubens! . . . Churches and corporations competing for the possession of his finest pictures!

The critical spirit, that spirit of which Fromentin speaks, is our worst enemy. We are all penetrated or touched by it more or less, and it is death to creative work. It checks the natural impulse, and paralyses the imagination. How happy was Rubens! What is the painter's function now?

The Brauwers at Munich are more interesting than the Teniers, as I told you when we saw them. Brauwer is witty in his most trivial moments. What gaiety and good-humour beam from his fat land-

lord . . . and you remember the scene of the cupping, at the village doctor's ? . . . Action and expression are always true and life-like with him. . . . His characters live in the tavern, as he himself did, and we see they are pleased to be there.

. . . I cannot explain to you this extraordinary effect of a perspective which seems to shift and vary as we move. It is due to the perfect exactitude of the lines. Look at this *S. Peter* beside it ; the same effect again ! In certain portraits, the eyes seem to follow one about. Look at the *Wife of Veronese.* What nobility and vigour in these Rubenses, in spite of the human and familiar Olympus. And this figure of the Queen ! . . .

The *Gioconda* was perfection as a model. But I could not have loved her in real life. . . .

Our *Salon Carré* in the Louvre would be perfect if it contained the *Madonna di San Sisto,* one of Titian's *Venuses* from Florence, Rubens' *Peace and War* from Florence (or the *Saint James* from Antwerp), and an Albert Dürer.

Then we should really have nothing more to wish for. I dread the vexatious re-arrangements in the Louvre hinted at in Costagnoz' speech. What shame and indignation every lover of art would feel if the immortals we worship in the *Salon Carré* (the finest collection of masterpieces in Europe) should ever be displaced.

If I were set down to copy it, I should go mad. The touch disappears altogether, in the painter's intense delight in manipulation. We are really in the enchanted land he paints, intoxicated by the joy of the eye !

What marvellous opaline colours ! The sea is so liquid that the waves seem to shift as we look.

The figures (which are certainly not by his own hand) do not melt

into the atmosphere in the same fashion, with the exception of the two wrestlers.

Claude seems always to have painted from memory, with the help of sketches. He carried the sunshine away in his soul, and freely reproduced his ideal impression. Hence, no doubt, the incomparable fascination of his work. It is Nature, filtered through his genius.

How wonderful is that trembling water, with the transparent shadow flung across it.

Rembrandt! Claude! Correggio! Titian! splendid offshoots of a common tree. In their work one can never trace the precise, dry line of the actual drawing. It is difficult to explain to the uninitiated exactly what one means by *execution*. You will learn to recognise it by comparing the works themselves, and noting the differences of handling.

This woman by Clouet, for instance: the execution is good, but without charm. The ring she wears is a real ring, but it adorns an uncertain finger, which is not modelled at all. Often we find details very well treated (as by Desgoffes, for instance) and yet absolutely uninteresting.

Bellini was evidently haunted by the cast of classic draperies. He must have painted from the lay figure, and not from nature, for the drawing is perfectly illogical. If we undressed the two saints, for instance, we should find a space between their legs wide enough to sail a ship through. The mantle of the saint in red is not drawn about a real body. Look; there is only one large fold in the middle; the empty space thence to the border would have been greatly improved by a few easy folds. If the Virgin were to rise, we should find she had the bust of a doll and the legs of a giantess. . . .

And yet, one is dazzled by the incomparable effect produced. One is almost tempted to think these very errors produce the effect. Yet no; the whole picture would have gained by better drawing.

It is perhaps the most beautiful of all Bellinis. Architecture has

never been more admirably treated since painting was first practised. Note the values of the tones, the perspective of the background, the delicacy of the effects . . . this band of marble. . . . What space, what atmosphere between the altar and the wall! How lovely is the figure of the Magdalen, in her robe of blue and gold brocade!

They were right who said that Michelangelo's pictures were like sculpture, and his sculpture like pictures.

In his statues, there are deliberate effects of shadow, the suppression of which would change the whole character of the work. (Alas! the *Pensieroso* figures on a clock at my club!)

The Greeks knew nothing of prepared light; among them, everything was done out of doors, and designed for daylight.

In whatever light we place him, the *Pensieroso* always meditates, seated gravely upon a tomb. In his profound, unfathomable reverie, he seems to return from the eternal shades. . . .

This *Pleasure-Party* by Lancret is well drawn; this Greuze is badly drawn, but the execution is delightful.

Compare *Titian's Mistress* with *Rembrandt's Wife*. One is exquisitely beautiful, the other undeniably ugly; and yet we prefer the last.

In 1859, I said to myself, as I stood before Raphael's *Transfiguration* and Domenichino's *Communion of St. Jerome*, at Rome, that only a painter could really feel, divine, and lay his finger, so to speak, upon the difference between a master and a pupil.

In the Domenichino, the draperies are heavy, clumsy, and laboured, all except the cope, which seems to have stood by itself, in all its rigidity, to be painted.

The Bolognese were all *pupils*, and one stands amazed at the enthusiasm of a whole epoch for the art of Guido and Domenichino! (Vide the outpourings of President Desbrosses!)

It is a curious fact, though one which 1870 explains to us in a

measure, that war left so slight a trace on the art of those stormy times. . . .

Rembrandt, Terburg, Metzu, Teniers, none of them painted warlike subjects, at a time when men were butchering each other like savages.

Rubens, too, must have seen many atrocities. He was conceived in prison. Antwerp, the city of his adoption, was not the scene of his birth, and yet in his work, again, there are few martial notes. But what did the Terrible Year bring forth in this genre?

What was working in the artistic souls of the men of those times, which made them paint things so untrue, so unreal? Were they incapable, or did they deliberately turn away from facts?

In the matter of portraits, confess the truth, dear friend, that you would rather know the personality of the *Gioconda* or of the *Man* by Titian, which you admire so much, than the name of the painter, if either the artist or the individual had to remain unknown. When you look at the Venus of Milo, what matters it that you do not know the name of the sculptor, and that of his admirable model? It is a fact that I would rather know this to be the portrait of Cæsar Borgia than know the name of the painter.

PEN SKETCH.

GENTLEMAN OF THE PERIOD OF LOUIS XIII.
(Drawing in the possession of M. Ch. Edmond.)

III

CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS

GROS' *Hercules* was an old school-piece. In his old age he turned back to sacrifice to false gods, in whom he did not believe. When he was cruelly made to feel that he was merely a ruin, he killed himself. . . . Alas! I still dimly see the unfortunate picture!

Yet poor Gros had been a great man! I know nothing finer in the way of *mise-en-scène* and organisation than *Les Pestiférés de Jaffa*. The Emperor's gesture is magnificent—his hand superb. To think that these men once set the standard in exhibitions, whereas now one has to take Messrs. X. X. as criteria! It's strange! . . .

C. is dead, fortunately for us. He was a sectary. He hated me because years ago, after the war, I prevented his friend Courbet from obtaining admission to the Salon, when he submitted his *Red Apples* (signed, in vermilion, SAINTE-PELAGIE!) to the jury.

I had a very definite opinion of Courbet! I am not thinking only of the Vendôme column. But what sort of a man was he, who, trembling after the mischief was done, turned renegade to his own opinions and acts, crying piteously:—*Only stop your prosecutions and I will pay for the column!*

In my youth I attempted to copy a portrait by Titian. The closer I got, the more intangible it all appeared . . . and many of Vollon's

pictures have something of the same elusive quality. Vollon was more ambitious than Rousseau. He tried his hand at figures; some of his

THE VIOLONCELLO-PLAYER.
(M. Hugues Krafft's collection.)

skies are floating, feathery, charming. He has more individuality, there is a vibration, a sort of airy devilry in his work that is amazing. It is

difficult, in fact, to compare the two men. Rousseau is the more perfect artist if you like, but the other is more striking. Looking at his pictures we wonder by what bizarre methods he produced his effects. When a painter *juggles* with the brush, as Vollon does, and *succeeds*, the result is marvellous. But Rousseau, too, is astonishing. I remember a cheese he painted that almost smelt bad! If there is a bit of living nature, animal or otherwise, in a picture I am fascinated at once.

I was delighted with his (Gemito's) genial nature, his enthusiasm for art and for all that is great, his simple gaiety, the confidence which sprang from his understanding nothing of evil, and refusing to believe in it. I loved him because I felt his affinity to myself; I was like him once. What he thought and said I too had thought and said in my youth. He recalled the letter I wrote to my father, when I knew nothing of life, when I was in love with art, and dreaming of being a painter: "Give me three hundred francs and you shall hear no more of me till I am famous."

He asked me what I meant to do, and I said I would go to Naples, and live like the *lazzaroni*, that I should find some painter there who would take me into his service.

Carpeaux's profiles are always elegant. The *Europe* has the worst place, in the shade. . . . The feeling that the basin is too small for the horses is distressing. They should have been splashing in the water;—it could have been done.

I was a very young man when, in 1833, I went to the Rue Vivienne to see a picture by Chenavard, the *Convention*, which filled me with admiration. The scene looked as if it had been studied by the artist on the spot, it was full of life. Chenavard had known many members of the Convention, some of whom were still alive. From them he had gleaned many details, which gave a striking reality to his work. I was introduced to him at Lyons, where I spent the winter of 1835. He had just returned from Italy. Chenavard was reputed a stern critic,

a demolisher of aspirations. He was, and is, a worthy man, who becomes more and more of a philosopher as he grows older. He has seen much, read much, thought much. He has known and lived among the most famous men of his day. Rossini was one of his most intimate friends: he tells many amusing stories of the composer. Thiers, Mignet, Delacroix, and many others used to come out to Poissy with him to play bowls at my house.

When I was living at 15 Quai Bourbon, Chenavard often dined at my modest table. One evening, I showed him a picture I was working on. It was *Jesus Christ with His Apostles.* I do not know who has it now. Chenavard looked at it for a long time in silence. I went on expounding my idea to him. Still he said nothing. At last he walked round the studio, looking carefully at each canvas. The *Violoncellist* detained him longer than the rest. When he had finished his round, he came back to the *Apostles*, and began to demolish them. "I suppose you hardly imagine you will ever do such things better than Raphael? Well then, what's the use of saying a thing over again that some one else has already said far better?" Then, taking me over to the *Violoncellist*: "Here," he said, "you have something really personal, and most excellent."

I understood. "Now come with me to Gleyre's studio." We went out together. Gleyre was one of his most intimate friends. He introduced me. To everything Gleyre showed him, Prodigal Sons, cartoons of this and of that, he said: "Capital!" He approved of everything, praised everything. I was greatly surprised. As we went downstairs I asked him: "Did you really think all those things so good?" "Did you once hear me praise anything in particular," he said, "or one thing more than another? And why not? Because there was nothing striking, nothing above the average in all we saw." I then understood more fully the value of his warm approval of the *Violoncellist*, after his criticism of the *Apostles.*

Palladio and Bramante did what every one else was doing when they took possession of the treasures of antiquity, and transferred the columns of ancient temples to their buildings. There was no

true reverence for the antique in those days; the antiquarian and critical spirit was not yet born. You talk of the dilapidations of the Renaissance. What do you say of Ingres, who scraped off Gleyre's frescoes on the Duc de Luynes' walls?

Ingres was sterile. His pictures are made up of reminiscences. But when he worked from Nature, what superb drawings he made! His studies, the naked back of the woman in the Louvre, are magnificent!

Ricard's early works are firmer. They have not that mistiness which characterises his later pictures. It is tiring to a degree to look at them, such is his idiosyncrasy. He is so anxious to be subtle that he becomes incomprehensible! The *Sabatier* is the smiling type of the accomplished mistress, a nature much of the same species as that of M——, in perfect sympathy with R. W——, who has always been fondly attached to her.

She had a supreme talent for attracting famous men about her, and for organising a salon, in which it was always a pleasure to find one's self. Refined, subtle and genial, smiling and intelligent, admirably balanced, excelling in all she undertook, she adored light, gaiety, sunshine. They were part of herself, indeed. For a weary, busy man it was an exquisite rest and refreshment to find her always the same, always equable, a true refuge from the cares of life, which she gracefully banished for you. . . .

At the exhibition of the . . . . . there is any amount of talent, very often used only to render some imbecility. The figures are like prisms; the rays of sunlight play upon them, turning a woman's hair lilac. How depressing this passion for the absurd, this perversion of sentiment becomes at last! . .

In the triennial exhibition which is about to take place, the total of pictures is to be limited; but the artists admitted as exhibitors may send as many as they please; I can send ten if I like. The principle of exhibitions of this sort is excellent. Under the Empire, when Maurice Ricard was at the Beaux Arts, I supported

him in the commission of which I was a member. I had written a work on the question. Unhappily, it is impossible to abolish annual exhibitions; but the narrow doors of the triennial exhibition are an excellent check upon the flood of mediocrity. No one is allowed a place in the triennial exhibition who has not figured at the Salon within the three preceding years. This will give an attraction to the annual exhibitions.

As to the triennial exhibitions, it is a mistake to admit works already exhibited. There should be nothing but new works. A typical representation of a man's whole work should be reserved for universal exhibitions, held every ten years.

In any case, however, triennial exhibitions are capital things.

The last jury consisted of fourteen painters, assisted by fourteen members chosen by the State. It was, therefore, a State exhibition. The State will have a right to show itself exacting, for it may say to malcontents: "Go to the ordinary annual exhibition, you will find that five hundred pictures have been chosen from the best works there, and four or five pictures by the same artist will be accepted, if they are good."

THE READER.
(Pen Sketch.)

There is no one in Paris in September, and it would be much better to have the triennial exhibition in May, in the Champ-de-Mars. The annual exhibition could be deferred, or opened earlier, every three years. Or, if necessary, there might be no Salon at all the year of the triennial exhibition.

The painter we are talking of has a certain sentiment, I allow, but

I do not care for him much. Some modern artists won't take the trouble to look at things . . . . He, for instance, has not even gone

SONG.
(Exhibited at the Triennial Exhibition of 1883.)

to the waterside to look at a boat and make a sketch. His picture is not unpleasing, but it is commonplace and stereotyped. These gentlemen are always calling out against the conventionality of the old

masters, but directly one of them makes a sensation in their own little world, his gray convention is accepted with acclamations.

Many people who had great reputations once, are nothing but burst balloons now. It is so difficult to go on painting well! "Nothing is more difficult than to sustain a reputation; it is much more difficult than to make one." All young people think themselves famous, when they make their first hit . . .

I have just seen a stupid, senseless picture. Yet nothing could have been easier than to have looked at the things and reproduced them. Did the painter never see workmen at their trade? Did any artisan ever hold his plumb-line thus? . .

If I had undertaken such a subject as X's *Workshop*, what fire, what activity I would have put into it. Nothing, at any rate, would have been easier than to have found out how workmen hold and manage their tools, and the painter has not even troubled to look.

It is the fashion nowadays to talk a great deal about realism and open air (*plein air*).

There is something in Fritel's *Ancestors;* the idea is a great one, it would give me much pleasure to tell him so. But I should have put more light just here; I should have put the terrible array of ancestors in a sort of glory . . . .

I should have bequeathed to my pupils a feeling for truth, respect for the thing seen.

I bring you my report on the work sent from Rome by X., a prizeman and pensioner, &c.

What an extraordinary mistake for X—— to have committed! In a picture of such a well-known subject as the *Flight of Nero*, to have taken a secondary figure for the principal actor, and of this latter, to have made an episodic figure, "a man drinking!" It is like

taking the Piræus for the name of a man! It is Nero who is drinking: *Hæc est, inquit, Neronis decocta.*

The Latin text is so full of picturesque details that the whole narrative quivers with life. Everything is described, even to Nero's dress: *Ut erat nudo pede atque tunicatus, pænulam obsoleti coloris superinduit: adopertoque capite et ante faciem obtento sudario equum inscendit, quatuor solis comitantibus.*

We see him terrified by earthquake and lightning, pursued by the cries of the soldiers: *Et sibi adversa et Galbæ prospera.*

A corpse lying across the road startles his horse; his face is unveiled for a moment, and a Pretorian who recognises him increases his terror by saluting. We have everything here, and the dramatic element is certainly not wanting. They arrive at a by-path, which they take to avoid the high road. There they are obliged to leave their horses, and walk painfully through bushes, reeds and brambles: *Ut ad diverticulum ventum est, dimissis equis, inter fruticeta ac vepres, per arundineti semitam ægre evasit.*

Not only are the personages described, but the landscape, and the painter, having such an excellent pretext for not painting the horses, might certainly have omitted them.

Nero halts for a moment at the secret entrance of the Villa; he drinks from a pool, taking up the water in the hollow of his hand, another detail with which the painter should have been familiar.

"*The Vision of S. Francis of Assisi.*" The haggard, eager, intelligent face of S. Francis in this picture is very remarkable. His young comrade lies sound asleep on the straw, while he has risen and gazes fixedly and passionately at the serene and charming figure of a youthful shepherd, who enters the shed, bathed in sunshine, and playing on a pipe.

The face of the young friar, the vulgarity of which brings out the refined type of the saint, is excellent. It would be impossible to sleep more soundly and innocently.

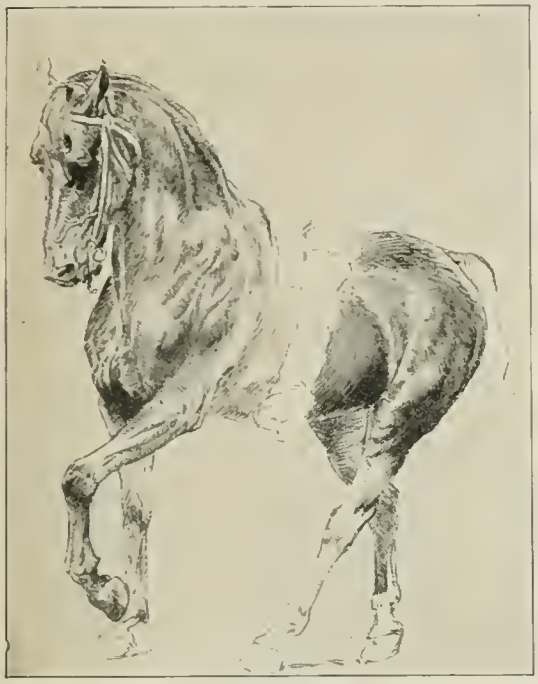
The sheep, pressing towards the trough to drink, are well painted,

THE FLUTE-PLAYER.
(M. Thiéry's collection.)

The Sergeant's Portrait.

BARON SCHROEDER'S COLLECTION

Printed by Braun ... in Paris (France)



STUDY OF A HORSE.
(Washed Drawing.)

and the spot in which the scene takes place is very frankly treated. Everything is in its place; the conception is very modern, very realistic, yet by no means trivial.

But is this a convincing representation of S. Francis of Assisi? Should the saint, so fervent and profound a believer, be shown as the puppet of a hallucination? Impressive and striking as is the expression X. has given him, is it quite the expression he should have? The life of this saint, according to the legend, was one long ecstasy. He should therefore express rapture and adoration, but not amazement. In his *S. Francis*, X. . . . imagines a sort of apparition of which there is no record in the saint's life. Anxious to reconcile the real and the supernatural, he has so treated his theme that the apparition impresses the spectator and the person in the picture quite differently. To the latter, it is a divine visitant; to the former only a shepherd, and the aureole, which to the

MEISSONIER ON HORSEBACK.
(Pen Sketch.)

saint is the token of the supernatural, to the spectator is merely the sunbeam playing about the fair hair and illumining it. . . .

Here the painter encountered a rock which he was unable to avoid. Not daring to approach his subject boldly, from one point of view or the other, he halts between two opinions, and so fails to give entire satisfaction either to the devout or to the materialistic. He wavers, so to speak, between a genre picture and a religious picture.

The painter should beware of these ambiguous interpretations. The artist should at once communicate his own inspiration to the spectator; he must not so treat his theme that we wonder what his intention was. As I have already hinted, the aureole, which painters use only as a symbol of divine or holy persons, affirms the miracle on the one hand, while the whole character of the picture seems to deny it on the other.

The subject is nevertheless a fine one. I have seen few figures so interesting as that of S. Francis. He is adorable in his purity, his simplicity, and his ardent faith!

The painter must himself have been a believer. He must himself have known that fervent love of God, which, in the saint, was shed abroad on all created things, making him call the birds, "my brothers!" and the scourge of Enguabio "My brother, the Wolf."

If the painter had represented the saint in ecstasy before a truly divine apparition, his composition would have been that of a master.

To believe in one's subject and to love it, is the first essential in such compositions. Otherwise, the painter condemns himself to the creation of second-rate works, which convince no one.

It must not be forgotten that students at Rome are expected above all things to devote themselves to copying the great masters. He who chooses a master in this fashion, who seeks him out because he loves him, ought to surprise the secrets of his exemplar, to make him all his own by unceasing study.

In the specimens of their work sent us by Roman students, we ought to see the results of the studies they are in Italy to undertake. Many of these young people are unmoved by the beauty, the precision, the grandeur of the nature around them. They seem scarcely to notice it;

their eyes are always turned elsewhere. They are more anxious to seize the manner in which such and such a painter interpreted Nature, than to interpret her themselves sincerely, and in a personal manner.

How many painters become absorbed in some so-called skilful process, instead of giving themselves up to a scrupulous study of Nature!

We ought to say to young people: fill your minds with these truths, and keep them always before you.

Every work of art, plastic or musical, is the expression of some emotion the author wishes him who looks or listens to share. If you do not feel this emotion yourself, how can you hope to inspire it in others? If you compose with your brain rather than with your heart, you will be studied or listened to with curiosity rather than with sympathy. For you will have missed the truth. But if your subject has taken hold of you, if you love it and understand it, you will be able to put yourself in the place of your characters, you will think and act like them; from this truth of sentiment will spring truth of gesture, truth of plastic or musical expression.

This is the whole secret, and it is not a difficult one to discover. It is harder, no doubt, to put it in practice. To put one's heart into a composition, one must have a heart, and I am afraid brains are more common than feeling. Try then to have heart; I promise you you will have wits enough. And so on, and so on . . . This is how one should talk, even if one has little hope of working upon the young victors we crown at the Institute. There is nothing pleasanter than the utterance of what is right and true, even when we know our utterances fall on deaf ears, as is generally the case at our solemnities under the cupola.

There are painters who go to the East, steeping themselves perpetually in its brilliance, and yet they can get nothing of its glow and sunshine into their work.

Out of a jury of forty, only twelve assembled yesterday to judge for the Latinville prize at the École des Beaux Arts.

PEN SKETCH.

The Death of Nero. . . . The famous and thrilling story of Nero's flight, as given by Suetonius, is entirely falsified. The chief actor, Nero, is barely visible in the shadow. A little way off one sees only a staircase, dimly lighted by moonbeams, and by a gleam from the banquet-hall above, shining through an opening in the curtains. A moonlight night! When Nero fled by the glare of lightning, his face veiled, on the horse of the freedman in whose house he killed himself, bewailing the death of an artist!

❀

The Evening of Life is very hastily treated; but the idea is touching and profound. Modern sentiment is most happily married to antique sentiment, and the whole conception is noble and simple—in a word, original. The young woman and the child are Raphaelesque, and the old couple, weary with the burden of years, who watch the kindling stars, are pathetic in their sad serenity. It stirs the heart.

PORTRAIT OF M. FOULD IN HIS STUDY.
(In the possession of his grandson, M. Daniel Turret.)

❀

The S. Louis is depicted as a *crétin.* Yet

A CRUSADER.
(Fac-simile of a drawing made for E. de Beaumont's "Les Femmes et l'Epée.")

must he have been a valiant king, who leaped from his vessel into the sea, to be the first to attack the Saracens!

But the little *S. Louis* by X., to whom we have given a travelling pension, is very happy in sentiment.

There is nothing stupider or more beautiful than a horse. If he could reflect and make use of his strength, we could not tame him, and yet he allows us to ride him, he endures a man upon his back. I used often to dine with Fould at the Château Duval, in the forest of Saint-Germain. I had no carriage in those days. I used to ride home, and let my horse pick his own way in the gloom of the wood. He always found the right path. I used to smoke a good deal then, but on these occasions I put out my cigar, lest the red glow of the end should attract some smuggler.

A CRUSADER.
(Pencil Sketch.)

Dear friend, do you remember Rivoli's curious memory? An oak had been felled a little way from the path, and lay among tall brackens that concealed the spot. Once we turned aside to admire it. Some time afterwards, passing along this alley, Rivoli turned into the bracken without a moment's hesitation and went straight to the fallen tree.

A year afterwards we made the experiment of leaving the reins on his neck. The oak had been chopped up and taken away. The aspect of the place had changed, for the ferns had been cut down. To my amazement he went straight to the spot.

This picture is madness itself! Even the landscape is hopelessly stupid and poor. Who could not have painted such a thing? I have solved the mystery of the construction of the landscape. The critics were wrong, like every one else. Judith seems to be outside the

rampart. But she is really *on* the rampart . . . he indicates this by a bit of the ladder she is about to descend to go to Holofernes. This explains the indication of buildings, and the height of the Judith. We are on the city wall.

Yesterday at the Salon I said to Bastien-Lepage: "I would not say anything trivial and empty to you, and this is why I did not answer you the other day. You are sincere, a seeker after truth. One can speak to you honestly." (Unhappily, dear friend, he is surrounded by people who are leading him astray.) I repeated to him what I had said about the *Charette*. . . .

"When you compose, you must, as the old school rightly insisted, make the principal person in the drama the principal figure in the picture. Now Charette (against whom I should have fought, be it said in passing!) is an admirable, a touching figure, who has come out of the struggle half-dead! And you make him turn his back upon us! And he is a model . . . who holds his hat as it was not then the fashion to hold it!" One may work very earnestly, and yet compose a picture in an entirely mistaken manner. The art of focussing an effect seems to be lost; the painter must get the right points of view for his picture. The special stupidity of our young artists is that they cannot condense what they see so as to make a picture.

It may be stated as a fact admitting of no contradiction, that a prize picture is always inferior to others already produced by the author, or to those we might expect of him from his drawings and studies.

In giving a subject for competition, scope should be allowed for the free evolution of thought within certain limits. Specify to a certain extent. Let the competitors concentrate their minds on an author; let them paint characters, not as modern historic truth demands, but as the writer to whose text they are referred, describes them. They should only represent events as they happen in the text.

The tendencies of a young man may often be inferred from his choice of a master. Thus, a pupil of M. Delaroche's always sees the episodic

side of things more or less, like the master himself; his mind is incapable of a broad conception; he never understands and seizes the culminating point, which dominates the theme. He is always attracted by some minor aspect. Far from rendering the soul of the character he represents, he does not even see it.

Tissot has noble dreams. . . . He is in love with the ideal. He devotes himself entirely to religious subjects now. He wanders in Palestine, among the scenes of the great events of the Gospels. . . .

THE BANKS OF THE SEINE AT POISSY.

I am greatly struck by his picture of the *Ruins of the Cour des Comptes*. Two miserable creatures, a man and woman, almost imbecile with suffering and poverty, stand among the ruins. The invisible Saviour has drawn near. He is clothed in a shining golden cope, but He throws it open before the miserable pair . . . and, as if to console them, to encourage them to endure and suffer, He shows them His divine and martyred body.

Protestantism is not favourable to the arts. See what it has produced in Germany! What impotence, what an accumulation of details

The Sign-painter.

(LADY WALLACE' COLLECTION.)

Printed in France

to express nothing at all! Kaulbach and the rest! Think of the cartoons at Munich, a very chaos of ideas! At Berlin the walls of the staircase are covered with colossal figures which are absolutely unmeaning. We are franker here, and do not deceive any one. The wine is by no means always first-rate; often it is sour stuff, but we serve it up for what it is. . . .

❀

When I saw Delacroix's *Murder of the Archbishop* of Liège the other day, it no longer impressed me as it used to do. There is no crowd, no press of heads one behind another, looking eagerly at what is going on; no one is climbing up to see; there is no pushing. Every one seems to have his own little peep-hole, from which he can see things comfortably.

BRONZE BUST OF MEISSONIER BY ST. MARCEAUX.
(Modelled from Life.)

❀

Antitheses, such as are fashionable nowadays, seem to me out of place in painting. In a picture, everything should help the general effect. The sky should harmonise with the idea, nature with man. In many cases, this comes about involuntarily.

❀

What an admirable symphony! Every one should take off their hats as they pass. I always do, as you know. We never come this way

without stopping. I know nothing to equal this personification of stupid brute force. When we see the huge beast pierced by the lance we feel that that monstrous paw would have crushed everything. What a dream of genius are those vast distances which make us dream in turn!

Delacroix painted his lions and tigers with all their passions; as to his *Medæa*, it is inimitable. There are passages in which the handling is extraordinary, recalling that of Correggio.

Delacroix's imagination often needed help from outside. He did not always invent himself. Like Shakespeare, he required a text.

Delacroix was never in the East. What a dream of genius is his *Entrée des Croisés* (*Crusaders at Constantinople*)! What colour! What movement!

What calm and mysterious grandeur in many aspects of Versailles! As you mount the huge flight of steps, behind which the palace rises slowly, step by step, its size seems to increase, it rises almost to the sky. I think I should have made a picture of this, if I had stayed here.

Rude's bas-relief is as admirable, as magnificent in its organisation, as the other bas-reliefs are stupid and heavy. . . . Ah! that *Genius of War* of his! How it inflames one, carries one away! . . .

I was very young when I saw Marochetti at work on the *Peace*.

I remember going to his studio one morning with a friend, walking to Vaux near Meulan, where Marochetti's home then was. I had five francs in my pocket, a loaf and a paint-box in my hand. It was then I passed through Poissy for the first time, little thinking I should one day settle there.

Poissy looked very different then, however. There were manure-heaps in the streets. . .

The Church of Saint-Pierre-de-Montrouge, by Vaudremer, is a marvel of harmony and proportion. I was struck by its beauty again the other day.

Makart's picture is perfectly wooden. And why? For a picture to be alive, palpitating, we must recognise the moment chosen by the painter as one which sums up the souls of those depicted, with all their former experiences.

This is what Rembrandt—that great genius, whose feet I would kiss in pious adoration—always understood so marvellously. In his pictures, no detail is unimportant. Everything helps the action. In the *Disciples at Emmäus*, the picture to which I always return, the child with the dish, who seems a mere detail, is a note in the harmony. We feel that the truth is revealed to him, that he suddenly grasps it.

The tendencies of modern painting are deplorable in every respect. The absence of thought is remarkable; but combined with this nullity of invention we often find a technique and a knowledge of effect truly astonishing. Many modern painters are not composers, they are experts of the brush.

What an admirable bust I saw at the Cercle last night! I could not look long enough at that mysterious and attractive female head. I could not bring my silent dialogue with her to an end. This morning I went to see the young sculptor, Saint Marceaux, to tell him how greatly I admired his work.

PEN SKETCH.

IV

ART

AN artist should keep to his own studio. There he reigns supreme. Why should he go out into society, where, if he chances to be a celebrity, entertainers who care nought for his personality, boast of his presence, and serve him up, as it were, to their guests! Drawing-room talk cannot, as a general rule, have much more coherence than the flight of flies. The interruptions are so incessant, and any development of a subject so impossible, that the thoughts of even those persons who take an interest in art, and talk about it, have often wandered far from the subject before the answer comes.

When a man's conscience is clear, he must let the world talk on, and pay no attention to it. He who climbs the ladder need not fear the yelping of the curs about its foot.

Truth in art! that is what we should ever seek! But it is not invariably discoverable, alas! . . .

It lies not in the boundless field of speculative thought. It dwells within the heart, and thence it must be drawn. These few words sum up all art. When we speak of the masters to young

MEISSONIER'S STUDIO IN PARIS.

people, we should simply say, "Love them and they will love you, and will prove their love by strengthening you in your art."

The acme of religious expression in art has been attained already. That mine has been worked out, ransacked in every part. A fresh vein must now be sought, in the domain of history. There lies our future, we must open the way, and push forward on it.

Everybody works at random nowadays. Pictures teem with

THE INN DOOR.
(M. Chauchard's collection.)

anachronisms, because artists work at haphazard, picking up information here and there, out of books. For instance, a man says to himself, "I'll paint a picture of the Louis XIII. period." He turns over a few books in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and patches his work together. Now is that the right way? Ought he not to begin by making a thorough study of the period he chooses? History and Painting are two sisters, who mutually vouch for and support each other.

Thus prepared, the artist gets to the very heart of the situation, identifies himself with its surroundings, lives in its characters. He has actually existed in his chosen epoch. He dreams of it. . . . How Napoleon has haunted my sleeping hours!

If every artist sought earnestly and conscientiously in his own chosen field, what a treasure of truth would be added to the general tore! How mighty, how glorious, how enduring would be the work to which each, according to his powers, would devote himself.

But instead of concord, harmony,—a brotherhood, in short, of painters,—we have chaos, wherein each flounders by himself.

AFTER BREAKFAST.
(Baron Springer's collection, Vienna.)

We try hard to believe; most of us strive in vain. Alas! Faith is dead. All that is left to the artist now is the faithful rendering of historical subjects. Versailles ought to have been a series of landmarks, setting out the history of France, the greater and more significant episodes well in the light, and the less important in their proper position, in the shade. If a judicious choice of subjects had been made by a special commission, the visitor to Versailles might have literally lived the national history, as he passed along. Suppose a school of painting had been formed there, on the principle of the École des Chartes, what a peerless museum we should have had! No archaic

THE READER. (*Le Liseur rose.*)
(Picture in the possession of M. de Beistegui.)

investigations, simply a reproduction of the various representative stages of development in France. The peasant of Vauban's days, and

lastly the peasant of our own—in his relative comfort, and with his bit of land, his own now, in very deed.

Exact portrayals of our various epochs, such as I describe, are completely lacking.

The painter's part is to come to the aid of history. Thiers speaks of the flash of swords. The painter graves that flash upon men's minds.

For years we have gone up and down in the country, without marking the peasant at his toil. Then Millet comes, and shows us the poor beast of burden, riveted to the soil by ceaseless, merciless labour, and the sight enters into our very hearts. It was the same with landscape.

THE SHERIFFS.
(From Perlet's Etching after Meissonier.)

Since, having lost our belief, we can no longer give any expression to religious feeling, I would endeavour, if I were Minister of Fine Arts, to give an impulse to historical painting. Chenavard proposed to decorate the cloister of the Invalides in this style, but the synthesis would have been too powerful, and none but the strongest minds would have benefited by it. Children are crammed with facts and dates, which mean nothing to them. They give glib answers to chronological questions which are beyond me. My gardener's son astounds me with his answers to my questions. His dates fly out like pistol shots. But when it comes to his impressions of things, to his philosophy of events, his mind is an absolute blank.

How men's souls might be raised by a well directed impulse in this direction! Not a Commune in France but has a heroic deed

PEN SKETCH.

or interesting episode to revive. What a future for artists! What a mine ready for working! How the young men would be moved to bestir themselves!

I really pity people who do not know the various periods well enough to call them up before them, *cap à pie*, when they read history. Augustin Thierry's accounts of the Merovingians are living things to me. When I read Shakespeare's plays, I can sketch you Falstaff's tavern, and I can see the *Pont de Change* in Henry IV.'s time, with its wooden flooring and its shops. Facts and things stand out thus, in startling relief.

What a splendid thing the Versailles Gallery might have been made! First of all, each painter should have proved his powers, sent in a sketch, demonstrated his thorough knowledge of his chosen period. Thus we should have possessed a truly national monument.

There can be no discussion about the great events of French history. They are self-evident. They should have been arranged according to their relative importance. No obscure episode should have been put in a prominent position, nor should any memorable scene have been given a cramped space. The feelings of the reigning dynasty should not have been allowed to weigh in this matter, which is above all such considerations.

PEN SKETCH.

The first thing to be seen, on

entering, should have been a regular series of representations of the lives of our forefathers, showing the successive transformations, whereby the man of former times became the man of to-day. This in every social stage,—husbandman, citizen, soldier, &c.

The clearest of books would thus have been open before us. It is the want of such historical knowledge that led Zamacoïs, for instance, in his picture, *The Court Jester*, to make a Knight of the Holy Ghost bow low before a dwarf — which is as monstrously impossible as if a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour were painted bowing humbly to a beggar, nowadays.

THE SMOKER.
(M. Chauchard's collection.)

I would have drawing made the basis of education in all schools. It is the universal language, the only one which can express all things. An outline, even an ill-shaped one, conveys a more exact idea of a thing than the most harmonious sentence in the world. Drawing is absolute truth, and the language of truth, the most exquisite of all, should be taught everywhere.

The historian, in these latter days, has left the domain of dry facts and tiresome dates, and calls up the features of past centuries by means of varied detail. Painting follows the same road. The painter who reads a page of history doubles his powers. When a historical fact is related to me, a student of the architecture, the dress, the habits,

of each period, I see it all, in flesh and blood. The whole scene is reconstituted just as it actually was. Everything really and truly happens under my very eyes; I plunge into it at once, I see the people with their weapons, in their costumes, with the very faces they used to wear; it is a vivid, involuntary incarnation, which gives me a sensation quite different to any you experience. Their houses, their furniture, their ways, are all familiar to me: I enter into their feelings,

THE DECAMERON.
(Lady Wallace's collection.)

I understand them. The assimilation is swift, profound, ineffaceable. What hardly marks others' minds, when they read, is eternally graven on ours, provided we have prepared ourselves truly, and that the seed falls on fruitful soil.

Versailles suggests a whole train of vivid thought. Looking at the grand lines of the palace, one ponders on the crowds

that have filled it, all intoxicated with the monarchical sentiment; on the nobles who eagerly deserted their own estates, to squander their revenues at the foot of the throne, content, and more, to live in the garrets, so long as they were within the palace!

A WOMAN RECLINING.
(Pen Sketch.)

No Raphael fills us with the intense emotion aroused by a Giotto. But then, on the other hand, nothing can ever equal the intoxicating sense of pure beauty Raphael gives. This question arises, the discussion of it would be deeply interesting. Art, in the first instance, may be said to be the mere manifestation of what the artist has in his heart: therefore naïve and inexperienced art expresses passion, and this expression overshadows everything else. In proportion to the gradual weakening of this emotion, art becomes more and more perfect and well ordered. What a problem we have here! Should the aim of art be to stir the passions, or should its first object be to bring us face to face with absolute beauty? . . .

PEN SKETCH.

No man should let anything be seen, during his lifetime, but his finished works.

The painter puts all of which he is capable into his pictures. He should not give the public the studies, the means which he has used to do his work. Once he is dead, alas! things are different. People will do as they choose then, too often without thinking much of what he would have wished.

The best face of all is the face from which the soul shines out. . . .

The most beautiful thing we can paint is a woman, and the nude is the most beautiful thing in the world. . . .

However well a poet may sing the beauties of his subject, he cannot give the illusion of life. But the painter's genius makes the whole soul shine for ever in beloved eyes.

The mysterious smile endures; it eludes us no longer.

THE LITTLE "MAN IN RED."
(Messrs Arnold and Tripp, Paris.)

Minds differ, studies vary, processes are dissimilar, and personal. Although the rules of a competition are the same for all, can we be sure we thereby judge each man fairly? . . . . We may say boldly, without fear of contradiction, that the picture which wins the competition prize is always inferior to the painter's former work, or to the expectations warranted by his student's career. Far better to let the evolution of each man's thought take place in freedom, within a circle specified beforehand. Specify the studies too. Let each competitor apply himself to one author only, the one allotted to him. Let each paint his personages, not as

historical truth in these days would perhaps indicate, but as the author whose text has been chosen as the source of inspiration has himself depicted them. It is according to his description alone that the events should be portrayed.

The painter must feel, as he paints, that his dream is above all realisable expression.

It is sad to have to tell oneself one has lived too long, and that no great soul appears over the artistic horizon. The gods are forsaking us. Men do not understand them now. They even mock at them. One's heart is filled with infinite sadness at the sight of this generation, sincere enough, it may be, in its destructiveness, but incapable even of rendering its own commonplace, pulling down everything, tearing up the divine blossom, and trampling it under foot.

This century of ours will have no peculiar mark of its own, it borrows everything from its predecessors, which, every one of them, have been personal and exclusive. Nobody, in the sixteenth century, would have thought of building a house out of the style of that period, and it was the same in the days of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. Formerly all the furniture of a past period was thrust into the garrets. Each epoch invented its own personal art. Now people glean right and left and behind them, according to the fancy of the architect and the proprietor. We have no architecture. This is the age of railway stations and central markets, the age of universal cast-iron!

In former times men respected their own persons. The graceful gesture, the harmonious attitude of the old pictures, was not a mere pose, temporarily assumed before the artist. Men in those days were careful about their bearing; they considered it, and consequently they had only to fall into a perfectly natural attitude, and the painter seized it. People talk of the "good old times." A well-merited title, to my thinking! My house and my temperament both belong to another age! You will scarcely ever, in an old picture, see people cross-legged as you constantly do in modern ones.

Why was the idea of faithfully copying what he sees before his eyes, which seems so natural, nowadays, one which for so many years never occurred to the artist ?

Yet there does not seem to have been any absolute determination *not* to copy Nature, for even in the case of those artists who have gone farthest from her, we find gestures, expressions, details of all kinds which prove she must have been consulted ; and, further, we can trace and follow more and more, as time goes on, the efforts made to approach her. In the most ancient monuments of art,—sculpture, mosaic, stained glass, frescoes,—however barbarous, nature's impress is

LANDSCAPE.
(Sketch in Wash.)

always to be found ; the observation is naïve, familiar even. Does that make it identical with ours ? No ; our great preoccupation, our most earnest effort, is to reproduce things in relief, to endue them with all their own life and truth. . . . We would almost have our marble yield to the touch like flesh ; would have men think it blood, and not mere colour, which imparts the admirable tone in certain pictures.

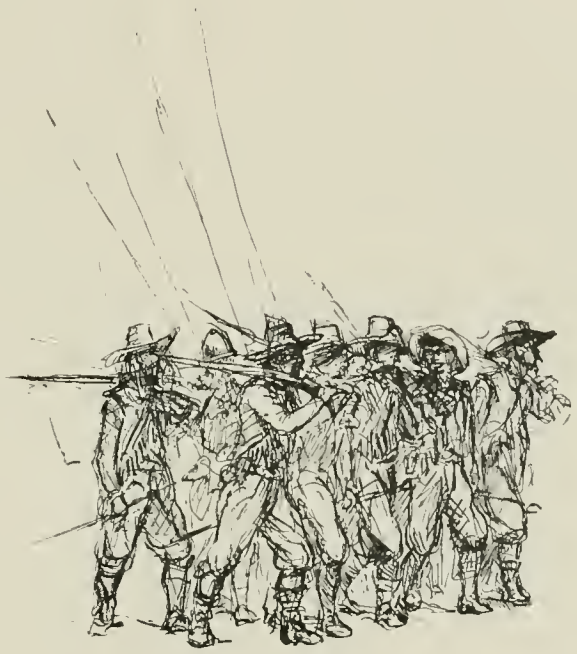
But can we believe those divine masters, Leonardo, Correggio, Titian, and Rembrandt, were not prompted above all by that same

The Guide.

(BARONESS DE [illegible])

determination to wrestle with Nature and snatch the secret of life from her hands? And were they not well nigh victors in the struggle?

Is there one among us who has not felt,—as he gazed on that incomparable portrait called, none of us know why, *The Gilder*,—which we have not had the wit to keep in France,—that if the canvas were pricked, a drop of blood must come? The truth is that the earliest artists, who were still lispers in their art, thought only of the dramatic aspect of their subject. The more I see of these great masters, the more convinced I am that they were fascinated, that their whole being was pervaded, by their subject, that they strove to make the spectator share the emotion which filled their own hearts,—throbbing, naïve, brutal, incorrect, perchance, — but striking to a degree which has never been equalled.



PEN SKETCH.

We know how these pictures agitate and touch us, though we have lost the ancient faith. What an effect must they have produced on those before whom they were originally placed—men who believed sincerely in what they saw represented!

Historians have been too neglectful of the influence of contemporary works of art on the human mind. During certain periods, these works reflected the feeling of the time so faithfully that they have become a very precise source of information as to what we should now term the prevailing condition of mind.

Often, at some particular hour, a landscape which has struck you at first sight as somewhat ordinary, grows wonderfully poetic, redolent of deep and exquisite calm. You feel it would be good for you to be there, that your soul would be refreshed: the sensation of the gladness of Nature comes over you. Landscape painters are happy folk!

No artist would paint if he knew he was never to show his work, if he felt no human eye would ever rest on it.

The artist suffers exquisite anguish when he fails to render what he feels, when he measures his own weakness, when he finds his expression inferior to his conception.

ON THE TERRACE.
(M. Bernheim, junior.)

To stand face to face with the beautiful, is to experience an intoxicating emotion of your whole being. Only the artist, *the creator*, knows the deep delights of conception and production.

What inexpressible joy when, in a transport of admiration, a very passion of truth, we caress the beauty of line and of Nature again and yet again!

One ought to know (and this is rare) how to wear a costume with the ease and grace of the period, to drape a velvet mantle,

wear cloak and rapier, or don the feathered cap in true sixteenth century style. It is the way the cap is set on the head which gives it its special character.

How often have I said to young men who paint futile subjects with the greatest talent: "Our only *raison d'être* is to teach others to notice and admire and see what is beautiful and elegant. Thus so-and-so may be a dull painter, but he is a true *seeker*. He has painted some inimitable bits in his life. But nothing beyond bits." Rome is necessary to teach us style, nobility, and beauty.

LANDSCAPE.
(Sketch in Wash.)

The Museum of Copies may be an excellent thing for artists, for those who have knowledge. Even a mediocre copy gives a better idea of a picture than any engraving, because it reproduces the tonality of the colours. We are able to imagine the master's touch, alongside the copyist's poor rendering of it. Regnault's bad copy of *Las Lanzas* interests me in spite of its inferiority, for I know enough of Velazquez to be able to imagine his execution in the scale of colour indicated.

It is a delight to be able to work in the open air, and the peaceful landscape painters are a happy race. They do not suffer from their nerves like the rest of us!

How many men, extremely clever in their workmanship, lack one supreme quality, which can never be *learnt*,—a nameless something without which they will never be able to compose. Just

as no woman who gives herself up to her dressmaker instead of directing her, will ever be well dressed.

Every old study brings back to us artists the happy state of feeling we were in when it was made. As I work on this picture I think of you. We are both in it under other forms.

THE PAINTER.
(Sketch.)

Journeys are only good for people who rush about to kill time, or for writers and poets who make use of what they see as they pass by. Lamartine, they say, used to compose his verses on horseback. But no painter could travel without halting here and there. How can any real work be accomplished unless the mind can rest somewhere in peace?

Every man has his own special process of work, but none of us should set lightly about painting a picture without having pondered it well, without having gathered every information concerning the chosen subject which may facilitate its composition, and collected every material accessory necessary to its execution, mourning the while over his shortcomings in each respect.

M. . . . was showing me his work one day. It was a Samson, a giant, moodily seated beside his millstone. Two timid

Philistines, standing aloof, were stirring him with the end of a rod. "You must see," said I, "that you are quite astray. Samson's *virtue*, his *strength* lay, in his hair. Once that is cropped, Samson, reduced to a state of servitude, is not a giant at all, he is nothing but an ordinary man, of whom cowards make a sport, just as they might of a lion with clipped claws. You should have made your Philistines children. Then they might have dared to stir your Samson with the end of their rod, just as they would some huge watch-dog. You tell me, my dear fellow, that you desire to paint *realistically*. But you young fellows don't know how to compose! To do that well, you must *ponder* your subject deeply and long, you must consider it from every point of view, and you must seize what they call the psychological moment, that is to say, the culminating point, which must be the dominating note of your picture, — the point, in fact, at which action and sentiment alike reach their highest dramatic level."

SAMSON.
(Pen and Ink Sketch.)

ORIGINAL ETCHING.
("Remark" for Menzier's Engraving of the Postillion of the Bridge of Poissy.)

You treat, for instance, the episode of the death of Virginia. You show me your wine-shops, your butcher's stall, all correct enough,

ORIGINAL ETCHING.

I admit, but I see too many things in them. Consider that Virginius only went in there, like a flash, to snatch a knife ; and you represent him, the chief actor in the scene, the *hero*, hidden by a crowd which only lets me see his arm clutching the weapon, not his face, — while Virginia lies dead, alone in a corner! As for the women in the picture, — don't you feel that when they see the maiden struck they must think of nothing but *her*, seek distractedly to revive *her*, to help *her*, to save *her*, while they leave the men to listen to her father's words of vengeance ? What care they at that moment for patriotism, and so forth ? Virginia is wounded to death. That must clearly be their one idea. And you show me her corpse lying deserted! It is an impossibility. As to Virginia's lover and defender, you make him wring his hands in despair. False, too. He should fly to her side, make a desperate effort to save her, and then, feeling she is *dead* indeed, hurry to her father. And

PEN SKETCH.

the father himself, the hero of the incident, who, when he learnt her outraged, must have clasped his idolised child close to his heart, and whispered "I slay thee to save thy honour," even as he struck the sudden blow;—consider again! one arm must surely hold the bleeding corpse of his child while the other raises the bloody knife to heaven, and appeals to Rome against the tyrant. This is the real scene. . . . Virginia herself is absolutely passive. She *does* nothing, she submits to what she must endure. If her father had said to her, "You must die," and she had killed herself, or voluntarily bared her breast to the steel, it would have been different. She would have acted, given proof of her own will. But as it is, I say it again, she does not consent, she suffers. . . . The dominant note of the subject must always be clearly sounded. This is an invariable rule.

I have to quote myself to make my meaning clear.

In *1807* the Emperor is motionless in the middle distance. The stream of men passes on, but it is he, who moves not, whom we see first, and who towers over the whole scene.

In *1814* to obtain my effect, I put myself three paces from the Emperor. Then the perspective diminished suddenly, and the Emperor's face gained in size. If I had gone further off, it would have been an utter failure. The carefully studied ground, seen *at once*, heightens the effect.

M. Delaroche's picture, *The Death of the Duc de Guise*, is a perfectly balanced composition, and the dominant note is clearly struck. The passive side of the picture, showing the murdered man, balances the other by reason of the fame of the mighty dead, before whom the King of France had trembled, and who lies there alone, stretched out on the one side, filling up the space opposite the group.

Some painters there are (it is a diverting notion) whose process is always the same; they always know exactly, beforehand, how they will treat such and such subjects. It is only when I come to transfer Nature directly to my canvas that I hit on the process suited to the subject I have in hand.

Those ancient engravers, the Edelincks, knew their business thoroughly. They had a good solid foundation of teaching to go upon. Nowadays young people coolly undertake the most difficult work, without knowing how to draw; they are full of self-confidence. . . .

There are days when nothing seems enjoyable. . . . On others everything delights. In art, everything depends on the frame of mind one brings to one's work. . . . .

If we really are in love with our art, the more skilful we grow, the less we shall produce, for the more fastidious we shall become.

THE PAINTER.
(M. Leroy's collection.)

I never hesitate about scraping out the work of days, and beginning afresh, so as to satisfy myself, and try to do better. Ah! that "better" which one feels in one's soul, and without which no true artist is ever content!

Others may approve and admire; but that counts for nothing, compared with one's own feeling of what ought to be.

I was asking Dr. G . . . . the other day, whether the same thing occurred in medical science as in art; whether there were broken links in the chain of acquired science. He answered "No." Is it from

impotence then, or is it deliberately, that the painters of a pro-

THE POET.
(Baron Springer's collection, Vienna.)

longed period, who had the works of antiquity, and Nature too, under their eyes, seem to have forgotten all acquired knowledge, and

started afresh, groping like children, only to find their way back, slowly and laboriously, to the truth which had been lying all the time before them? I will not lay stress on the hieratic gestures of the Byzantine Virgins. But think of Murano! Christian asceticism repressing all flesh-and-blood charm and bloom! Why were these painters, skilful, as they were, thus slow in coming back to Nature?

How admirably beautiful Notre Dame used to be! How fine those bas-reliefs round the choir, before they were bedaubed with paint! The present gilding prevents our catching the outline and the modelling, and hides the structure and physiognomy of the figures. Look at that Algerian carpet over there! It gives a confused sense of colour, but no sensation of the real beauty of a well ordered arrangement.

Raphael may be called the master of arrangement and of folds. Well, try to imagine one of his beautiful draperies streaked with varied colours! That is why it distresses and disturbs me to see the painted statues in Notre Dame.

The painter should avoid all literary subjects. The thing represented, the action or drama selected, should touch and strike the spectator at once, without any explanatory inscription.

Don't talk to me of works of art which are overlooked by the public, and appeal solely to the academic taste of the initiated. . . . This is a principle I have always controverted. I have always claimed to have my own sense of music, though I have no technical knowledge,—just as the musician may have his own sense of painting, &c. . . . The five classes of the Institute are very properly called upon to vote in common. Why should a painter or a musician only work for his own fellows? That is pure nonsense! I like to come back again and again, a hundred times over, to a work which speaks to me; but I do not care to make a slow and painful study of an obscure composition, the sense of which is not evident at once.

I shall never forget the extraordinary, startling effect the unison violin passages in the *Africaine* had on me. . . . "What child's play!" musicians have said to me since, "what could be simpler?" True enough, but the point was to have thought of this simple means, with its tremendous effect.

The real masterpieces,—the *Huguenots*, for instance,—are clear to you at once. But there are masters of the German school who say, "Walk in the dark, and light will come by degrees!" Now, for my part, I want the light at once.

When I listen to music, it takes shape in my inner soul, it conjures up forms and landscapes. For instance, Beethoven's Symphony in A, —my favourite, the one I adore,—always shows me a Greek landscape smiling in the sunlight, with clear water over which dragon-flies hover, where nymphs bathe hand in hand.

We used often to smoke haschish at Boissard's in the Hôtel Pimodan, in the Île St. Louis. We used to take it fasting, having learnt the drawbacks of eating beforehand. I remember the effect music used to have upon me, when I was in that condition. I seemed really to *see* each sound, in the form of fiery dots which gathered into well arranged symmetrical patterns. I could have fancied I was in one of Le Nôtre's gardens, and I used to say to myself despairingly, "Shall I *never* have any imagination, even in this state of intoxication? . . . Will everything always be regular and rhythmical?" I used to close the windows, for fear I should jump out, for I always had that delightful sensation of all matter and weight having left me. And the dots of fire danced on in cadence, ever and ever, until doubtless some sensation of nausea made them fade and fall through the air, like the final bouquet of a display of fireworks.

The true nature comes out, even in this state of artificial excitement. My first need is harmony, perfect keeping, and I am never weary of searching for it. . . . I like to do well, to do my very best in everything I undertake, both small and great.

Let each man keep to his own department, it is sure to be large enough to obviate any necessity for leaving it. If a literary man thinks he can represent a landscape as well as we can, he is properly mistaken. I, who am a painter, can only reproduce an accomplished fact or incident. I have come on an article in the *Revue* to-day, which contains a contradiction in terms. The writer speaks of "the plasticity of sound." Now I defy music to reproduce the "Lecture chez Diderot" for instance! . . . Your literary man can of course describe it to me, but the minutest description in the world will suggest something quite unlike the picture itself.

But then again, I, the painter, cannot represent Corneille's "Qu'il mourût!" I can represent the *consequences*, the flight of Horace, &c.; but I cannot suggest that laconic, heroic phrase. . . .

❀

When I hear a Beethoven Symphony like the one I heard to-night (the Eroïca), the perfect construction of the work calls up harmonious lines before my mind's eye, and the sounds really appear before me in all their beauty and their symmetry.

❀

In every symphony, the varied arabesques, and even the most enchanting subordinate passages, seem to me only to intensify the longing to get back to the central melody, to which I always return with a sense of voluptuous repose. The whole of my being seems content, caressed as it were by the sound of the longed-for repetition.

❀

It is difficult to classify the arts, and assign them superior or secondary places. But music is clearly that which most affects the senses. It means what we please to us, and we can even carry away our friends with our own impression. . . . Change a movement and the character of the Symphony changes. After having wept for years over the deep and heart-rending tones of the Symphony in A, somebody discovered that Beethoven had intended it for something gay and cheerful, and by hurrying the time quite a different impression is actually produced. Glück himself said it was possible to dance to the air of "J'ai

A Reading at Diderot's House.

(BARON E. DE ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION.)

perdu mon Eurydice." This does not apply to the plastic arts. There

THE PAINTER.
(M. Chauchard's collection.)

the inalienable idea, unchangeable henceforth, is put into an eternal form, which can never bear a different interpretation.

How thoroughly one can enjoy Beethoven, seated in the shadow of a *baignoire*, with nothing to disturb one's emotion. Ah! that A Symphony, which I have adored ever since I first heard it here long, long ago! I should like it to be played in the church at my funeral.[1] How fateful, how impressive, are the strains of that *andante*; inexorable, harrowing, like fate itself, taking hold of one's very soul! Then further on, in the brilliant and playful gaiety of the *finale*, my early days come back to me. To-night, as on other nights, the bright tones called up the delightful scenes of my childhood, of my youth, in Dauphiné, at Grenoble. . . . Through the music, I could see the rushing streamlets, the clumps of willows in the brilliant sunshine, and the long-waisted blue dragon flies, with their transparent wings, flying hither and thither over the clear water. What splendid passages of Pergolesi's music we have just listened to! And old Bach too! How high his deep serene beauty lifts us!

To enjoy music, I have to arrive at a condition of *not thinking*. If any libretto is read to me, the music, which might have taken hold of me, only wearies me, because it no longer answers to my feelings, to the dream it would have made me dream.

In all imaginary representations of Paradise you see the angels singing and praying, but never painting, for that would argue logic and reflection. People have gone too far in the direction of trying to render every imaginable thing in music. Berlioz belongs to that school. Music may convey a general sentiment of ecstasy, of sadness, &c. But do not over specify! Feeling always becomes unutterable when the paroxysm touches its supreme pitch: therefore it cannot possibly be expressed in song. Can you imagine a person swayed by some tremendous emotion stopping to analyse his sensations, and make a speech? All that music is capable of expressing is a general condition of soul or mind. When any detail is attempted, this, the real object, is lost sight of. If you go so far as to say that certain sounds will make

[1] It was performed at his funeral in the Madeleine, February 3, 1891.

me see certain individuals, I can't follow you, and we must agree to differ. No one art should encroach on another.

"When I compose an opera," said Glück, "I forget everything else. I put myself into the places of my characters, and so my own heart tells me what they should sing."

I never sign a picture until my whole soul is satisfied with my work.

Ask for Chodowiecki's book at the library. There is no book on that period that will tell you so much. He has described himself and his family in it. It has a very characteristic dedication: "To my father, from his very humble servant and son."

I studied the man deeply and grew very fond of him. His *naïveté* is at once astonishing and delightful. I am very fond of him still. He is not a master whom it is indispensable to know, and therefore I have not mentioned him to you as yet. But he has interested and amused me. One learns more in turning over his pages than from twenty other books. It is the faithful portrait of an epoch; small pictures which take up but little room.

A SHEET OF SKETCHES.

V

HIS PROFESSION

GENTLEMAN OF THE TIME OF LOUIS XIII.
(Sir James Joicey's collection.)

HOW often have I said that the utmost skill in technique does not make an artist. There are other things in art—other things, the very existence of which is unsuspected by many young people.

❀

I have, I know, a very deep sense of drawing and of colour. Yet I think I am more sensitive still to form.

❀

The smaller the scale of one's picture, the more boldly the *relief* must be brought out. The larger the scale, the more it must be softened and diminished. This is an absolutely indispensable rule. A life-size figure treated like one of my small ones, would be unendurable.

❀

When I am painting a hand, I am never satisfied till it is flesh and blood. I work on furiously till I can *feel* it under my brush.

PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.
(Bequeathed to the Louvre.)

I prefer coming back several times to a hand. It is apt to lose its beautiful tone, soon after the sitting begins; the circulation of the blood is impeded.

Portraits should be finished off at once, never allowed to drag on. For it is impossible to take them up again; people always alter or modify in appearance.

Sittings for a portrait have the same result as a journey in company. People either fall out, or grow fonder of each other in the process.

PEN SKETCH.

Look! the dust rises up like a wall, against which the shadows of our horses are thrown as they fly past.

The shadows cast by living things are in their nature light and ephemeral. They should therefore be transparent, and not too strongly accentuated.

I managed at last, by dint of sheer hard work, to thoroughly understand a horse's walk (which is a very difficult matter), and its trot, which is easier.

But my studies of the gallop, though I watched it with all the attention I could bestow, never satisfied me. I had even broken down one horse, all to no purpose. An American had discovered a means of coming to a certainty on the subject. The specimens

laid before me were not complete, but I was promised more, and I was told I should be informed how the proofs had been obtained,—be given, so to speak, the key to them.

Meanwhile, towards the autumn, some American dealer, I have forgotten which, brought a certain Mr. Leland Stanford, a former governor of California, and his wife, to my studio. He asked me to paint her portrait. My first impulse, of course, was to refuse, but he began to talk about the photographs of horses in motion, and said they were his. He had even spent 100,000 dollars on the work, so a friend who was with him said, and the proofs which had reached Europe were a mere nothing. He had hundreds of others, far more interesting, not merely of horses in motion, but of oxen, stags, dogs, and men. He had proofs of these last fighting, wrestling, jumping from the trapeze, &c.

MEISSONIER AT WORK.
(Sketch.)

During the delicate operation of removing the varnish from a picture, the use of spirits of wine or any other spirit should be carefully avoided, and nothing employed but light and patient rubbing with the finger.

I am thinking about that book of Lambert's. I don't like having things so italicised. They ought to strike you without that. I love clearness and brevity of thought, in harmonious form.

Sometimes I feel I have lost my affection for oil paints; nothing is so pleasant as water-colour. Body colour one can always go

YOUNG MAN WRITING A LETTER.
(M. de Beistegui's collection.)

back to, whenever one likes. Whites do not change, so one is certain of what is done. In painting *1807* I began with the sky, which I

am now going to simplify by reducing the blues, which are too strong. "If I spoil the sky after the picture is finished," said I to myself, "there will be no means of correcting it." So I did it first of all.

An artist must triumph over the inadequacy of his material. When I was making the studies for the *Chaumière Indienne* the blocks supplied me were never suitable to the subject, and I used all my skill to overcome the difficulty. Thus, when I came to marking the condition, the occupation, of each member of the Doctor's escort, the carpenter, for instance, and so forth, I had not space enough above, and that very want gave me a charming idea for the composition.

THE SMOKER.
(Mr. Raphael's collection)

Do not approach a subject until you have lived it yourself, until you have penetrated the motives of your characters, and feel yourself impregnated with their being.

No painter can select his background beforehand. There is no possible set rule on this point. The artist arrives naturally and instinctively at whatever will best harmonise with the figure.

No, no; it is a mistake to suppose that poverty is a necessary

experience for the artist. The material difficulties of many years caused by my father's opposition to my vocation undoubtedly turned me aside from the true path, and made me lose precious time that I have never been able to recover.

The social types I have painted must not be accepted as the true expression of my personality. You, dear one, who know me so thoroughly, are well aware of this. I resigned myself to their creation, dreaming the while of other things. My true bent may be divined from my early essays: *The Siege of Calais*, the expression of civic courage; *Peter the Hermit preaching the Crusade*, and firing the souls of his hearers.

PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.
(Drawing in M. Batta's collection.)

I think I can feel and express the dominant note in multiplex groups, and give it what it demands, keeping a just balance of parts in the whole. Even in a trivial subject, there may be an exquisite charm in details, arising from a deep and intimate harmony. Everything should fulfil its function, take its rightful place, material accessories no less than expression, gesture. The whole should be bathed in an atmosphere of homogeneity that enfolds the spectator. . . . Effect *alone* should never be the artist's chief aim; for the spectator will only be dazzled and startled *once*: his emotion is diminished each time he studies the canvas, till finally it will lose all its interest for him. Why should an ordinary subject of everyday life be idealised till it loses its

true character? A modern peasant woman is not a Greek statue. If, falsifying the fact, you give her the air of a goddess, you simply irritate us. Rather take off her petticoat, and drape her in a peplum. It is the faculty for *seeing* his subject which constitutes the artist.

Now, as to the siege of Calais, the most pathetic moment, as it strikes me, is not that which is always represented; the six burghers with the halters round their necks, at the King's feet, while Queen Philippa intercedes for them. . . . The feeling that they are aware of her intervention lessens their sacrifice. My idea of the grandeur of that civic devotion seems to me far more touching. The brave citizens, the rope already about their necks, should come to the public square to announce their decision. The women and children, the whole city in fact, should embrace their knees and weep. They should be worshipped, sobbed over, blessed. Then they should depart. There you have the sacrifice at its most poignant moment, amidst the heart-rending farewells of the whole populace. Later on, the scene has rather cooled down.

A MUSE DANCING.
(Wax model)

A model is an intelligent lay figure, of which we can alter the type at will. We can change it by changing the costume. Oh! what joy there is in painting when things go well, and the model is good!

I never fill up an outline. I work like a sculptor, always seeking the *relief*.

It is difficult to draw a very definite outline without giving an effect of dryness.

The execution of each portrait is absolutely *different* from that of all others. It depends on the nature of the model, to the human temperament of which it is in each case suited.

Oh! that corner of the eye; great Heaven! how hard it is to paint!

It would be a great advantage to be ambidexterous. Children ought to be taught this habit. Very often one has to find a pose by taking it one's self.

This has taught me to draw, when necessary, with my left hand.

STUDY OF A HEAD FOR A DEMONSTRATION LECTURE.

When we paint we ought to lose ourselves in our work; we ought never to feel, when we look at the finished work, that it is mere paint.

"Beware!" I said this morning to X. . . "you cannot get relief in painting by piling up the impasto, you must get it by the skilful juxtaposition of the tones."

How difficult it is to catch the movements of a child-sitter! Above all, nobody can conceive how difficult the extremely delicate touch requisite becomes, on account of the texture of the canvas. Wood panels have such a smooth, even surface. The coarseness of canvas

makes it really quite unserviceable for obtaining the freshness of tone I like to get.

PORTRAIT OF DR. GUYON, MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE.

There are things one ought never to finish ;—the bloom of the sketch should be left upon them. For instance, I could not improve upon this drawing, because it was the outcome of a sudden inspiration. I caught

up the chalk one morning when I was looking at my horse, and this was the result.

The pleasure of modelling in good wax is indescribable. You feel the form growing under your fingers. It is a real delight, that of a direct creation.

THE HURDY-GURDY PLAYER.
(Pencil Sketch.)

I always find it very difficult to teach other people to draw. I have lost the habit of drawing outlines myself, for in painting I always block out the relief at once.

Every painter is more or less of an actor. He has an instinct for pose and gesture; without it, he could neither feel, nor discover, nor indicate as he ought.

I have been asked to send some drawings and sketches to the "Exposition des Beaux Arts." I am writing to Gérôme as follows:—"It was no idle fancy which made me close my poor portfolio yesterday, after having made it over to you so unconditionally the day before. I have always held a strict opinion that what a man should show in his lifetime is his finished work, and not that which shows how he did it. I hesitated long, before I made up my mind. . . . But you pressed me, and hating as I did, to refuse, I gave you over all those odds and ends of sketches,—done on anything, with any tools that came to hand, — to be used at your discretion."

"Doctor, your attitude has altered insensibly;" that always happens with a portrait. It is the same with a picture, no model gives me quite what I want at first, and I begin again and again until the pose is right.

❀

When I hold my brush quite horizontally, I see my subject squared, as it were, for reduction. I can see how far the figure extends beyond the line of surrounding objects.

❀

I have always been much struck by the aphorism (which I read in this form, I know not where) that elegance and absurdity are divided one from another only by a hair's breadth. Nothing could be truer. . . .

PEN SKETCH.

❀

It is not generally understood that painting on a reduced scale is a process prescribed to us, as it were, by Nature herself. Look through a picture-frame,—the human figure seems to be naturally squared for reduction. All objects, in fact, are reduced, directly we look at them from a distance.

❀

I have painted on this scale with the *impression* of drawing from nature in pencil; only pencil work is too slow for me. I gain time to study my figures while I paint them. But when I have to indicate

PEN SKETCH OF A HAND.

a thing, without the living model, then I am all for your pencil. This is because I get my contours by modelling, like a sculptor. That being my process, pencil lines worry me when I paint.

I said to X., "Take care, you are growing trivial and thin in your work, you will fall into all the faults of . . .'s style, without having his talent. In that portrait of yours, you are taken up with detail, which you do well, and you are forgetting the *ensemble:* you consider what values you should put here and there, and you never trouble your head about the harmony of the whole thing, the general effect. You must feel and see the whole, even while working on some particular part. Otherwise look out for hardness and discords! The necessary environment, the harmony, will be lacking."

DUROC.
(Model for the picture *Castiglione*, 1796.)

It has taken me no less than fifty years to learn how to do a sketch like this in ten minutes. One works slowly

or fast according to the subjects one treats. Some go like the wind. . . .

VENETIANS. (MEISSONIER'S HOUSE IN PARIS; STAIRCASE OF THE STUDIO.)

I very often add slips to my pictures. As I always sketch in my drawing on the panel itself, this is necessary. But a panel to which a slip has been added should never be lined. The wood should always

be free to expand. A small dovetail is all that is needed. If this were glued, the whole thing would perhaps split; but I am always careful not to interfere with the shrinkage or expansion of the wood. A figure-piece especially should never be lined, but I always see that the slips I add are of the same wood as the panel, and that the grain runs the same way.

What makes hands so difficult to paint is that they very seldom take exactly the same pose a second time. Sometimes, when they are nearly finished, the final pose is different, better perhaps, and then everything has to be done over again. People talk about photography; but what pleasure could there be in working from that? The only really amusing things in life are those which give one a great deal of trouble. I said to the doctor one day, "How little interest you would take in an operation if your instruments worked of themselves!" And in the same way, what can be more tiresome than copying a photograph!

You have no idea what a charm and attraction there is in work with clay. I remember I was once busy modelling a rough sketch in my studio at Poissy, after dinner, and all at once I began to wonder what the strange light could be which filled the room. It was three o'clock in the morning! The dawn had caught me at my work unawares.

Oh! the despair, at this season of the year, of seeing the light go just at the best moment, when everything is ready, all materials in working order; when one feels every touch of the brush is going to tell, and do its share towards the general effect!

I must make a series of rough models. Sculpture seems fairly easy at first. Everybody can model to a certain extent. Painting is a different matter.

I hardly ever make a sketch. I almost invariably conceive the idea for my picture and paint it straight away from Nature. Nature may always suggest some better idea than the one I have thought of. The sketch I made for my great picture *1807* was of no use to me. I never even looked at it again. Perhaps I am the only artist who works in this fashion.

I should have done more perhaps to cultivate my memory. But I infinitely prefer going straight to Nature, the fountain head. If you want to prevent my consulting Nature, you must shut me up, without any model. If there was a looking-glass in the room I should pose before it, and paint from that. Nature is my favourite and indispensable slave. There is no room for conjecture in my painting, no doubt about the reality of my conception, no shuffling. *There it is.*

A HUSSAR.
(From an original etching.)

I have a real love and need for absolute truth. Though I am so fond of poetry, I am certain I love it for the sake of the superb and regular beauty of the forms that bind it. I have a horror of jugglery, of things that are nearly right, of work, for instance, like X's, who contrives, by dint of laboriously acquired tricks, to overlay his real weakness with an appearance of strength. I can quite understand the incorrectnesses of Delacroix's drawings, I love and admire them; they are flashes of genius. But Rembrandt, there was a perfect artist! His *Bœuf écorché* in the Louvre ought to be set up as a model to all painters. What unerring precision of touch throughout the frenzy of the handling! Each tone falls into its right place under the impetus. It is painted with fire. Freedom and truth, these are the two most admirable things on earth!

Engravers, in particular, should copy drawings like the *Psyche* in the Louvre over and over again, till they can do them *by heart*. Then they might arrive at an understanding of what all the masters have observed. Look at Paul Potter's bull, and note the unctuous turn of the brush in the painting of its coat. Line must be wedded to form, to the folds of garments, the lie of the muscles, to everything, in fact. Engravers are too apt to work on at random, without considering the texture of surfaces.

Engravers should be told, "Go and learn to draw at the Louvre. Study the Masters! See that your hatchings follow the folds, the

A HORSEMAN IN A STORM.
(Sepia drawing.)

muscles, the movements, that they never contradict the sense of the form."

It will be a happy day for me when my engraver begins to think of *drawing* more than of *values*. Engravers often give the outlines correctly enough, but they miss the various depths of shading. And

Portrait of Meissonier.

(FIRST SKETCH FOR THE LARGE PORTRAIT PAINTED BY THE ARTIST IN 1889.)

how often they fail to understand some form! The great difficulty in engraving is to render the expression of the heads. Each has the expression proper to its own character and attitude. With that particular head, the personage could make no other gesture than the one I have given.

Wherever I see *perfection*, it gives me intense pleasure; even in such commonplace things as the wood-work of my house in Paris, and the spotless surface of the dressed stone in the walls.

These things act upon the mind as well as upon the eyes, and in my calling, I have often observed their effect. The diagonal lines in which the newer streets are built, have necessitated irregularity of line in structures. Some of my *confrères*, whose studios have been built under these conditions, have gradually lost their correctness of eye, and their works have suffered. . . .

I have an immense power of work. I work quickly, passionately, frankly. But I am slow in reaching my ultimate rendering of the subject. The ideal grows as the work progresses. The longing for perfection is imperious with me.

I begin to paint at once, eagerly, without any preparation or calculation. My backgrounds are never prepared beforehand. It is more difficult when I come to retouching the picture.

How often do I begin the whole thing over again, for my own sake, for that of my own conscience! And I never hesitate to take out finished work, if a change of position or gesture seems to me necessary.

I have changed the horse's action again; always the same old game! I begin something, a mere trifle, not meaning to modify it, and it turns into something important. I have a great mind to take to etching.

THE DECLARATION.
(Sketch in colour.)

VI

HIS WORKS

MY sight would not allow me now to make the drawings I once did for *La Chaumière Indienne*. I devoted three nights a week to them, and spent my days in the Bibliothèque Nationale and the Jardin des Plantes.

*

In 1836 I was practically non-existent, a poor unknown. I earned nothing, necessary as it was for me to make a living. Curmer was then bringing out a new edition of *La Chaumière Indienne;* he was also publishing a sort of ancient history, from a poor edition of the eighteenth century, and the Royaumont *Bible*, with the Gospels as appendix, illustrating it with a series of execrable drawings. At the instigation of a friend, I went and asked him to give me a commission. Of course he refused. I looked a mere boy. But it was a vital matter to me, and as Tony Johannot was then considered the prince of illustrators, I spoke to him. A few days before, I had modelled masks of the two Johannots; we had a mania for modelling each other's heads in the studio. The imprudent Curmer betrayed some interest in the details of modelling! I seized my opportunity! "Monsieur Curmer, will you let me model your head?" He agreed,

and at the same time commissioned me to make a drawing, *The Murder of Eleazar*. I brought it to him a few days later, and he gave me forty francs (my first forty francs!), and an order to transfer it to wood. After that I did another, then four more. I also did a *Marat* for Thiers' *Révolution*, and two or three other drawings, among them a *Taking of the Bastille*.

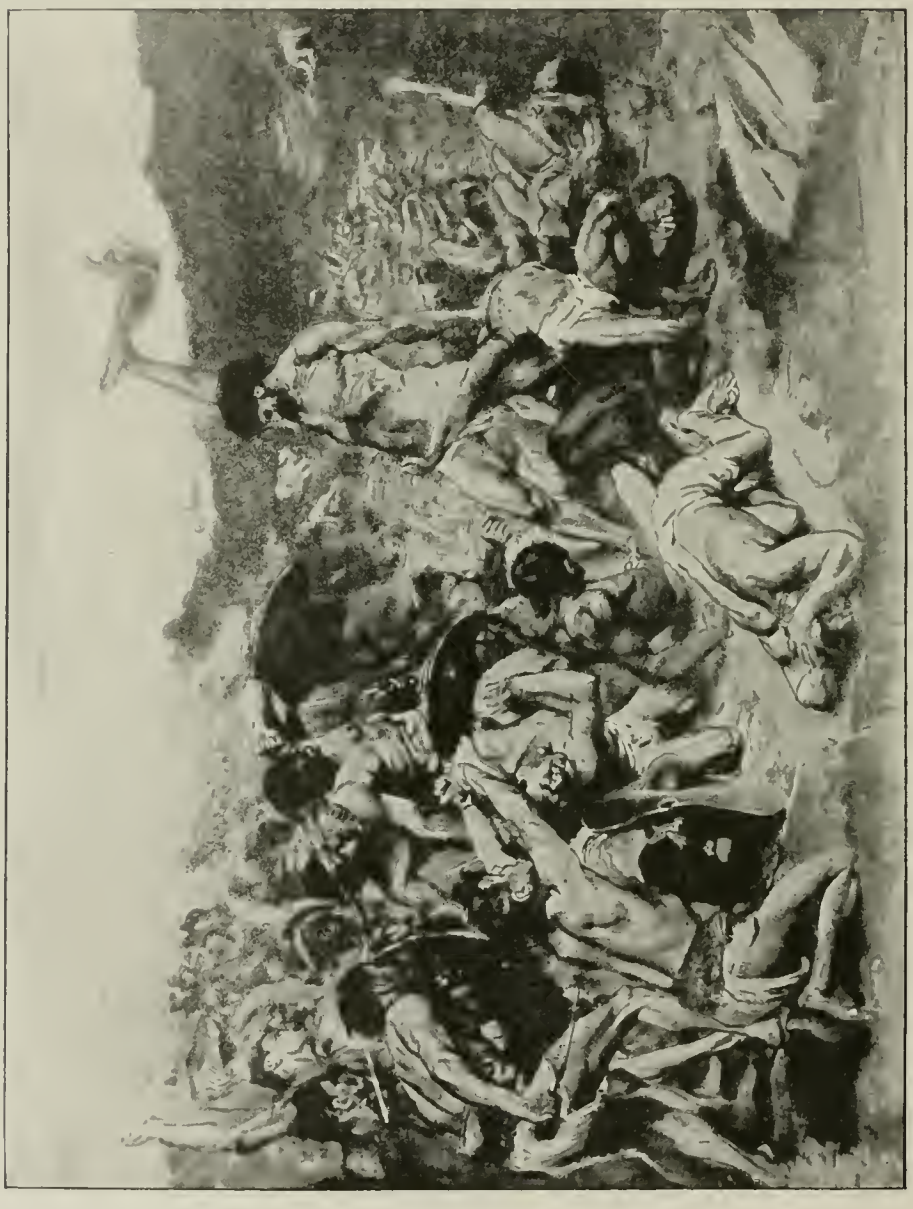
DRAGOON OUTPOST.
(Owned by Mr. Knœdler of New York)

Pascal, a fellow-student, used to take the things that were lying about everywhere in my studio. He kept those youthful drawings of mine, and I have just bought one for 175 francs at the Beurnonville Sale! This drawing of *Marat at the Convention* was done some four or five years later, when I had had more practice.

Immediately after this, I set out for Italy; but the projected journey fell through. My father took fright at the outbreak of cholera, and I got no further than Lyons and Grenoble.

I came back to Paris a good deal straitened. My father had

certainly prepared a studio for me in his own house—he had married again, the wedding taking place at midnight, as was then the custom —but the studio did not furnish me with an income.



SAMSON.

It would be very interesting to paint a *Samson*, if I had time. The theme inspires me. I imagine Samson to have filled the Philistines with terror, striking down men on every side, leaving a long

Portrait of Meissonier.

BY HOUSELF.

(WATER COLOUR. VALENCIENNES MUSEUM.)

Monsieur Chevreul, vous en exigeant
témoigne toujours de notre vieille et bien bonne amitié
F Meissonier
1881

line of corpses in his wake. They know not how to escape him. They fly before him, instinctively warding off his blows from their heads. It is a fine subject, and might be treated in a very original manner.

SKETCH FOR SAMSON.

On every side, terror and slaughter. Samson is like a mower sweeping down the grain. The Philistines beg for mercy in vain; they are doomed. . . . Poche, formerly a model at the École des Beaux Arts, now a curator there, sat to me once for the figure. It is forty years since I made this sketch for the *Samson*.

I should like to paint a picture, the sketch for which was given to Stevens, a very interesting subject: a sick man in bed; the doctor examines him, listening to his pulsations; friends and relatives, whose several mental attitudes are expressed in their faces, seek to read the truth in the eyes of the doctor, who is lost in contemplation, plunged in the depths of diagnosis.

SKETCH FOR SAMSON.

The Duc d'Aumale once thought of asking me to paint a *Death of Turenne* for him, but I could not represent Turenne struck down, overcome, Turenne at the moment of the legendary bullet, when Saint

Hilaire becomes the hero of the drama by his famous repartee. No, if I paint Turenne, it shall be with all his soul in his face, in the din of battle.

These two little figures will be amusing on the old staircase at Lausanne. The young girl I first imagined tripped down, erect and simple, a vague delight in her heart, her hand on the young man's arm. The lady of this second conception is rather an enamoured woman, hanging over her lover. Why should we not suppose him to be Jean Jacques himself?

Gauthier's quatrain on my little picture, *The Chariot*, comes into my head on this road which I introduced in the composition :

> Le carrosse doré roule par la campagne
> Escorté de seigneurs et de chevaux fringants.
> Belles dames, craignez qu'on ne vous accompagne
> Plus pour voler vos cœurs qu'effrayer les brigands.

Mosselmann, Mme. Lehon's brother, wanted a wedding-present for his niece, and asked me to let him have the little picture. He paid his own price for it, two thousand francs.

These verses, harmless as they are, were considered unsuitable as an offering to a young girl, so the picture was presented without the stanza.

I dislike taking commissions for pictures from my sketches. I prefer selling the finished works. I like to be free to throw them aside if I do not feel that I shall bring them to a successful issue, I like to be unfettered in the matter of their final dimensions.

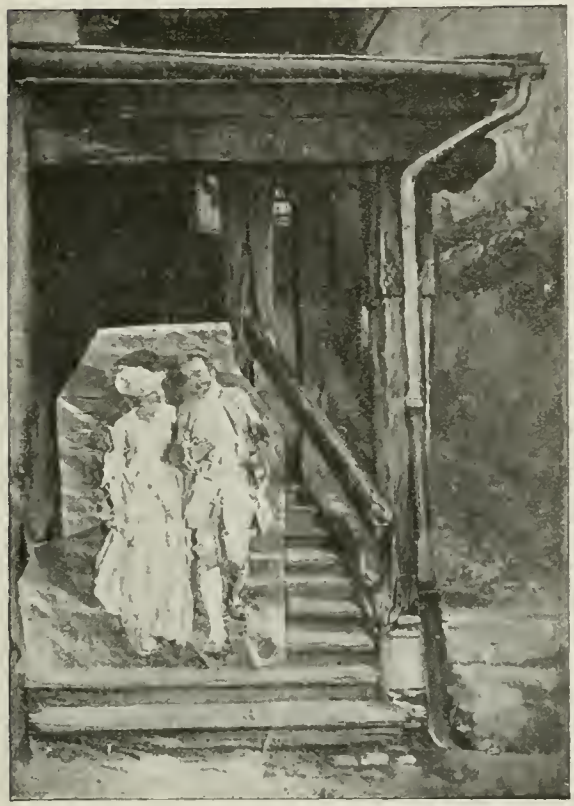
I would not enter into any negotiations with a collector who wished me to resign my rights of reproduction by photography or engraving.

My touch is very rapid. You see the luminous point at once on my canvases ; my sketches are written studies.

When I am face to face with Nature, the sense of her transience, her mobility, is a delight to me. I feel all the ardour and the excitement of the true sportsman, who will only fire at a pheasant on the wing.

I remember seeing postillions in my youth; they disappeared about 1830.

I had the original saddle and costume to work from for my picture. . . .

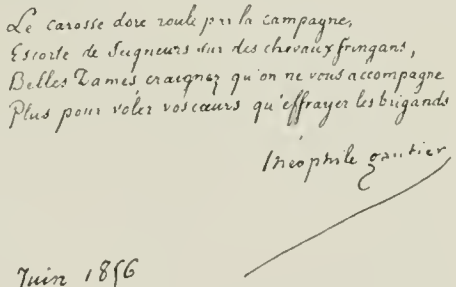


JEAN JACQUES IN LOVE.

My locksmith at Poissy, Achille Dault, was the son of a postillion, who rode with the Triel diligence. Achille, who is about my own age, had, indeed, travelled with his father; he had kept his accoutrements religiously, and finally agreed to let me have them.

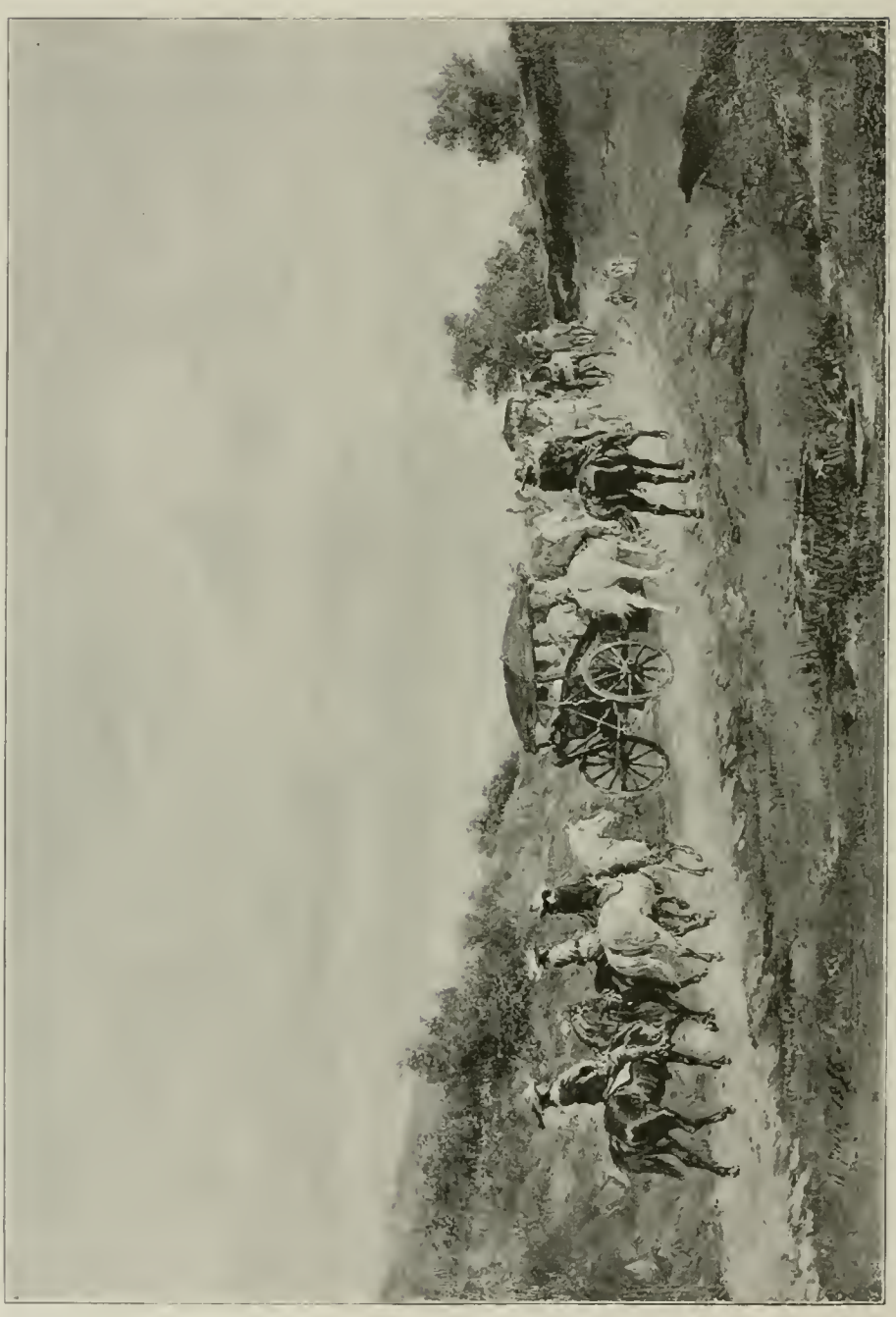
I have therefore painted everything with scrupulous exactness; the picture is a historical document. There are details now completely forgotten, which I have reproduced minutely. The portmanteau rolled in a goatskin, the stirrup and stirrup-leathers. . . .

Instead of keeping the cord straight, it was made to hang to the left, as in my *Postillion*. This was the smart style. It amused me greatly to bring in all these details.


Le carosse doré roule par la campagne,
Escorté de Seigneurs sur des chevaux fringans,
Belles Dames craignez qu'on ne vous accompagne
Plus pour voler vos cœurs qu'effrayer les brigands
Théophile Gautier
11 Juin 1856

FACSIMILE OF INSCRIPTION FOR THE CHARIOT.

I don't often cry up my own works. But honestly, I may say I was never better inspired than in this. I never painted anything fresher, more vigorous, more full of movement.



THE CHARIOT.
(Prince Liechtenstein's collection.

Study of a Hand.

Whether I paint my figures as large as life, or in thumbnail studies, I bestow the same care upon them. The horse the postillion is leading back was called the *Maillet;* he wears two breast-pieces. When the postillion came back after driving he took off the breast-piece, and put it on the free horse; then he turned away quietly smoking his pipe, as mine does.

How weak are theories, and how strong is simplicity! What need to idealise, when ideal nature is before us? The choice of a point of view is important, because of the manner in which the lines combine at certain angles. This is why I worked at my picture of *Antibes, standing* in the dusty road.

A MAN READING.
(Mrs E. U. Coles' collection.)

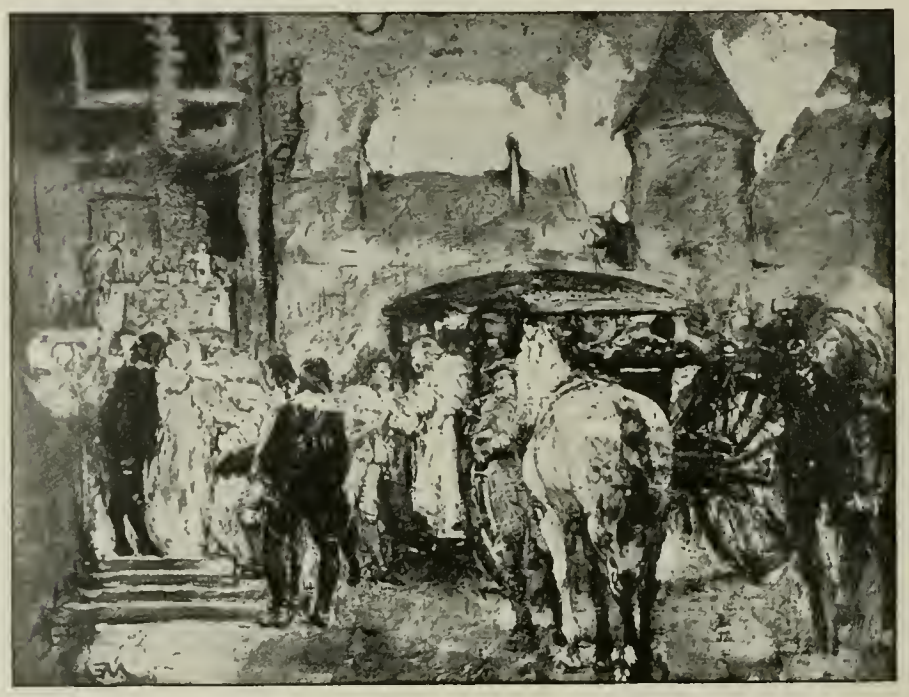
Leland Stanford, Governor of California, asked me to paint his portrait in 1881. I had it engraved for him by Jules Jacquet.

His cane was introduced for a special reason. It was the one he always used. He prized it greatly, for on the handle was a little gold plate, made from the first nugget he found, the foundation of his fortune.

On the table by the side of the famous cane lies an open album. It contains the first horses and animals in motion photographed by the American, Muridge.

In *La Rixe*, everything was carefully studied; you note the quality of the silk and velvet, but the picture itself carries you away. The details in all their elaborate finish may be said to exist only for me. The spectator passes them over at first. He sees only the two men rushing at each other.

The background (the wall) gave me a good deal of trouble. It was a success at last, for it became entirely unobtrusive. . . .



SKETCH FOR *L'Arrivée au Château.*

The engraving combines fire with delicacy. It is far removed, indeed, from the conscientious, but monotonous work of certain engravers.

My constant preoccupation is to keep accessories subordinate to principals. Take away the hat, and you spoil the picture. This hat throws the face of the intervening figure into shadow, so

that it does not distract attention from the furious glare of the antagonists.

There are no readers nowadays. If I had to excuse myself for having multiplied *Readers* of a past century, I might reply: "They really were numerous in those times, when a man handled his volume dantily, as a lover of good books and fine bindings should do."

If I were to paint a modern *Reader*, I should have to put a newspaper in his hand, and to furnish his shelves with pamphlets not worth

STUDY OF AN ARM FOR *Le Chant.*

the trouble of binding, and publications at a franc a volume. Imagine the modern student as he would appear in this setting! . . .

To-morrow I shall touch up *L'Arrivée au Château* (*The Arrival at the Castle*) which has just come back from the Exhibition. The picture is to go to America; to Vanderbilt; its first owner having sold it.

The American duties on French works of art seem to me

STUDY OF DRAPERY FOR *Le Chant.*

WHY LINGER?
(M . . .'s collection)

ungenerous and unfriendly. We give the training of the École des Beaux Arts gratuitously to Americans, and impose no limit of age in their case, whereas our own students are ineligible after thirty. And America repays our hospitality by this unfriendly tax upon our exported works of art! I know Americans in Paris, who are rather ashamed of this, and try to excuse it. I used to be told that the tax would be removed, but I see no signs of its abolition; it still remains in full force. I should be inclined to say to them: "As you like, then, go on as you have begun. But as we, too, are free to impose conditions, take yourselves off from our schools and exhibitions, and cease to enjoy the hospitality which enriches you at our expense."

When I made my drawing for the *Barricade*, I was still under the influence of the terrible impression I had just received. . . . Things like that enter into one's very soul. When the artist reproduces them, he is not merely concerned to paint a picture; he has been stirred to his inmost depths, and desires to fix the memory of what he has seen.

I was captain of artillery in the National Guard at the time. We had been fighting for three days. I had seen men killed and wounded on every side in my own battery. The insurrection was raging round the Hôtel de Ville, where we were stationed. When the barricade in the Rue de la Mortellerie was taken, I realised all the horror of such warfare. I saw the defenders shot down, hurled out of windows, the ground strewn with corpses, the earth red with the blood it had not yet drunk.

It was then I heard that stern sentence, which showed me more forcibly than anything how minds are unhinged by passion in these street-risings. "Were all these men guilty?" said Marrast to the officer in command of the National Guard. "I can assure you, M. le Maire, that not more than a quarter of them were innocent."

But my memories carry me away. . . . Could it be otherwise? The sight of this drawing always calls them up, and moves me deeply.

Delacroix, that great artist, who loved me truly, was so struck by the drawing when he saw it in my studio, that I experienced one of the greatest pleasures of my life in making him a present of it the same evening.

Some years ago I bought a few acres of land at Bourg-de-Batz, but I have never troubled myself about it since. The costume of the district is very picturesque; the women wear a curious kind of cap, with a ribbon twisted round it.

I remember being very much puzzled by the make of the cloaks worn in the time of Louis XIII. The collar especially is very difficult to cut. When I was at Le Croisic, there was a sailor's funeral; the sailors who attended it had all put on their *funeral costume*, little black cloaks, perhaps two or three hundred years old, and I then discovered how the Louis XIII. collars were cut.

*

I never try to save myself trouble. Often I take out things that are really very well painted, because I see how it would be possible to improve them.

*

My picture *Le Chant* (*Song*), for instance; I want to finish it, but I can't. First of all, I could not get the right models for the costume; hence hesitations, experiments. Veronese had never to hunt about for a sleeve, a bodice; he just painted what every one was wearing. . . .

*

I don't at all like negotiating on my own behalf with amateurs. I have three pictures in hand at the present moment. I am going to write about them to Madame Tascher de la Pagerie, who has written from Vienna to ask for a picture.

One, you know, is *A Venetian Noble*, in a red velvet robe, who is reading an official paper at a table loaded with books and documents. I call him a *Venetian* because there is a piece of Venetian woodwork behind him. I sometimes imagine him to be a member of the Council of Ten.

The young man of the sixteenth century (a contemporary of Maximilian) is standing before a closed door; he hesitates to cross the threshold, for he knows that something decisive and terrible awaits him on the other side. The third is a horseman on an open plain, his cloak streaming in the wind.

My *Venetian* will be a spirited conception. I shall put some Aldine bindings on the books, fine Venetian bindings. The man is serious, occupied with weighty affairs. But I have hinted at a woman's presence in the house by placing a bouquet of flowers on the table.

*

You see, my dear, I know the Emperor intimately! And I am not so severe in my judgment of him as M. Yung.

It has been one of my dreams to paint a whole Napoleonic epopee! a cycle embracing the last scenes in his career.

THE EVE OF MARENGO
(Sketch.)

It would have been interesting to paint a Napoleon at the Council of State.

I should like to have shown him at Erfurth—the moment of supreme intoxication, when the man must have been dizzy at his own greatness.

An old official whom I met at Brussels, whose whilom function it was to announce the various sovereigns by long strings of imposing titles, unconsciously suggested a most dramatic picture to me, when he told me that, after a silence, he finally announced: "The Emperor!"

When I was at work on the *Napoleon* I was told that the Emperor's former valet, Hubert, was living in the Rue de Miromesnil, and that I should get some valuable hints from him. When I asked him if I had truthfully rendered Napoleon's attitude and costume, he told me that His Majesty would never trouble to unhook his epaulettes, so as to let them lie across his chest, as was then the custom when the over-coat was worn, but that he had his coats made loose enough to slip on over his epaulettes.

SKETCH, ON A LETTER.

It was Hubert, too, who told me that when the Emperor went to his own room to undress for the night he always sang

Veillons au salut de l'empire,

and that as he took his clothes off he threw everything, coat, watch, hat, &c., across the room in the dark. The Emperor took snuff, he said, but he only just held it to his nostrils, and a whole boxful might have been swept up in any place where he had been for a quarter of an hour. As he was most punctilious and neat in his person, something of a dandy in his way, he put on a clean pair of breeches every day. The old Duc de Mortemart also gave me a great deal of valuable information.

I have not yet decided upon my Bonaparte's gesture . . .

To show him saluting the flag is a fine idea. That imperious gesture has the further advantage of leaving his head uncovered. But it localises the figure of Bonaparte; his deep gaze, fixed on the regions of genius and futurity, loses something of its mystery when turned on some definite object such as this glorious emblem of his country. We no longer see the Man of Destiny, impassible amidst the delirium of the multitude, absorbed in his own vision, looking at the present, and sounding the abysses of the future. I must paint him with his hat on his head, bowing before nothing, seeing nothing, indeed, but his dream . . . lost in the ideal. . . .

This was my idea when I made the first sketch.

*

This picture I have sketched of Bonaparte in Italy with his generals, Berthier, Murat, Duroc, and other officers, is an episode of 1796 or 1798. It dates from before the Consulate, at the beginning of the campaign in Italy, and was designed as a pendant to *1807*. I shall have a battery of artillery, a second line of soldiers, a reserve of cavalry, a battery in position. I want to paint the difficult movements of the artillery. The hour is daybreak.

This is the first of the Napoleon series I propose to paint. Everything in it is young. It is dawn, morning, the beginning of his glory! The second picture is *1807*, the third *1814*. In the sketch for *1796* (or *1798*) the figures are one-third of the proposed size. I want to make it two metres, fifty centimetres, the same size as the *1807*.

*

I have often wished to paint the Emperor on the eve of the battle of Marengo. It was a striking and picturesque moment. It had rained all day, as it was afterwards to rain at Waterloo, and in the evening, he dismounted in the plain with his officers. The *Chasseurs* made a fire of dried vine branches, at which the wet and muddy general and his staff stood and warmed themselves. This would be an interesting subject.

*

Dear one, we can only judge others by putting ourselves in their

1814—The Campaign in France.

(M. CHAUCHARD' COLLECTION.)

places. I have never believed Napoleon vain-glorious. Naturally, things look differently to those on the top of Mont Blanc and those below. Don't you think that his accusers, Lanfrey and the rest, would have been giddier at such a height than he? Of course, I don't mean to say that Napoleon's mental attitude was that of an ordinary honest man, of a counting-house clerk. But we must not confound greatness with vanity.

My dream, which there is no longer time to realise, was to paint the Napoleonic Cycle in five pictures: *1796*, the one I sketched last, was to have been the first. I have not thought it out thoroughly yet. The scene is laid in Italy, in summer, on the morning of Castiglione, or just after Montenotte. . . . There would be a battery of artillery coming up from behind a piece of rising ground . . . a second line more to the front. Bonaparte passes at a gallop. I should make him face the rising sun, that it might light up his figure. The dust which certainly flew up behind him (do you remember the Italian roads?) would hide a good many details; but we may imagine him to be advancing upon meadows. . . .

Here I show him in *action*. He is not yet the statuesque pivot of *1807*. In *1807* everything turns on *him;* the tide of intoxicated men sweeps by him, at his feet, but he is motionless, whereas, in *1796*, he himself is in violent action.

In *Friedland*, Napoleon is still part of the nation, in spite of his glory. He is linked to the people by his soldiers. All is gay, smiling. It is the happy apogee.

Erfurth (1810) would be the picture of his dizziest moment, when his pride was his undoing in that court of kings. It is a picture I must try to paint, I have often thought of it.

1814 is the campaign of France, not the retreat from Russia, as has been sometimes suggested. All have lost faith in him. Doubt has come. He alone believes that all is not yet lost, perhaps.

1815 is still to be painted! It would be the "Bellerophon." He is alone on the ship that bears him away; an English sentry keeps guard over him.

Whenever I have tried to paint a given subject, every detail of which has been decided upon in advance, the work has become uninter-

STUDY OF A DRAGOON FOR *The Guide.*
(Musée du Luxembourg.)

esting, odious to me, like that Napoleon picture, for instance, which I sold in London, and for which I must now find a name. Eckmühl is perhaps the only battle which would agree with the picture, and its

charge of cuirassiers. But I have not quite decided upon this name yet. I am inquiring at the War Office, hunting through documents.

THE SCOUT.
(M. Maximilien Beyer's collection.

Think of *1807*, and *1814*. If I had been forced to determine the actual battle, or the exact date of the campaign of France, I should

have become the slave of my subject. The same with *1870*. It is "the Siege," not such and such a day of the Siege.

As a little relaxation after the discipline of military subjects, I thought of painting something youthful, a love-scene, Daphnis and Chloe. But this has been done so often. I can't take up that note. As to finishing some old picture, like the *Concert*, which I began some two or three years ago, that would be impossible to me now. It really is not worth while to paint all those stuffs, and work out all those costumes, merely to render various attitudes of listening attention.

Chenavard dissuaded me from attempting an *Ariosto reading his verses*. I had made a sketch for it. "The Italians have done all those things far better than any modern can do them," he said. Since then, I have lived in Venice, I have become more Italian than I was at that time; I am saturated with the atmosphere of the country. But I care no longer for those episodic subjects. What I long for, what my soul really desires, is synthesis.

I should like to paint the *Poet*, drawing inspiration from the life of all humanity, and nourishing it with his divine honey.

No picture ever gave me so much trouble as *Les Dragons* (*The Dragoons*). There is no help for me. I cannot get away from it. I am perpetually making models of horses, putting bridles on them. . . . I have spent a prodigious time over the picture. . . . If I were to write its history, it would be curious. The repainting of one figure entails the alteration of another, and so on.

The dragoons wear the uniform of the army of the Rhine and the Moselle.

I am trying to alter the horses, because their two legs look like horns on the Alsatian's hat. His eyes are still red with tears, but he has made up his mind. He will march well presently.

During the fifty years I have been painting, I never did anything so difficult and yet so simple in effect. This figure in the shade must nevertheless dominate the whole. Really, this picture is so artless, it is amusing!

I have just scratched out the legs to change the rear movement . . . and I shall perhaps put it back again! "Let well alone," is the sluggard's motto.

The time always comes when the most troublesome picture begins to give one pleasure. The *Dragoons*, which has been on the stocks for years, which I have sold to Crabbe to-day, which I took up again after a long interval most unwillingly, I now find deeply interesting! At this psychological moment of the picture's career, all seems to be going well! I know when to *leave off*, even when I have had the picture a long time in my studio, under my eye.

STUDY FOR *1807*.

I should like to be very long-sighted for my work, and, to do just the reverse of what I actually do, I should have to look at my work through an opera-glass. At any rate, I wish I were rather less shortsighted; but with my love for modelling, and for the logic of things, I must feel the reason for every fold of drapery I paint.

But my short sight is a great impediment to my study of the model. I want to follow my work, even through my spectacles, but I am obliged to keep a little opera-glass by me, to observe my sitter.

Dear Sir—I have delayed writing to you, because my letter must be, as it were, a last farewell to my work, the final act of separation. You will understand, therefore, that I put it off till the last possible

moment. Pleased as I am that you should own my picture, I cannot be unmoved at the loss of a work which has been so long the life of my studio.

It is now on its way to you. Receive it as a friend; not as one of those who take our fancy at first and are then forgotten, but as one of those we love more and more as we get to know them better. I should like to think that your pleasure in this picture, into which I have put all my store of knowledge and experience, will increase each time you look at it.

STUDY OF A DRAGOON FOR *The Guide*.
(Water Colour in the collection of M. Gaston Lebreton, Director of the Rouen Gallery.)

I am convinced, and I have a certain pride in the avowal, that it is one of those works the value of which will increase with time.

What has been said of it will pass away; but the work itself will remain an honour to us both.

Although it is itself its best defence, although the thousands who have crowded to see it have sufficiently discounted a few unfriendly criticisms, I have a right, after working at it so conscientiously and sincerely, to defend and to explain it.

Strange as it may seem, this is necessary, for, notwithstanding the clarity of the idea, some persons have misconceived it, and put forward another.

Sketch.

(PERIOD OF THE DIRE TOEY.)

I had no intention of painting any particular battle ; I wished to show Napoleon at the apogee of his glory. I wished to paint the love, the adoration of the soldiers for the great captain in whom they believe, for whom they are ready to die. . . .

In my picture, *1814*, I had already painted the tragic *finale* of the imperial power, the demeanour of those men, once so full of enthusiasm, now broken and exhausted, their faith in the invincible leader gone! For this theme, I could scarcely find tints sombre enough in my palette. But for *1807*, I wanted all to be joy and sunshine. I felt that no colours could be brilliant enough for the rendering of that triumphant moment. No shadow was to fall on the imperial figure, to detract from the epic character I hoped to give it.

A CUIRASSIER.—STUDY FOR *1807*.

It was necessary to indicate that the battle had already begun, in order to explain the enthusiasm of the soldiers, and to strike the key-note of the scene, but I was careful not to sadden it by any terrible details. I avoided all such ; an overturned waggon—the corn that was never to ripen—these were enough !

Leader and men are face to face. The soldiers shout that they are his, and the impassible chief, whose will directs the masses surging round him, salutes his devotees. *He* and *they* have understood each other.

Such is the conception which sprang to life in my brain in an

instant, complete in every detail. So definite was the image it always presented to my mind, that in spite of the time I have spent in putting it upon the canvas, I have never modified my first idea in the least degree.

As to the execution, only a painter, and a painter of great experience, could realise the time and labour required for the welding of so many diverse elements into a coherent whole. He alone could know how difficult it was to carry out the conception so severely, rejecting all those artifices which often mask an artist's weakness. The green corn is an evidence of this severity. How many difficulties I might have evaded, if I had replaced it by a cloud of dust, which hides so many things.

Let me repeat what I said at the beginning: I have faith in my work; time will consolidate it, and I know your enlightened tenderness will protect it, if need be.

Now, my dear Sir, let me end by offering you my portrait. You wished to have it, and I have had great pleasure in painting it myself for you. It will speak to you of me more intimately than I can do, and will remind you how sincerely I am yours,

E. Meissonier.[1]

*

They are wheeling, they are about to march past the Emperor. This whirlwind circles round him. I exhausted all the riches of my palette in the rendering of this manœuvre, and yet, the dominant note in the picture is the figure of the Emperor in the middle distance.

*

In *1807*, the Emperor is no longer in motion himself, as in the *1798* in Italy. He has become the pivot of Europe; it is not only his army, but the world that circles round him.

I have often thought of painting *1807* in distemper, on a very large scale. . . .

[1] Written by Meissonier to Mr. Stewart of New York, the purchaser of *1807*. On the death of Mr. Stewart the picture was bought by Judge Hill, and by him presented to the Metropolitan Museum.

1807—Friedland.

(METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.)

The effect of boundless horizon and innumerable masses of men in *1807* is produced by the suppression of all accidental details, landscape, trees, &c., which give a non-shifting scale, and the filling of the spaces with human figures. There is a sense of movement in the picture, whereas in panorama, all the mobile elements are arrested, transfixed in an irritating fashion, by the precision with which the details of the landscape and of surrounding objects are rendered.

A galloping horse, like that in *1807*, would be intolerable in such a setting, always in the same spot. Everything quiescent, however, is readily accepted by the spectator, and invites his leisurely scrutiny.

Take the fine panorama of Rezonville, for instance. Detaille's resting soldiers are delightful, but the effect of the galloping horse near the cross is highly unpleasant. On De Neuville's side, again, how profound is the impression made by the long line of cuirassiers, and the dead and wounded soldiers.

In a panorama, nothing can be taken on trust. Everything is so absolutely real, that everything should look credible. We must be able to see things perpetually in the same place without a sense of discomfort.

Look at X.'s picture of *Cuirassiers* at the Salon. It was a mistake to show the squadrons dashing forward out of the frame, with no ostensible object, in that landscape full of trees, details, &c. I should have made them advancing upon some visible obstacle, otherwise the motive of the action is lost.

In *1807* my cuirassiers are galloping forward to join in the battle that is going on in the distance. But the Emperor dominates the whole. It is for him they charge, to him they give themselves with those enthusiastic shouts.

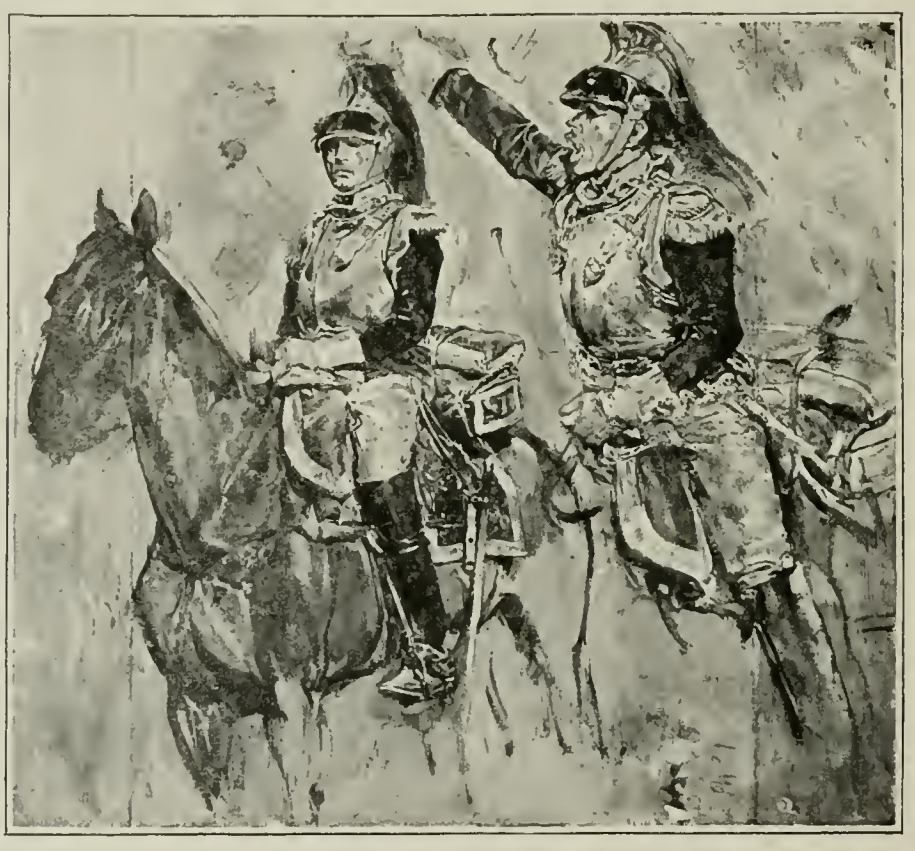
1807 was exhibited for a few days only, at the Cercle de la Place Vendôme, before it went to America. *1807* is the antithesis of 1814: I wanted to express the moment of supreme confidence in the victorious Emperor.

In the picture *1796*, for which I have made a sketch, he is only General Bonaparte. His career is beginning, he exerts himself

personally, whereas in 1807 he no longer acts. (Duroc will be with him, and others.)

1807 is a battle, Friedland, if you like. The idea was to show the Emperor impassible, in the midst of movement and struggle.

I hoped to paint a complete history of Napoleon. Two of the pictures are wanting. They are not yet sketched out on canvas, though they exist in my soul.



STUDY OF CUIRASSIERS FOR *1807*.

The series was to embrace the whole Imperial cycle: the dawn of greatness in Italy; its apogee in 1807.

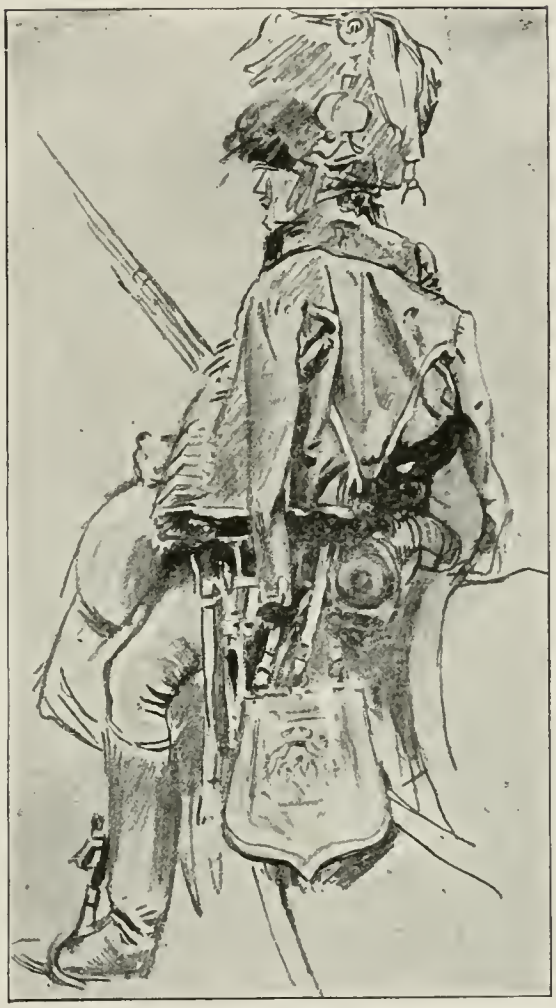
I wanted to paint Erfurt, where, as an eye-witness told me, each person was announced by a long string of titles, whereas, for Napoleon, the formula used was simply "The Emperor."

Observe the effect, the tableau! He is no longer with his troops, he loses his head, it is the first step downwards . . .

The last picture, the fifth, was the departure on board the *Bellerophon*.

These five pictures would have contained his whole history.

For each of the horses in *1807*, as for each of the men, I made a separate study. Love of truth often impels me to begin something over again, after finishing it completely. I often make trial sketches on a piece of glazed paper, to see what it will be best to do finally; then I paint very rapidly.



SKETCH OF A HUSSAR.

When it was proposed to engrave *1807*, as I had not sufficient documents by me (the picture itself had gone to America), I set to work on a reproduction in water-colour. But I made innumerable changes in the movements of the horses, and in the figures. The result was a great many new studies, which should be compared with the earlier ones.

The Guide, for instance, is quite a different person. That was a serious business. . . . The engraver profited greatly by the alteration. I myself thought the group of the four Guides quite satisfactory. I fancied I had put the last touch to it. Not at all! Water-colour allowed me to introduce fresher tints. In a work of art, the *result* is what we should think of, not our own trouble.

Although I work under great pressure from all sides, I am always altering. I am never satisfied.

Perfection lures one on ; the careful study of one thing necessitates that of another. Sometimes I fear I may never finish my water-colour, that I shall never be able to get the necessary values in the foreground. . . .

The best plan would be to keep this, when I have carried it as far as the drawing, then to go away to the country, and give it to a pupil to copy, but I have not one at hand. I have already put in all the white I can. It is such a pity that one cannot work over what one has already done, and put on glazes. Perhaps I have made those grenadiers in the background too light, for instance. But one cannot lay one tint over another ; in ordinary water-colour one can enrich the tone by touches here and there ; but not with body-colour. The water-colour would leave a space round it like the basin of a dried up lake. Imagine the result. I have been puzzling over the question for days. But I shall get it right at last. These four hussars to the left make a picture by themselves. The difficulties of the work increase more and more as I go on.

*

I am very fond of Bessières. It was a great pleasure to me to make a good likeness of him.

All my life I have been very fond of horses, and of painting them. Oh ! how necessary is a keen sense of line to the engraver ! I, whose works are so precise, so clearly indicated, so easy to understand, can never find a sympathetic engraver.

The *1807* is extremely difficult to engrave. All the figures stand out vigorously against the sky. I, the painter, can give relief to my figures by colour ; but the engraver would make negroes of them all. For the engraver of *1807*, I shall make a series of indications of the various lines, otherwise he will be utterly at sea. . . . Every horse is so individual, that I must make an outline on glazed paper.

The dominant note should always assert itsel unhesitatingly. Detail, though it should exist, as in nature, should always be sub-

ordinated. The galloping cuirassiers in *1807* do not prevent me from seeing the Emperor's hat first. . . . That black point catches my eye before anything else.

I think no engraver could reproduce horses well without the guidance of the painter, unless he were himself accustomed to engrave horses, and a connoisseur of their points.

When *1807* was on the easel, we amused ourselves by giving names to the different cuirassiers, according to their types. There was the Alsacian Petermann, the sentimental Lucenay, the romantic Durand, the ragamuffin, &c.

Body-colour is the medium for delicate tones *par excellence*.

I think my studies of the Emperor are good likenesses. I shall put some Guides a little in advance of him. They were supposed always to march before him. On arriving, the Guides always formed a circle round him. It was difficult to follow him, I am told. He was perpetually turning off the road.

The abrupt diminution of the line of men in my *1814* is an intentional effect. Some painters would, perhaps, have put in as many figures as possible, but it was my idea to suggest a line stretching away into the distance, out of sight. This gives greater majesty to the Emperor, with his marshals behind him, each so individual, so personal in costume and attitude, like Ney for instance, who never put his arms through the sleeves of his overcoat. A little way off comes the infantry, marching in line, the drummers in front. Small as they are, you can see how their eyes sparkle. Look at that one, the first of the rank, who drums, not daring to turn his head, but who looks out of the corner of his eye at the Emperor on his white horse. Ney, as I said before, is behind him, the sleeves of his coat hanging by his sides, a peculiarity I heard of from an eye-witness. Characteristic traits such as these give life and individuality. The handsome Flahaut, always trim and elegant, is on a line with Ney.

The figure in *1814* who has not put his arms through the sleeves of his coat, is Marshal Ney, Prince de la Moskova; the next is Berthier,

PEN SKETCHES FOR *The Siege of Paris.*

Prince de Wagram; the third is General Comte de Flahaut, His Majesty's orderly officer. Behind Ney is General Drouot. The officer who dozes on his horse, spent with fatigue, is not a portrait.

How often one picks up some interesting and precious piece of information by mere chance! I happened to travel in the same railway carriage one day with a medical officer, who talked to me of the battle of Leipzig, at which he had been present; and told me of the straw, and even shavings they had to use for lint. He had served in Marshal Ney's corps. "I see him still," he said; "the sleeves of his overcoat hung empty, for he never put his arms through them, and the plumes of his hat were always dirty." When

PEN SKETCH. FIRST IDEA OF THE *Siege of Paris.*

I came home I sketched my Marshal Ney for *1814* with this characteristic detail.

There are, indeed, many things of this sort that I alone know now, and some are highly interesting. Often a General's servant is a more amusing person to question on certain points than the General himself.

When I made the sketch for *1814*, I was thinking of Napoleon returning from Soissons with his staff, after the battle of Laon. At the time I had another picture sketched out, a poet reading his verses to some friends and two women.

L. L.

I like to feel perfectly free as regards my sketches. I will not bind myself to finish them, if I find it impossible to get a good result, or if I feel that the picture would not be satisfactory. I would rather die than give up the idea of carrying out certain pictures I have in my mind.

It was while my house was occupied by the Prussians, that I shut myself up in my studio, and painted the sketch for the *Siege of Paris*. That was my revenge!

In this sketch, the naval officer's hand fraternally supports the head of the faithful sailor who lies dead beside him. . . .

All the figures in *Solferino* are portraits: Magnan, Lebœuf, Massue, Fleury, St. Jean d'Angely, Rose, *e tutti quanti*. I myself am behind, to the left.

I painted this sketch for the *Siege of Paris* in less than two months. At the last moment, in the feverish excitement, getting ready for my exhibition, I was forced to forgo a certain amount of harmony and coherence. I did not make a single study for any of the figures, save this sketch on tracing-paper of the dying Regnault.

I also made a mental sketch of the *Siege of Paris* on different lines. This was the idea: France, wounded, her arms shattered, looks on in despair while her provinces are torn from her by Saxon and Bavarian soldiers. The provinces cling desperately to France, who cannot save Paris.

The city standing, her splendid robe at her feet, her head wrapped in a lion's skin. Round her suffering, famine, and death. Children dying on the withered breasts of their mothers. Among the dead, Regnault, &c.

I hope I shall be free this year to set to work on the *Siege of Paris*. It represents Honour, Resistance!

Paris — 1870 1871.

(MADAME MEISSONIER'S COLLECTION.)

My idea is to make a sort of heroic symphony of France. The city of Paris wears a robe of gold brocade, veiled with crape; her hand rests on a cippus. Her mural crown is on a stela; above is the crest of the city, a ship, against which a naval officer lies dying; scattered here and there, the illustrious dead, Franchetti, General Rénault, Dampierre, Neverlée; then an ambulance, a doctor. You know what numbers of little children perished during the siege. To indicate this, here is a national guardsman returning from his week's service at the out-posts; his distracted wife holds out the corpse of his child. Just here is Regnault, the last victim. I was told off to go and claim his corpse from the Prussians. The night before, I had been talking to him.

The Prussians were very surly, they would not allow us to enter their lines. They took our litters from us and brought back our dead. We had had a grave dug just in front of us. We took the number of each soldier as he was laid in it. All day we did nothing but bury the dead. When we came to the body of a National Guard, it was rolled in a wrapper, to be taken back to his family.

Paris sees the spectre of Famine swoop from the sky, with the Prussian eagle on his wrist, like a falconer. When I have finished this picture, if God is pleased to prolong my life so far, I will rest, for I shall have accomplished the work I have most at heart.

The dead lie upon palm-branches, and crowns are strewn upon the ground . . .

I am very fond of this study of a dying soldier, which I made for the figure of Regnault. I should like to try to engrave the picture myself. What a happiness it was to work as I did for six weeks at this sketch of the *Siege*, inspired, carried away the whole time by the fever of creation, never hesitating for a moment.

I made this model of a dying horse in one night.

My intention, when I made the sketch, was to paint a large picture from it. It is my ambition to express that *Siege of Paris*, which saved us from dishonour.

The siege enabled us to resist; for a moment, it even struck panic to the hearts of the enemy, as we saw at Versailles.

A DYING SOLDIER. STUDY FOR THE FIGURE OF REGNAULT IN THE *Siege of Paris.*

The Germans entered France when we had nothing left, neither army nor government. Now that the French nation has regained her mastery of herself, they would not venture to lay hands on us in the same fashion. The Siege of Paris ensured that for us.

I had the actual costume worn by Regnault to paint from for the *Siege of Paris.* His friend, Clairin, lent it to me, and we got Frère Anselme's gown for *Les Brancardiers* (*The Bearers of the Stretcher.*)

If I agree to paint a panorama, I shall allow myself six months for the choice of a subject: — Egypt, Aboukir!—It is very tempting!

A DYING HORSE. MODELLED FOR THE *Siege of Paris.*

Vast, distant horizons are suitable for panoramas. The elements of variety, of richness, to be won from nature and fine costume are infinite. How splendid to paint the Mamelukes rushing upon our

squares, their bodies, riddled with bayonet thrusts, making a bloody rampart before the invincible foe. . . .

THE MADONNA DEL BACIO.

I must study my texts on the spot. I should like to think it over on the very scenes of action before deciding between Fleurus,

Jemappes, Marengo, the Alps, the crossing of the St. Gothard, Egypt . . . . One would have to set to work with an army of assistants. The painters who have undertaken the panorama of *Metz*, and its various skirmishes, have gone to spend the whole summer on the spot. Perhaps I shall be in Egypt next winter! . . . .

Everything has been arranged for the panoramas! Vanderbilt, who is sitting for me for his portrait, knows all about the proposal that has been made me, and like the business man and practical American he is, has drawn up a form of contract for the sixteen thousand francs offered me, and the rights I am to reserve for myself in the profits of the exhibition.

I mean to paint a picture of *Francis I. receiving knighthood from Bayard.* I shall represent the scene *before* the battle, as Fleurange describes it. He gives a number of details. I prefer it *before*, it seems to me more interesting, more impressive. The trumpeter to the left was called Christophe; his name is known. I shall introduce a long line of knights and marshals. It will give great dignity. In the background there will be a body of light horse.

To carry this out as I wish, I shall want six months of liberty.

I would rather paint this *Bayard* than the *Bonaparte* in Italy. The one does not carry me away like the other. The thought of Bayard at Marignan inspires me.

I shall have to work very hard at the Musée d'Artillerie for the *Bayard.* There will be a preliminary outlay of about fifty thousand francs for fresh materials.

Oh! this picture of the *Madonna del Bacio*, how I love it! I would not sell it for anything that could be offered me! If it were burnt, I should feel as if a piece of my flesh had been torn away.

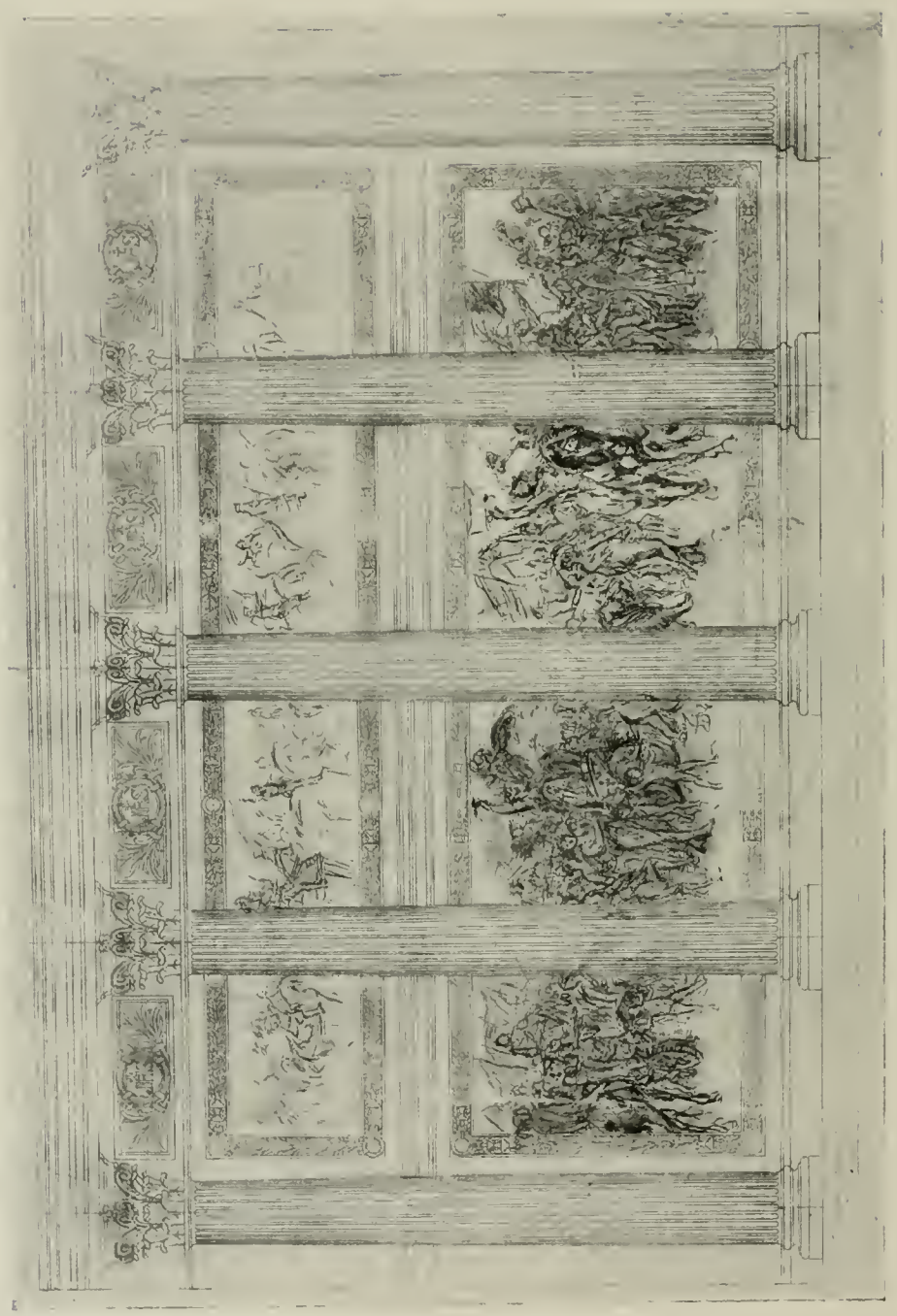
Sometimes when I was at work at S. Mark's, it was so dark that I went to the door from time to time with my picture to see what I had painted in the dim light. I wanted to show by the kneeling woman's gesture that she is tormented by passion, and the calm priest, who came in by chance one day, unwittingly supplied the contrast I at once seized.

At my age and in my state of health, it is perhaps too late to undertake a mural decoration of such importance for the Pantheon, but how much I regret, as I told Chennevierès when the subjects were allotted, that *Joan of Arc* or *Attila* did not fall to my share. . . . What dramatic themes!

One must believe in the reality of things before one can become part of them, so to speak, living with the heroes of one's pictures.

How often I have seen the Emperor in dreams! I admit the truth of the caricature of me that I once saw in some paper: "Someone wants to see you.—Admit him.—Where, Sir?—Into my bodyguard." The painter must breathe the atmosphere of his characters, live in their epoch. How much more interesting to paint Joan of Arc than this placid legend of Sainte-Geneviève, and the miraculous revictualling of Paris! Said Chennevierès, seeing how little it appealed to me: "Go and see the chief priest, he will give you some documents." I did so, and the worthy Abbé began in all seriousness to describe the boats loaded with bread, and the miracle that took place during the passage up the Seine, between Villeneuve-Saint-Georges and Paris. A huge rock stood in the middle of the river, the boats were about to be dashed in pieces against it, when Sainte-Geneviève stretched out her arm, and the rock was turned into a serpent! It is really impossible to get up any enthusiasm for such a theme!

The doctors have been prescribing for these hepatic attacks, from which I have suffered so much again, and as before, at an interval of six months from the last seizure. They order rest, peace of mind . . . .



SKETCH OF THE *Triumph of France*. DESIGN FOR A DECORATION IN THE PARTHENON.

Napoleon.

(SELECTED FROM THE WAX MODEL OF NAPOLEON.)

THE RUINS OF THE TUILERIES, MAY 1877.

happiness, a placid moral life! And I am worn out, harassed with anxieties! If this is the only remedy, I fear my time is short!

Last night I could not sleep, and I lay awake, thinking of the

paintings I would put on the walls of my house. . . . . over one door, Painting and Music; over the other, Sculpture and Architecture.

Then I imagined a large composition between the two, representing the arts in action, so to speak.

In the centre of the composition, a Musician, playing an instrument . . . . on the left Architecture standing, leaning her elbow upon a table, and listening. . . . On the right, Painting. . . . Towards the middle, on the left, Sculpture, conversing with a great prophet.

Another idea was to have two ancient musicians in the middle, escorted and led away by great winged genii.

Won't my staircase be magnificent, with the allegory of the *Poet* on one wall, and *Homer appearing to Dante* on the other?

I was going to the Institut with Lefuel, the official architect of the Louvre. We passed before the ruins of the Tuileries. At certain moments, the mind is attuned to a certain diapason. In the midst of this colossal wreck, I was suddenly struck by the sight of the two words, Marengo and Austerlitz, the names of two incontestable victories, which appeared shining and intact. In an instant, I saw my picture. I installed myself among the *débris* at first, and afterwards in a sentry-box, and painted the water-colour in a week. The drawing of a horseman, which I made on the sentry-box, was cut out by some one, and taken I know not where. I saw it again long afterwards, when it appeared at some sale. It was then photographed. The sentry-box was far from unnecessary, for when I arrived one morning to begin my work, the watchman said: "Ah! Monsieur Meissonier! you had a narrow escape. You had scarcely left the place yesterday, when this fell down, just where you had been standing." It was a huge fragment of the cornice, which would certainly have killed me.

The man who has *seen* a thing is the person to paint it. Twice I have had the good luck to be present just at the most striking moment—this time at the Tuileries, and before, at the Barricade in 1848 . . . It was the frame of mind I happened to be in when those radiant names, Marengo and Austerlitz, confronted me, which created the picture.

The stone cracked and bent under the terrible action of the fire. It opened its mouth, as if to speak. . . .

Victory turns away on her chariot, she abandons us! I painted this picture in 1871, when the tragic aspect of things was fresh in my mind. I explained it by a Latin verse below.

If the two names still legible on the modillions above the ruins had

A MONK MINISTERING TO A DYING MAN
(Fodor Museum, Amsterdam.)

been Wagram, Leipzig, the effect would not have been half so striking. The glory there was not so complete as at Austerlitz and Marengo!

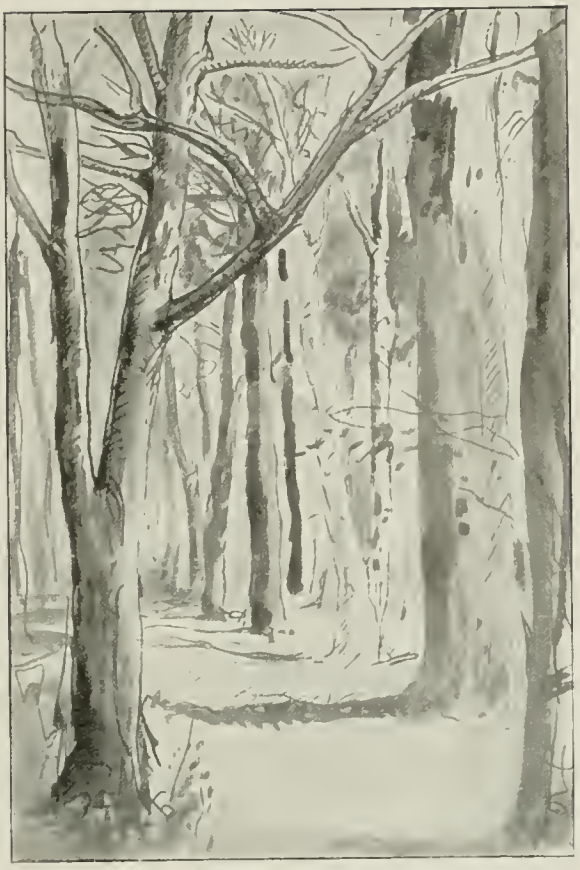
These two words shine in history, just as they shone over the ruins of the palace. . . .

Ah! I remember the fair dreams of our youth, of the art which was to have an aim, to be a moral lesson (as in my picture, the *Citizens*

of Calais), to express great thoughts, devotion, noble examples! Six of my own pictures come up to my early ideal :

A Monk ministering to a Dying Man.
1807, the apogee of triumph.
1814, the dreadful reverse of the medal.
The Barricade of 1840, honour and civil war.
The Siege of Paris, the defence of the fatherland.

And *The Fervent Prayer*, the one I love best of all perhaps, that *Virgin of S. Mark's*, with the kneeling figure for which you were my model at Venice, as you were for that of the City of Paris, in the *Siege*.



LANDSCAPE, SKETCH.

VII

MEMORIES

PRESENTIMENTS come over one sometimes, one feels one's present happiness cannot last . . . one longs never to be parted . . . never to lose those one loves.

*

When I have to go, what I shall regret most (after the people I love, of course) will not be cities and museums, man's works, but nature, God's green fields and woods, and all the inanimate things, as people call them, over which I have so often wept for joy.

*

The idea of glory and of posterity, after one is gone, does not console one for the miseries of the passage through life.

*

Time gives every human being his true value. The real worth of a man cannot be gauged till he is dead, till the clamour of friendship dies down over his ashes, till the farewell speeches, official or kindly, have been delivered. Then it is that the edifice either crumbles away, or endures in glory, flooded with light and fame.

I have spent my life searching for truth. When I have to judge, I try not to do it from my own point of view only, I put myself in others' places; I desire to understand the reasons and motives of their actions.

*

To will is to do, has been my motto all my life. I have always *willed*.

In the days before photography, it was very difficult to work from actual data. I used to go and take up my station all day before tropical plants in the hot-houses of the Jardin des Plantes. I had only the night-time for my drawings. I worked hard. My time was arranged thus: Every evening I worked till eleven o'clock, and three times a week I sat up all night. I made a profit of about ten francs a day on an average.

*

How well I remember our youth, and our artistic aspirations!

*

Oh! how I regret the lost time that can never be made up! My life-work would have been forwarded by some years if my father had understood and accepted my vocation from the first. . . . I have passed through a good deal of hardship. To gain daily bread I was obliged, even after my marriage, to go to bed at six in the evening, and get up again at midnight, to work till eight in the morning. By eight o'clock, I had done my day's work. I was then free to paint at my picture for the Exhibition until evening.

Do you know what my father's wedding-present to me was? He paid my rent for a year in advance, and presented me with about seven hundred francs, half a dozen spoons and forks, and the following speech: "It is now quite evident that you want nothing further from me. When people set up housekeeping, they must consider themselves capable of providing for an establishment." Later on, I, in my turn, would accept nothing from him. He was proud, and so was I!

My father died in 1845, leaving, what was considered in those days, a handsome fortune, about twelve hundred thousand francs. My

Study for the Players at Bowls.

(PEN AND DRAWING. MUSÉE DU LUXEMBOURG.)

brother Gabriel, who was in my father's business, but not a partner, had left him to establish a house in Russia.

The nearer one draws to the end, the clearer is one's memory of the start! Some of us thought of nothing but old manuscripts and Virgins on gold backgrounds; the religious ideal governed life. Faust and Marguerite reigned supreme. We were all for everything Gothic in those days. Did we believe in the "marguerite effeuillée?" We painted our pictures, dreaming of Lamartine (on the mountain, very often). Heavens! how that used to make me cry when I was young! Now, some things are obsolete, Gothic spires, for instance, and angelic choirings! Hum! But all the same, those verses still bring tears into my eyes!

While I was at school at Thiais with my brother Gabriel, the revolution of 1830 broke out. I was just fifteen. The excitement that prevailed was extraordinary. We could hear the roar of cannon in Paris! One night we agreed to go to bed in our clothes, to get up as soon as the house was quiet, to climb the low garden wall, beyond which lay the open country, and to make our way to Paris. But a traitor played us false. One of the masters, who had received secret information, came to my bedside, pulled off the clothes, and finding me fully dressed, administered a couple of boxes on the ears which made me tingle with shame, and, without a word, marched me off to solitary confinement!

In the terrible times of violent upheavals, men often reveal their true characters by some candid and revolting speech. Thus Chevreuil, my tailor, whose witticism cost him my custom, said to me in 1848: "I am beginning to acquire a taste for man-hunting." Terrien witnessed an abominable episode. A sentry was on guard in an exposed place; a National Guard, evidently very ill-pleased, arrived on the scene, gun in hand. "I never miss my mark," he said, "and I have not had the luck to get a single shot yet!" "You never miss?" said the sentry. "Are you quite sure? Well, go and stand there, at

the corner of that house. Every time I show myself, a man appears and takes aim at me. I will show myself now, look out!" He stepped forward. The insurgent at once appeared, and sure enough, the *virtuoso* picked him off.

You can have no idea of the ambition I had, throughout my childhood and youth, to possess a cloak. I cherished this aspiration for a good long time before it was realised. I remember still how I used to shiver, coming out of school in winter! It was one of my father's theories that children should be hardened by exposure to the cold. I wore my blouse in winter as in summer, and how I envied my companions when I saw them muffling themselves up! I remember, too, the miseries of the first quarter of an hour on certain New Year's Days, when I was taken from a warm room into the icy January air, to pay family visits with my father.

LANDSCAPE, SKETCH.

I never remember finding any work I had to do wearisome. To do anything well, one must put one's heart into it, whether the thing be small or great. I applied this principle even to the blacking of my boots. I wrapped and tied up the packets of drugs in the Rue des Lombards as neatly as ever I could.

STUDY OF OLIVE TREES AT ANTIBES.
(Water-colour.)

The day I first went to Coignet's studio, where I only remained a very short time, I remember that on the occasion of my treating the studio, as was the custom, Charlet suddenly exclaimed: "That little chap's a grocer!" Now as I had indeed served my apprenticeship in the Rue des Lombards, this sort of condemnation, which was, in fact, a mere accident, made me miserable. "Is it written on my forehead, then?" I thought to myself.

When the husband died, he married her. There was a son of the first marriage, a really charming boy, whom they worshipped. He died at nineteen, almost suddenly, and their grief was terrible, so bitter and so violent, that we were all deeply affected by it. . . . He was buried at Choisy. Three days later the father, armed with a permit from the police, came to X. and me, to beg us to go with him to Choisy to see the coffin opened, and try and take a cast of the face, which he was miserable at not possessing. We started off in a carriage, taking bags of plaster and all the other necessaries with us. We were thunderstruck at seeing the doctor with a sword, Admiral X.'s sword, in his hand, and he himself in a state of depression so extreme that we hardly dared to think of what might happen. . . . Nature sometimes seems in mysterious sympathy with the active events of life. As we entered the cemetery the light was dying away into weird shadow. The grave-digger uncovered the coffin, and opened it. Decomposition was so far advanced that we had to abandon our intention, and the coffin was nailed down again, after the doctor had laid the Admiral's sword in it. We knew now why he had brought it. We left the cemetery, somewhat relieved, indeed, by this *dénoûment*, but still oppressed with the sadness of the gloomy occasion. It was late. We were fasting, all of us, of course. Who would have thought of food, at such a moment? Yet as we drove back, passing a restaurant, in those days considered a good one, we ordered dinner, and though we none of us thought we could eat, appetite came with the food,—our cheerfulness returned by degrees, and when we departed we doubtless looked like ordinary diners, all memories of the cemetery departed.

The Emperor was very severe, but he would sometimes return and say something caressing.

When he gave an order in action, he would never tolerate the least hesitation. The officer addressed advanced, hat in hand, and standing at attention, repeated the order given, word for word. If he hesitated, . . . "He is not intelligent," said the Emperor, "bring me another."

Mortemart told me that at Hagenau, there was a forest to march through. "It is a difficult piece of ground, very marshy," he began to explain. "That's not true," said the Emperor, impetuously. He felt that no obstacles ought to be admitted before the listening troops behind him.

Mortemart was aide-de-camp in General Nansouty's Cuirassiers. He was a vigorous, capable fellow. When Nansouty's division was ordered to Essling, he was sent to reconnoitre. When on the opposite side of the Danube, the great bridge was carried away, and the Emperor had to be informed of the disaster. Nansouty passed in a boat, carried below the landing-place by the current, and Berthier, who knew this, did not dare explain matters to the Emperor, who told him to "go and fetch Nansouty."

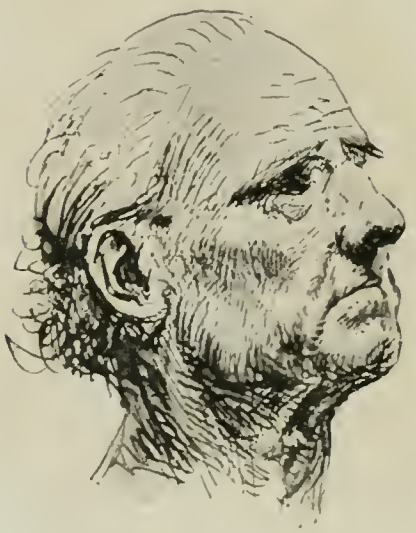
I know not why it is that as I rode along to-day the views at Marly made me think of Solferino. It is not easy to realise what that day, with its floods of human beings, was like.

Just as I was going to put my foot outside the little farm where I had taken refuge, the storm burst. In the open shed by the entrance, a few privates of the line, perched on the cross beams, were guarding some Austrian prisoners. I exchanged a few words in German with the poor devils. Then somebody got me some hay out of the barn for my horse, which was quite done up. Presently a sergeant wanted to put both the beast and me to shelter in a barn full of wounded men. As you may suppose, I refused the offer, and I went out alone, to join the Emperor. Horses hate treading on dead bodies, and the whole place was full of them. Bayonets too were

strewed about in all directions. We went through a little field, deliciously green, a real lover's corner, all heaped with dead.

In the farm-house where I had first taken shelter, a family of Italians, old men, women and children, were weeping. Their house was on fire,—a sad sight.

The first wounded man shocks one terribly. Then one gets used to it. I saw a Zouave stumbling along a path, not mortally hurt, doubtless, for he was able to keep on his feet, but his grey linen trousers were red with blood. . . . In a field-hospital the surgeons were moving about busily amongst the wounded, who were being brought in from all quarters. As I passed on my way I bowed my head respectfully before all this suffering.



SKETCH MADE AT THE INSTITUTE. BARON TAYLOR.

The heat was overwhelming. Towards midday, I went to sleep under a tree with my horse's bridle over my arm. When I awoke I took a bowl which I found slung on a poor dead soldier, and shelled some ears of corn into it for my horse, but the creature was too tired to feed. An officer passing by said to me, "Take this forage cap, you'll find it useful." It had fallen out of the pouch of a young Austrian officer, a handsome young fellow, who lay white and dead at our feet. The idea filled me with horror.

At Brescia I was lucky enough to secure a very good bedroom at the Hôtel de la Poste. I had to go through other people's rooms to get to it, but I had it all to myself. Everybody's door stood wide open. I remember seeing a magnificent young fellow, a Croat, sound asleep on his bed, stark naked. . . .

SOLFERINO.

As for our meals, we had to snatch the dishes out of the kitchen by force. One of our men always kept watch, and if the cook turned his back for a single second, some Zouave would carry off the whole panful of potatoes.

I remember we drank iced champagne in some steward's room. In the general confusion which prevailed anything found was the finder's legitimate prize. . . .

The villages used to present the strangest appearance when the French troops marched in. Sunday petticoats, bright neckerchiefs, counterpanes, curtains, anything and everything, hung out of window in our honour. It was a perfect delirium of delight.

A victory often only becomes evident after the battle, there is no sense of triumph at the actual moment. I saw this at Solferino, where I never left the group immediately surrounding the Emperor.

At the close of the day, towards eight o'clock, when the routed Austrians were fleeing in the distance, the Emperor, we following, went up the hill to a redoubt, which was heaped with dead bodies. I see before me the lane shaded by mulberry trees and tangled vines, up which our men had slipped in single file for shelter as they rushed to the attack. The trail of the wounded testified to the rapidity of their march. We got to the redoubt, where the engagement (a bayonet fight) had taken place, and I can hear Castelnau saying, "Look out for your horses!" (The ground was covered with bayonets.)

The result was so doubtful, as yet, that when the Emperor asked his staff for an explanation of the firing which still grumbled in the distance, nobody could answer him.

If the cavalry, which had done nothing all day, had then been called out, the Austrians,—flying in wild confusion, to cross the Mincio, the bridges of which had all been destroyed,—would have been utterly crushed.

I cannot vouch for the truth of the story, but in the streets of some village or other, I forget which, we were assured that in the madness

Study for Sunday at Poissy.

[illegible]

of the wild flight,—in the desperate pressure of that distracted throng, —the Emperor of Austria drew his sword and cut down a man who got in his way. The victory, as I have said, was so little realised that when I asked Castelnau where our quarters would be that night, he replied, "We *must* sleep here, otherwise, they would say in Paris that we had got a beating!" We went down to Cavriana, Fleury, Castelnau and I. I can still see the town, one of those little Italian places, perched on an eminence, guarded by high walls, the castle on the summit rising protectingly over the houses clustered at its base. There were arches round the courtyard we entered; I held the three horses, while the others tried to get hold of something, amid the confusion of the hasty encampment. They contrived to get a little fodder and water for the horses, and then I hurried off to enjoy that rare treat, a glass of cold water, which Castelnau had saved for me.

In that heat, the longing for water after the action was simply indescribable. I remember there was one well at which the men kept drinking all night. And in the morning it was found to be full of corpses!

Many of the dead were stripped. I was struck by the beauty of one body, naked to the waist,—an admirable torso. The sin of destroying such a beautiful form!

I groomed Coningham myself. When I received permission to join the staff, I had only seen the Emperor once, in 1855. I had had a black fancy uniform made for the Italian Campaign. The Emperor told me afterwards that he took me for an English *attaché*.

In my youth, at Grenoble, I was present (though I turned my head away at the last moment) at a double execution. I learnt English from a young man who intended to take orders, and who thought it right to accustom himself to everything; so he took two or three of his pupils, myself among the number, to see this sight. The scaffold was a very large one. I remember one of the condemned men got away, and ran round the guillotine; the impression of horrors such as these never fades. . . .

But the horror of violent death never struck me so forcibly as once in 1848. One morning, in the gray dawn I saw a group of men, driving a struggling prisoner before them, come out of a street which has now been pulled down, near the Hôtel de Ville. He was a tall, fine young man, a splendid fellow, full of strength and life. The group was close to us, when suddenly the prisoner was struck by a bullet which laid him low. I can still see that swift, terrible passage out of life into death. For one moment his hands twitched at his sides, then all was over, and he was carried away a limp body, a mere human rag that fluttered as it was borne along.

SKETCH MADE AT THE INSTITUTE. ROBERT FLEURY.

*

What a fuss have we here about a love story and a suicide! That is what we have come to! Two pistol shots constitute an event! Formerly people died more easily. Nowadays human life has come to be looked upon as sacred, and that idea engenders cowardice and stifles self sacrifice.

SKETCH MADE AT THE INSTITUTE. COUDER.

*

It is curious to note how little human death affects the face of Nature, how squalid a note it strikes even. Corpses in the open air seem no more than dirty rags, of no importance whatever. . . .

It is when a man dies in his own familiar surroundings, in his own house, surrounded by his own people, that Death towers in its true proportions, its majesty, its touching sadness. The death struggle

NAPOLEON.
(Duc de Morny's collection.)

casts its shadow everywhere then, pervades and darkens everything, absorbs every one. . . . All realise the imminent departure of the soul. On the battlefield, as I felt clearly in 1871, personality does not exist. A corpse is a mere unknown object, lost in an immense surrounding space.

I acted once, at Metz, with Augier, as second in a desperate duel. What an awful thing it is to see a man pass suddenly from the fullest life into death! He received a sword-thrust through the lung, gave a gurgle, then a stream of blood as thick as a quill pen, spouted from his lips; he fell back into his second's arms, his hands, one still grasping his sword, beat twice upon the ground, and that was all. He was dead.

Yes, I knew Balzac well. His imagination and his pride—an immense and sincere pride—were alike stupendous. I began a portrait of him; it was full of vitality, like the portrait of Doctor Lefèvre, but unfortunately, I painted something over it. It is now in Belgium, under one of my best pictures, the *Man with the Sword*.

I began this portrait for Balzac's publisher, and Balzac, with all the good faith in the world, made a calculation of the two million francs which would be my share of the profits, at a percentage of two francs a volume on a huge edition of his works.

One of his characteristics was a kind of bizarre avarice. Hetzel, who was brought a good deal into contact with him during the publication of *La Comédie Humaine* gave me many curious instances of this. Balzac used often to come and fetch him in a cab, then a novel luxury, and after taking him round, would invariably leave Hetzel to settle with the driver.

I once saw M. de Châteaubriand at Sainte-Pélagie. He came to visit Lamennais, whose portrait I was painting at the instigation of a friend of my cousin, Carthaut. That portrait of Lamennais must be somewhere in the garret of my house at Poissy. I much regret that I never finished and kept the very life-like sketch of Balzac, over which I painted part of the *Man with the Sword*.

Long, long ago, there was a thing called Official Art. It came to an end in my young days. The State may be said to have ceased to recognise it when it purchased *La Barque de Dante*, *Le Massacre de Scio*, *La Médée*, &c., ordered *Les Croisés*, and commissioned Delacroix

to do the finest decoration which has ever been seen yet, that of the Libraries of the Chamber and the Senate House, and the ceiling of the Galerie d'Apollon. That surpassingly admirable work dates from some time back. When the State claimed the services of that gifted artist, it fairly broke with conventional traditions. And when, some nine-and-twenty years ago, I had the honour of entering the Institute, the majority in the Academy, by thus admitting into its bosom a painter whose only stock in trade consisted of small figures, broke with that tradition too. Does not the subsequent reception of MM. Gérôme, Bonnat, Breton, Delaunay, Gustave Moreau, Henner, &c., attest a catholic spirit?

Our ancient Institute is so covered with glory that even foreigners esteem it a signal honour to have the remotest connection with it. It stands erect, amidst so many ruins, like a Citadel of Merit. We must be its firm defenders, and permit no breaches in its walls. When the Duc de Luynes was elected a member, it was on account of his passionate love for art. A learned scholar and a refined gentleman, he begged Simart to give us a sight of the *Minerva* of Phidias, and holding M. Ingres to be the sole representative of the "great art" he worshipped, he gave him the finest position a painter could desire. Does not this prove how completely he was one of us? And the Duc d'Aumale, to whom I am so much attached, is he not learned too, in every department? When the choice of the Academy of France fell on him, it was to the *author*, surely, that its portals were opened, and as an author it surely is that he so worthily holds the position which he might very well occupy as a King's son. And when we asked him to become a member of the Academy of Fine Arts, did we not honour the lover of art, whose restoration of Chantilly was an architectural work of the most finished taste, to complete the adornment of which he had employed the painter Baudry, the sculptor Dubois, Guillaume, Thomas and Falguières . . .

Some time ago, when Fau was negotiating between Delahante and myself about *1814*, I formally declared I would never give up the

publicity, the popularisation, of my work. For that would be to give up what I value most, in view of which I undertake it. This motive touches us artists much more than the thought of money. Ask Augier to write you a play which is never to be acted except in a drawing-room, before one spectator,—never to be printed,—never to see the light, in short,—and offer him all the money in the world for it, I'll engage he won't agree to do it. It is just as if you flattered yourself you could get a pretty woman to undertake never to show herself.

But if (though it is not possible) Augier did accept, you may be sure that in spite of his desire to do his best, and earn his money fairly, he would not turn out anything worth having, if he did not feel that most powerful of all incentives,—far more powerful than the one you offer.

ORIGINAL ETCHING.

I cannot give a better proof of the importance I attach to engraving, in other words to publicity, than what I did about the Prince's *Napoleon*. Feeling dissatisfied with the photograph of the picture, I painted it over again in grisaille for the engraver.

However great a man's progress may be, he should never, in his maturity, look down on his early works and youthful efforts. While I shall always vigorously claim the right of preventing any repetition or reproduction of my work, I shall also ever hold any pretension to interference with the owner's absolute power of disposing as he pleases of any purchased picture, to be utterly illegal. He may hang it out in the open air as a sign board, if he chooses, or destroy it, or hide it away. That is only too certain. But the right of reproduction is another matter. I can submit to being killed, but I will not be disfigured!

When we sell a picture to the State (a thing we are all of us proud to do), we sell it unconditionally. The State can store the canvas away, or send it to a provincial Museum, or hang it in the Luxembourg. But when the State does us this latter honour, we have no right to object,—as Fromentin would like to do at this moment,—to our work thus acquired, being sent out to do battle in a question of national interests, at a Universal Exhibition. All the more because of the misfortunes of our beloved country in her late struggle, and the barbarous destruction which accompanied it, must she speak with authority in those artistic matters, which are the life and the glory of nations ; and when one of us is chosen by his comrades as worthy to enter the lists, as one of our doughtiest warriors, no personal consideration should induce him to decline. One has no right to desert the cause when the country's honour is affected. This is what I say to Fromentin, who wished to oppose the sending of works of art from the Luxembourg to the Vienna Exhibition. (1873.)

A GUIDE.
(Pencil Sketch.)

We have long been crying out for legal protection. In due time it will be given us.

The present condition of things is not mere imposition. It is downright thievery. Now that we are asking for a cure for the disease, we must e'en give it its real name. At present our pictures are engraved (and what engraving, too!) without our leave being asked. And the engraver coolly exhibits his engraving and sells it. The publisher does the same thing, or if he thinks he needs authority, he asks it of the owner of the picture, not of the artist. This actually happened to me. A publisher had a picture of

mine engraved and put the prints on the market. I expostulated. "Sir," he replied, "I have the proprietor's permission. Here is the document." "But he had no right to give you permission." "That's no affair of mine; I am all right. You can go to law with the owner, if you like;—I shall go on selling my prints." Perfect civility, as you see! You may fancy I could not very well bring an action against the man who bought my picture, and the publication of the engraving went on.

I went one day to see a very old man, who had been Napoleon the First's Orderly Officer,—the Duc de Mortemart. He was seventy-eight years old. I mentioned, in the course of our conversation, that Colonel de Brack says in his book that the soldiers often used a twisted handkerchief instead of a sword knot. "The knowing ones," he said, "used a black cravat." He walked away, still talking, and came back with his old sword in his hand. Then, like a horse that hears the cavalry call, he began to prance about, and cut and thrust. His eyes flashed. He smelt powder!

Only a few years ago I might have secured a good many picturesque details from eye-witnesses.

There are passages that are astonishingly lifelike, scenes that *must* be true, in Captain Coignet's book. Some details are most vivid and natural. Such, for instance, as that of the riflemen bringing in faggots to make a fire for the First Consul on the eve of Marengo. And there are three or four magnificent pages about the first siege of Mayence, at which the French showed real heroism.

Gouvion de St. Cyr tells wonderful things about it, too. The troops were reduced to scratching up roots. They had to plunder to support life. They were splendid looking, bold fellows.

Marshal Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely told me one day when I was sitting with him, and looking at the riding whip with a worn tip which always hung behind him, that it was the Emperor's whip. He had worn it out against his boot in his moments of impatience.

Study for the Evangelists.

(RED CHALK. MUSÉE DU LUXEMBOURG.)

Old Caraffa, the musician, told me that once, in a battle, he was riding with Murat, and snatched off the marshal's plume, stuffing it into his pocket, to prevent his being made a regular target.

He died during the siege of 1870. A dreadful thing happened to him. His wife died before his eyes, close to him, in his room, without his being able to call for help. He was paralysed!

When Popotte, the old horse he was so fond of, broke down, he had shoes made for him like the Invalides' shoes.

Pillardeau was a strange creature. Although by no means intelligent, and utterly uneducated, certain things about him interested me deeply. He knew a great deal about Napoleon the First. He was very fond of talking about him. And he was no braggart. He would say honestly, "I don't know anything about that. I wasn't there. I didn't see it." He had been brought up in the household of the Emperor's brother Joseph, at Mortefontaine. He was employed in the stables. He had a passion for soldiering and was anxious to enlist. He would have behaved with bravery, I doubt not, but he never had an opportunity of proving his courage, for as Joseph's servant he was not subject to conscription, and his mother would not consent to his volunteering. But his passion for everything concerning soldiers brought him constantly into contact with them. He was always asking them questions about the details of their life, their equipment, &c., and often noted down what he learnt from them. Later in life he collected uniforms, arms, all the military objects he could lay his hands on. He has lent me specimens several times, and even left me some in his will. When he died, unfortunately, his family sold off everything. I was not at the sale. I was not given any notice of it, although Pillardeau lived in my neighbourhood, at Verneuil. Thus the collection I should have been so glad to possess was dispersed. Pillardeau was a valuable, I may even say the most invaluable help to me. I was more interested in talking to him, and getting the bits of information I wanted out of him, than in listening to Marshals of France, and such great people. Evidently, to a man who has to

represent a General's trappings, or uniform, the details his military servant can supply, however stupidly, are worth more than the General himself can give. He will very likely remember what he did at a given moment, but that was just the moment when he had no time to think about his clothes.

AN OFFICER.
(Washed Drawing.)

Honest Pillardeau took the greatest delight in fancying, and making other folk believe that he had once been a soldier. The institution of the "Médaille de St. Helène" was a sad blow to him. Having no right to it, he could not continue to put on uniform, and go with the other old fellows to lay his wreath at the foot of the Column on the 5th of May. Up till then he had been able to appear in the uniform of any regiment in which he had known soldiers; he would talk with the greatest coolness of his battles and campaigns! When he lived at Chantilly he had a garret which he had arranged as a soldier's room, the room of some trumpeter of dragoons quartered in a cottage. The wall was stuck over with pictures of soldiers, the bed made as soldiers make theirs, the clothes hung up in order, the arms well furbished and hung up too, ready to hand. An imitation piece of ammunition bread lay on the table; and in a corner of the room, classed and ticketed as in a museum, were all the mementoes of the

GRAND CANAL, VENICE.
(Madame Meissonier's collection.)

Republic and the Empire he had collected. He was fond of making believe, now and then, that he was an officer in some particular regiment, and then the uniform of that regiment would be laid out, with the helmet and the whole equipment, just as if the soldier servant had got them ready for him. . . .

He kept up the same habits when he moved to Verneuil. He would put his brother, his nephews, and so forth, into old uniforms, and order them about in military fashion.

This mania of his really made the man interesting. Like all enthusiastic people, he was exceedingly touchy. It occurred to me, one New Year's Day, to send him, in acknowledgement of all he had done for me, a large case of carefully selected dainties. He abused me like a pickpocket. I had to make every kind of excuse, to say "But my dear M. Pillardeau, I never dreamt of offending you! The thing is constantly done, friends often send each other presents!"

In the matter of a Universal Exhibition the national feeling ought to override every other consideration. Having heard how strongly M. Thiers opposed the idea of sending pictures from our Museums, I telegraphed to ask for an audience. He replied by inviting me to dine with him at Versailles. We had a long conversation. I told him over and over again that he was sending us out to battle with only half our arms, the best of which he was keeping back in the arsenal. At last he said my argument had convinced him, and added that his only fear was that the canvases might be damaged in their transit to Austria. The experience of former cases will soon convince him there is no fear of that, and our cause is won.

An exhibition is a work of *patriotism*. We ought to put all our best into it. . . . And as our work, the work of our hands and of our hearts, is unique, we have no desire to show it beside manufactured objects, properly so called, things which can be reproduced exactly and *ad lib.* from the original model. The line of demarcation between the two is strikingly clear, and easily drawn.

Breast-piece for a Horse.

(PENCIL DRAWING, TOUCHED WITH WHITE. MUSÉE DE LUXEMBOURG.)

A successful manufacturer can add to his stock of tools and machinery, enlarge his factory, double the number of his hands, increase his output in proportion to the demand. But in our case it is not so; the true artist, who conceives and carries out his work alone, does not increase his production in proportion to his fame, but rather diminishes it.

For a long time I served on the jury (of the Salon). Besides taking up much precious time, it generally results in regret, reproaches, and very great fatigue. The fact that a picture is refused at the Salon may prevent its sale. It is worse than a wound to the artist's vanity; it may ruin a poor fellow who has spent more than he could afford in order to carry his work through.

Though in my own case those difficulties are long gone by, I have never forgotten them, and I never assented to the refusal of a picture without a feeling of distress.

Some people try hard to put forward a rule,—which I have successfully resisted, up till now,—to the effect that all members of the jury should be disqualified from receiving any prize. . . .

The result of this would be that the lower stratum of artists would invade the jury bench. The rule has a false air of generosity, but in reality, it is a refuge for those who, feeling their own want of ability, and the hopelessness of aspiring to the *Prix d'Honneur*, would fain have others think that they might have won the coveted medals, if the special regulation concerning the jury had not excluded them from the contest. One of two things is sure to happen. Either the members of the jury, debarred from competition, must give the medals to second-rate men, or else they must resign their functions, so as to go down into the arena and compete themselves; and this system once adopted, desertion would become common, in every section, till every man who could hope to win a second or third-class medal having resigned, so as to be able to compete, the rest of the jury,—whose task would be to award the prizes to the cream of the

competitors,—would be a mere omnium-gatherum, ready to consent to everything, and incapable of defending anything.

The triumph of such a principle would mean the overthrow of all justice, logic, and good sense.

I am going to Austria, as president of the jury. But this great honour is a terrible sacrifice as well, for I shall meet many Germans, once my friends, whose hands I can no longer clasp.

I cannot stay in Switzerland now for any length of time. I want the works of man as well as Nature, and this makes Italy so delightful to me.

Ah, Venice! The pleasure of revisiting it is more intense each time. There everything appeals to the soul. There is only one thing to regret,—the impossibility of recording all that soothes and enchants one.

Don't you think the Marseillaise, *without* the words, would have been far more appropriate to that great *pacific* convocation of the universe at our Universal Exhibition? What a queer contradiction to shout "Aux armes! Citoyens," while one waves an olive branch! . . .

Remember that however great your talent and your want of money, you must never let purchasers imagine that you are eager to sell. I have always acted on this principle, from the very outset of my career. When I had painted one of the first of my little pictures, a *Reader* (it was afterwards burnt in England), my wife was about to be confined, and we had no money. Doctor Cerise came and proposed to buy the picture for some English collector, whose name I forget. He was connected in some way with Labouchère–Mallet. I named my price, —two thousand francs. He protested; the price seemed excessive. "It's such a small thing" he said. "That may be; but there is a great deal of work in it. Besides, I can make a living by my illustrations for books. I paint for pleasure, and I can keep this little picture, which takes up no room in my studio." The doctor then made what

1805.

(FROM DUC D'AUMALE'S COLLECTION AT CHANTILLY)

was in those days, a heroic effort, and offered me fifteen hundred francs. I agreed, on one condition, which was accepted. "I am at work on a pendant, which your friend can have at the same price." The pendant as you may suppose, was never finished.

What those fifteen hundred francs of ready money were to us in the then state of my exchequer, it would be difficult to say!

The other night, at the club, Halévy and some other men were praising the articles against Napoleon, and insisted, among other strange fancies, that Thiers had brought back the Emperor's body as a deliberate defiance to the King. I exclaimed! For to say such a thing is to forget or to wilfully ignore the real truth. In 1840 I was twenty-five, I hardly ever read the newspaper, and never thought about politics; I went with a friend by rail to Pecq, below St. Germain (the line went no further, in those days), to see the Emperor's body, which had been brought by river from Havre, pass on its way to Paris. Such a crowd as there was! The train was so crammed, and the rate of progress was then so slow, that the wags called out "Shall we get behind and push?"

What a sight it was! those sons of kings and generals in full uniform, grouped on the deck, around the coffin! . . . We were so much struck and delighted that I proposed to cut across the fields to Bezons, so as to get another look at it. Off we went to Bezons, having eaten nothing since morning. Having seen the sight once more, I was still unsatisfied, and said, "Let us go and see it again!" And away we started, fasting still, to Asnières. . . . There, as everywhere, the crowd was very great, everything eatable had been devoured, the shops cleared out, and every corner was full of people trying to get out of the bitter cold. Petrus Borel, who had a little house there, had been regularly taken by assault. We asked no shelter, but we managed at last to get a bit of bread to eat.

Madame de Mortemart was in waiting one day at Malmaison when

Monge, Laplace, and a few other intimates were present. The Emperor, feeling himself in such friendly surroundings, unbent, and was gracious and very pleasant. Somebody spoke of his glory. "Yes," he said, "but some day I shall see the gulf open before me, and I shall not be able to stop myself. I shall climb so high that I shall turn giddy." Madame de Mortemart was so much struck by the words and the Emperor's tone as he said them, that when she retired she repeated them to her son, who noted them down at once. I have the story direct from him.

The Emperor made no mistakes in 1805, nor in 1807, up to the date of Friedland. The first,—the Spanish business,—was in 1808.

General de Gallifet is an old-world figure, amusing, sincere, with a flavour of his own. He makes me think of some nobleman of the Fronde.

In the morning he will have several men shot, if that has to be done, will fight like a fury all day, and forget all about it once his back is turned. In the evening he will make love, in white kid gloves, and spend his night with fair ladies, just as if he hadn't twelve hours on horseback and in battle behind him. He is a man of iron, brave to the verge of foolhardiness, quite easy under shot and shell,—as calm as if he were standing at the corner of a cover. He stops at nothing. Expression, head, manner of speech, all give one the same impression of him.

One of his friends told me that at Sedan he was really sublime. His address to his men was an outburst of warlike ardour, a real battle cry. "You are Chasseurs! you are Chasseurs! Forward! Death before dishonour!" They fought like heroes, and came back with ranks terribly thinned.

He said an awful thing to me *à propos* of the fight at Courbevoie. He saw the gendarmes waver and hesitate, and threw himself forward against the barricade. "After that," said he, "there was nothing but a pool of blood between us. All we did was to broaden it."

Really superior, intellectually minded men are not absorbed in any woman. And de G. used to say to me, "When I care for a woman, I do anything on earth for her. I would have fifty men shot to give her pleasure."

How I love your charming room over the water! Everything my eye falls on as I enter delights it. The flowers, the scheme of colour, the general arrangement, all please me, and make me long to begin to paint. What a setting the mirror over the chimney piece, and the great bay of the window opening on the balcony, make for the landscape! Open sky and luminous distance everywhere! When one looks at that admirable view one would fain never die.

Now that I have the Paris house, I am not much at Poissy. I go down there twice a week. If I were to make any change, I should dearly like to have a farm, far away in the country, where I might spend the summer months, remote from the world, taking an interest in the poor people around, and making them happy. I would talk to them and get to know them all. I would grow fond of them and they of me. . . .

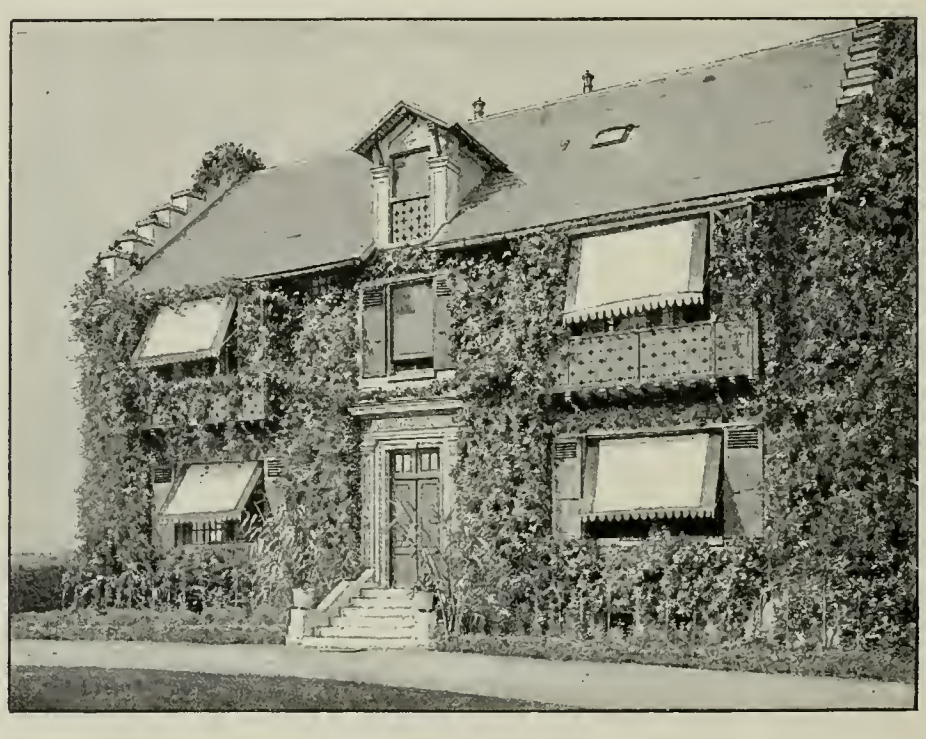
Let us read *Gil Blas!* I am so fond of that book that if I were younger I should like to go and spend six months in Spain, living a roving life among the people, and drawing inspiration from them, so as to illustrate the work.

Homer's descriptions always make me long to paint, they are so vivid and life-like. I never get tired of them, nor of La Fontaine. How the lines in those fables of his fit the different characters! What deep philosophy is there, and what spontaneous grace! And how he treats his landscapes! We see them at once, and delight in them!

As this new edition of *Les Misérables* has been sent to me, I wish you would read me some of it again. Those passages about the

poverty of Marius remind me of my own . . . my dinners that cost twenty centimes each,—a bowl of poor soup, and a few fried potatoes which I went out to buy, but seasoned with glorious talks, full of fancy and imagination. We never thought of anything but *art* and *sentiment*.

As I listened to you singing Schumann's songs, the other night, the Germany we all loved so well, long years ago, rose up before me.



MEISSONIER'S HOUSE AT POISSY.

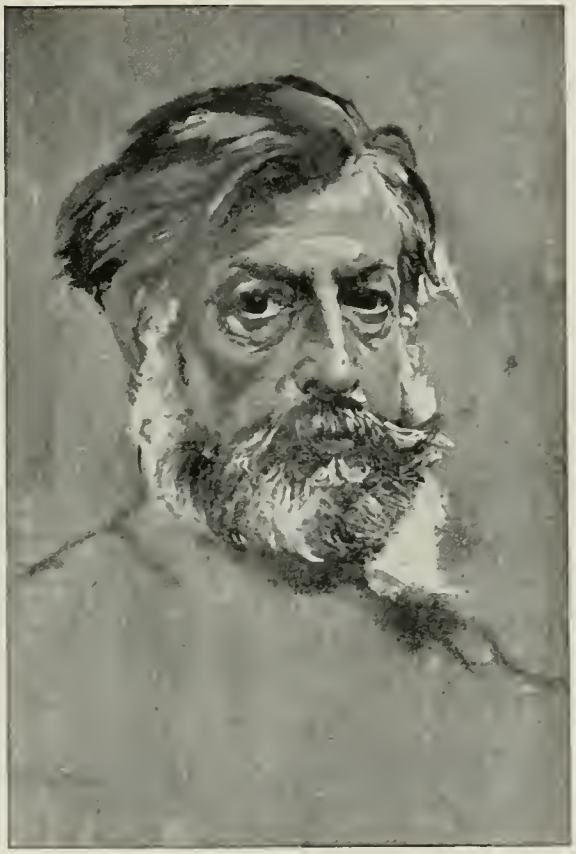
When I used to go to the *Bibliothèque* it was always the Albert Dürer and Holbein engravings that I asked for.

Once, at Carlsbad, where I had just arrived alone, travelling by road, to take the waters, I had a delightful glimpse of the ideal Marguerite of Goethe. A young girl, fair-haired, bare-footed, but otherwise well-dressed, the daughter of the house, in fact, going in all her sweet simplicity . . . to draw water at the public fountain

What a delight it is to discuss the most delicate matters of temperament and of the affections with one we love!

*

I really ought to try and get the authorities of the Blind Asylum to teach me their system of writing. For now that I can only sleep for a few hours after dinner my nights are spent in wakefulness, in meditation, in calling up old memories. I could not write for hours by lamplight, without tiring my eyes. Yet I am sorry not to be able to note what passes through my brain in the darkness. If I had written down my thoughts, I should have volumes of them, by this time. . . .



PORTRAIT OF MEISSONIER, BY HIMSELF. 1872.

*

Now they are departed, alas! I may fairly speak of the strength and suppleness of my youth. I was passionately fond of all athletic occupations, walking, swimming, riding, fencing, bowl playing, &c. . . .

*

Vernet picked up his pencil one day, in a way that showed me he was very active in spite of his age. Long after that, I was still vain enough of my youth to go running up the staircase of the Institute two steps at a time, and to jump seven or eight on my way down.

I have belonged to the Institute for seven and twenty years, now, and I have come to a time when I cannot go up the stairs at all without resting. I have grown like the old fellows before whom I used to show off my young strength. I went to see Horace Vernet the day before his death. He was in his bed. He made me a sketch of the Emperor.

A holiday without painting would be a thing I could not endure. Perfect happiness would be to sketch here and there,—take notes from life, in fact,—without the fatigue of continuous labour at a picture. Pascal left nothing but casual notes, the most precious of all.

Every study recalls the happy memory of the hour when I made it.

I told the Municipal Council that the exterior of our schools ought to be more serious and dignified. The plans make them look like temporary buildings. The courts are badly arranged, too small and irregular in design. Children should always, both in physical and moral matters, be placed in well-balanced and regularly-designed surroundings. It is by no means an unimportant thing that they should be accustomed, either in class or in the playing field, to see incoherent lines, forming angles which they do not realise, instead of straight lines forming regular angles, which strike them at once.

The most cruel practical jokes were in vogue in the studios in my young days. People have died of them. One day at Pujol's studio, a man who bought and sold old iron was passing by. He was called up, on the plea of selling him something. One of the party stopped him on the stairs, and while they were talking, in a trice the studio was darkened, the model posed as an executioner, with raised axe. At his feet a corpse, the head seemingly parted from the trunk by a pool of red colour poured upon the floor, lay in the pale light falling through a carefully arranged crack. Meanwhile a skeleton had been hastily taken to pieces, and the bones laid in a heap. The man is shown in. Horror-stricken, he turns to fly, and begs for mercy. He is ordered

to remove the corpse, and writhes in unspeakable terror. Just as he is about to give in (when he would, of course, have discovered the trick), they say, "You shall come back and fetch it to-night. Meanwhile just put these bones in your bag, and be off with you." He faints, and as he does not come to, they get frightened. The *mise en scène* is hurriedly got rid of and the windows opened. When the victim recovers, they all say, "My good fellow, what corpse are you talking about? Don't you see where you are?" It was too late. The man was in the hospital for three months, with brain fever.

One of my friends very nearly hurt himself seriously, nay, mortally. He had to jump from a considerable height, out of a loft, from which the ladder had been carefully removed, after the floor beneath had been piled with the studio stools, turned legs upward.

The student who took the first joke in evil part, was done for. In one studio there was a young fellow who would not submit to persecution with a good grace. Morning after morning he found his canvas spoilt and his tools broken up. He got so furious at last, that coming early one day to the studio, he slashed every single canvas across, smashed every stool, and standing proudly at bay, knife in hand, behind the ruin he had wrought, he forced his tormentors to retreat. Another, less determined, or less fortunate, it may be, had his back broken by a blow from a stone.

For my part, knowing it was the custom, I bore it all with patience. When I entered Coignet's studio (where I was only to stay four or five months), there was the usual volley of rough jests. "My stars, isn't he ugly! Speak up, let's hear your voice!—No, hold your jaw!—Sing, if you don't know how to talk!" "Gentlemen," said I, in a momentary lull, "if I do begin to sing I warn you the noise will be so frightful you'll soon have enough of it!" And so it proved. I then put down the sum I had borrowed, for the usual supper, and there was an end of the matter.

❀

I told Chenavard, who was delighted with my idea, and was very keen to inspire Gambetta with it, that the only condition on which the Exhibition (of 1878) could raise us up and restore dignity to France

was that the protocol of former Exhibitions should not be adhered to. If the President, in his vanity, dreams of sending invitations to sovereigns, as in 1867, the whole thing must fail. The Republic should put Kings and Emperors aside, and limit its invitations to the national representatives. If crowned heads care to come, they must leave their sceptres behind them, and come at their own risk, without special

SHEET OF SKETCHES.

protection. Or else they must sit on their thrones and look at the Exhibition from afar, and regret they cannot attend it.

That time I met General Cialdini, at Evian, he used to tell me about the terrible stiffness of the Court of Savoy, the oldest in Europe. When Victor Emmanuel was given over by the doctors, the whole Court passed before him, and did him farewell obeisance. The King,

who had many traits (as of courage and gallantry) in common with our

OAK WALK AT ANTIBES. MLLE. BEZANSON (MADAME MEISSONIER).

Henri Quatre, had already suffered from a miliary fever which would not come out, and was choking him ; he sent for Cialdini, to whom he

was much attached, to be with him. On this occasion the Court had actually taken its formal farewell. Then his doctor, who was at his wits ends, caught sight of a bottle of pale sherry on the table and poured it down his patient's throat. It saved him. Waking up the next morning, the King felt himself again, and forthwith embraced Cialdini, whose fear of catching the eruption would have made him gladly dispense with this proof of the royal regard. The King put his thumb to his lips and made the gesture of a person drinking in brief recognition of the means of his recovery. The royal kiss did give Cialdini the eruption, and he had not forgotten the experience.

The King would not admit the Crown Prince to his Council-board, nor permit him to have any knowledge of State affairs. Cavour could not even get the "Grand Cordon" for the Prince, though in strict etiquette, he should have had it at his age, as heir to the throne. "I give you a free hand in every other matter," said the King, "but nobody shall interfere with my family arrangements." Thus when his father died, Humbert had never been present at any Council.

In Victor Emmanuel's last illness, after he had been condemned by the doctors, and had received the last Sacraments, the ghastly ceremony of the farewell reception took place again. The King was placed in an armchair, and every member of the Court passed before him, doing obeisance, with tearful eyes. And Cialdini told me he returned each person's salutation.

It is delightful to sun oneself in the brilliant light of the South, instead of wandering about like gnomes in the fog. The view at Antibes is one of the fairest sights in nature. Looking at that shining sea, as beautiful and as inimitable in colour as the sky itself, one dreams one sees the ships of Ulysses floating on it. The lines of the mountains are certainly quite as pure as those of Greece.

When I did up my house at Poissy I found under one of the floors, in a sealed bottle, a paper placed there by a monk, and dated from the Monastery of Saint Louis de Poissy, 1679, setting forth that the writer

"had come by the King's order to do repairs and re-establish order," and praying whoever found the document to have Masses said, "Requiescat in Pace," for the repose of his soul. I did not fail to do so.

Rachel was the only person who thought of being correctly dressed, and I made her a very careful sketch. When she came on, looking like an Abraham Bosse, in her short-waisted gown, it was in curious contrast to the long waists of all her fellow actresses. She was only able to wear the dress twice, in Augier's *L'Aventurière*.

But to possess the right dress is not sufficient. It will not do for it to look as if it were hung on a clothes peg. There must be a thousand ways, I think, of draping a cloak naturally. But it is not every one who can look the period of the costume he or she wears.

It is curious to mark how our powers are despised nowadays, in any but our own particular line of work. In Michelangelo's time,—in that of Rubens,—on the contrary, artists were appealed to for the strategic defence of Florence, or to represent their country officially. Nothing could have been more quaint, when we were talking about the Senate, the other day, than to hear J. L., that fiasco as an Ambassador, say with his silly simper, "It is true that Rubens was an Ambassador." What internal remarks I made about him while he made his aloud! Apropos of this opinion which the world in general holds of us artists, a memory of Fontainebleau comes back to me. I was putting the last touches to my *Solferino*. Gudin, Fleury, and some others were present. The Emperor, full as ever of Roman subjects, began to talk of the way in which the Roman chariots got round corners. I pointed out to him that the form of the circular *spina* did not permit of this being done in the manner he described, and I went so far as to quote a passage from Tacitus in the course of our conversation.

I have this day written to the Prefect, who has informed me that as M. Turcan, whom I had recommended to him as Inspector of

Drawing in the City of Paris Schools, could not show the regulation certificate for competence in teaching, he has made his selection

THE PRINT COLLECTORS.
(Lady Wallace's collection.)

from other candidates. This is my reply, "I hope, in my ignorance of administrative details, I may be permitted to express my

astonishment that a highly talented artist, whose perfect work has won him the *Prix d'Honneur* at the Salon, should be expected to

THE BRAVOES
(Lady Wallace's collection.)

present a *certificate of competence as a teacher.* I should have imagined the brilliance of his finished work might have supplied the

place of such a certificate, which, indeed, I myself have not the honour of holding."

At dinner the other night, the Duc d'Aumale was saying how sorry he was not to have written down many stories he had heard his father tell. One American anecdote he recollected. . . . .

The Duc d'Orleans, then a young man, was received at the White House at Washington. The President was walking in his garden, early in the morning. "You are an early riser," quoth the young Prince. "Yes, but I sleep very soundly. Do you know why? Because, young man, I know I never compromised myself on paper in my life."

The Duc de Morny came one day to my studio at 15, Quai Bourbon, and spoke to me about buying my picture *Les Amateurs*, which was then on the easel. (The rose in the glass is a souvenir, it has a story of its own. The porch of my house at Poissy was then overgrown by a splendid rose-bush.)

The Duc de Morny had never come back, nor ever mentioned the picture again, when one fine morning, some months before the Exhibition, a friend of his came into my studio, and inquired in a very bumptious manner if I had given my attention to the Duke's picture, and whether I was working at it? The fellow's impudence put me in such a rage that I pointed to the unfinished picture, and said, "It is still in the same condition, as you see, but it will never get any further, so far as the Duc de Morny, who never shall have it, is concerned. Tell him so, from me!" I had several skirmishes of this kind with the Duc. I must say he was always the first to forget them.

Later on he made a remark that was very funny, coming from him. It was about one of my pictures. I wanted to paint *The Two Bravoes*, waiting behind a door, to assassinate the person who was coming out. And on the other side of the door I proposed to show the nobleman bidding farewell to the lady, with one hand grasping his sword (thus reassuring the spectator as to his safety) while the other arm clasps his lady-love, whose lips he passionately kisses. Says

the Duc to me "Oh! my dear fellow, you mustn't make them kiss like that. It's not correct!" Pretty good, wasn't it, from him? . . .

*

I was lent a set of engravings to-day with autographs attached to every portrait. It is very interesting to see and handle a man's own writing. There is one curious autograph about Miribel's brigade and the pecuniary rewards it relinquished. It is in that naïve, pompous, generous strain peculiar to the best period of the Revolution and the Republic.

*

(In April.) Oh! the beauty of the setting sun, and the red evening lights, when the sky flames up, and the tiny oak-leaves of the budding forest stand out against it like green pearls!

How often, when I have come back delightedly to my work, have I said and felt I was *resting myself after my rest*. . . . You have seen it often enough, have you not? when we were travelling. How eagerly I worked in that little Canal of San Gervasio e Protasio, in Venice, where we used to make our gondoliers stop! Just opposite us they were busy mending the gondolas which had been taken out of the water, and I always thought it a charming little corner, cheery, quiet, like a bit of Holland; I made a very elaborate study of it, a memento now, like many another, of happy days fled from us all too soon.

*

That monument by Rauke at Berlin to Frederick II. is a really fine thing. The old king, in his three-cornered hat, on the top of a great column; below, at the four corners, his generals, philosophers, and so forth. The execution is bad, but the idea and the arrangement are superb.

*

Sedlitz is comical at the head of his Cuirassiers. But what a brutal, coarse fellow he was, after all! A burgher, whom he saw through the window in a street where he was quartered, in some way offended him; he fired at and wounded him. He was a Don

Quixote of the queerest kind. He would drive six horses over impracticable roads, for the sake of being upset. He would gallop underneath the sails of a windmill in motion, simply for the fun of it. He would lead his men to the charge, riding coolly along with a pipe in his mouth, and throw it into the air as a signal for them to rush forward.

When we went just now into St. Etienne du Mont, through the little side door in the Rue de Clovis, I was struck, as I stood by the holy-water font, by a beautiful effect for a picture. The sun was falling obliquely across the church, in a golden haze, on to the shrine of Ste. Geneviève. The stained glass on the sacristy side of the church is of a bad period, but the details are so quaint that it is very interesting.

A GONDOLA.
(Pen Sketch.)

Now that such a life is impossible, it is easy to sum up, sadly enough, what would so easily constitute happiness. Peace, solitude, shared by you, near some translucent sea, with work to do, and a good model. What years of activity I might yet have had!

When at Nice I devoted part of my time to poor Carpeaux, who is in the last stage of his illness. What a heart-rending thing it is to see the poor fellow dying alone, far from his wife and children, nobody with him but an old assistant, infirm himself, who has always worked under him, and who clings with touching devotion to this poor creature, racked by the most cruel sufferings, physical and moral.

(From Metz, 1870.) Ah! dearest friend, what terrible days are these, what distraction! what despair! Good God! what will become of us all?

Moreau and Desolles before Hohenlinden.

(MADAME ISAAC PEREIRE'S COLLECTION.)

This letter may be the last I shall be able to send you. To-morrow, doubtless, communication with Paris will be cut off, and we shall be shut up in Metz. Poor France, poor beloved country, whither will this folly lead thee! Ah! dear friend, to think of having such an army,—so full of courage and high spirit, which if properly led, could have carried all before it,—and letting it be cut up piecemeal! We are all choking with rage. No words can

GONDOLIERS AT VENICE.
(Water-colour.)

describe our fury and despair. To see vacillation and delay, when every moment is precious, to know we are merely guarding against a check here, by exposing ourselves to another there, that the best and noblest blood of our dear country is being spilt unavailingly and ingloriously! The death roll is so long they dare not publish it. Whole regiments go forth and never return. War is a *science*, truly, and people who have let long years go by forgetting or despising it, while their enemies have never ceased to study it, should learn philosophy, at least, and not rush, all ignorant as they

are, upon such mortal risks. Yes, yes indeed! Long shall I remember these terrible days at Metz, and the terrible ones which must yet follow, alas! for I do not see how we are to get away. I wanted to get on a horse and make for Verdun, Rheims, and Soissons, but I was assured it would be very imprudent, and that probably skirmishers were out already, on all the roads. Our breakdown is tremendous, and seems irreparable, unless we are saved by a miracle.

You may imagine, dearest friend, I have done nothing yet, nothing! not a single thing! I can't even write. I make a supreme effort to write even to you.

Farewell for ever to military pictures! Yet the devotion of the poor fellows is sublime, well worthy of the talent of the greatest painter on earth. But the glow of glory and of triumph is gone, henceforth. My God, what anguish it is to me! and how those savages must rejoice! It is the old story of the barbarians who have but one object, who are bent on conquest at all costs, and the refined nation that only asks to be left in peace to enjoy its possessions!

Well, well, beloved friend, we will not talk of this. Forgive this sad, I had almost said, this tearful letter. But I know you will feel it all as keenly as I do. Pray for a miracle. I go into the church here sometimes, and I pray with all my heart. . . .

And then besides, I am so anxious about you! Supposing something happens to you and I not there! But perhaps I may make an attempt to get off to-morrow. We may all be off indeed, for plans are altered every five minutes. This morning we were to have gone to Châlons, which some people held to be madness. Then it was settled we should stay here. But there may be another change to-night. I write this, my dearest one, without knowing whether you will receive the letter. But in any case, do not write to me again, we hardly get any letters. I have had none for two days. The first which you addressed to the Poste Restante was never given to me, though I went five or six times to ask if there were any for me. How often I think of you! How right you were to try to prevent my starting! When I think of the man

whose incapacity has brought this disaster on us! I love you very tenderly.

*

What a tale that was about the Prince Imperial's bullet! It was a very hot day. We had come in early, and gone out again to hear the news. From the courtyard of the prefecture we could see into the ground floor drawing-room, next to the Emperor's rooms, where all the officers and aides-de-camp were cooling themselves and drinking. They had taken off their tunics, and were in their bright crimson gold-striped trousers. "Heavens!" said somebody, "how plucky the little prince was!" . . . . (A spent ball had fallen near him.)—That same evening the men who had been wounded at Forbach were brought in by train. I can see them yet!

Fate did not intend me to paint anything but victories, I suppose, for De Neuville has painted our defeats. Yet when I went to Metz, it was to paint other things!

The next morning I went to the Emperor's hotel, where Marshal Lebœuf and his staff were quartered. There was an indescribable hurly-burly,—some officer, I don't remember who, with his wife and baby and wet nurse. I wanted to see a relation of my own, and also to find out from Vanson or Fay whether Jarras had at last agreed to take Lucien Gros into the staff office. This was two or three days after Forbach.

Just as I arrived, Marshal Lebœuf (I can see him yet) was coming down the staircase. He was making for a sort of victoria that stood waiting for him. "Well, is that you?" he said. "You know you will hardly ever see me, but you can come and breakfast here whenever you like. Meanwhile will you get into the carriage with me? I am going to the Emperor, at the prefecture." So in I got, and I remember his *agitation*, and the surprise it was to me. As he talked on, I was thinking to myself, "Here is the head of the army driving through the town beside me, and instead of endeavouring to quiet the general anxiety by the sight of his own calm demeanour, he seems to desire to increase it by betraying his dejection." He spoke of the confusion at head-quarters,

and I said, "But I thought, my dear Marshal, you had made all the preparations yourself; that though nominally only Chief of the Staff, you were the real head of everything, and that the Emperor had only reserved the nominal command to himself, so as to silence the jealousy of all those who aspired to it." "Not at all, not at all!" he replied. "The Emperor commands, and means to command. He wants to make war, and the sight of a dead man frightens him!"

I left him at the door of the prefecture. He got out, and I went my way, my heart overflowing with sadness and despair. Yet there were many brave fellows around me, ready for any self-sacrifice. I remember especially seeing Philippe de Bourgoin, one of the Emperor's equerries, on fatigue duty, carrying water, his smart uniform exchanged for that of a private of Horse Guards. Like many others, he had come back to serve in the ranks.

When I went back to Metz in 1870, during the war (I had been there once before at a duel, in which Augier and I were seconds), I was to have been the guest of an engineer of the name of Prooch, a friend of friends of mine. But when I arrived he had no room to give me. I fell in with some comrades at the hotel. One of them had been carrying despatches to Frossard. He was full of admiration for the good order in Frossard's corps, so different from the state of confusion at Metz. Then I met Lambert, a friend of Jadin's, a former lieutenant in the "Chasses Impériales," who was serving in a light cavalry regiment. He had been made a major, without any previous service in the regiment, and had taken up his duty at Metz. Lambert said to me, "I am going away for three days. You can have my quarters if you like." He occupied a humble room looking on to the river, in the house of poor but decent people. When I left Metz, alone, a few days later, these poor folks and the neighbouring fishermen, with whom I had made friends already, bade me an affectionate farewell. . . . I set forth at earliest dawn, at three o'clock in the morning. It was a dreary start, all alone as I was, in gloomy weather. I can see it yet. The mist, the deserted town, the "Pont des Morts" (which was

Bayard arming Francis I. as Knight

(SKETCH FOR A PROPOSED PICTURE)

to see so many dead pass over it, alas!) and the 2nd column retiring on Metz. It passed me, and then I rode on alone. The weather had cleared and brightened. I could see the windings of the Moselle, the cathedral, and the town, growing larger and higher, as I moved further from it, with my heart like lead.

I was dressed in the queerest fashion. Riding boots, a sort of jacket made of grey stuff, a shabby straw hat, my cloak slung over my shoulder, my Cross of the Legion of Honour round my neck and no luggage. I had left all that with Prooch. I had nothing but my holsters, in which I carried soap, &c. In this strange get-up, I might easily, in the disturbed state of men's minds, have been taken for a spy.

At Gravelotte I made straight for the gendarmes, who were sitting at the door of an inn, asked them to re-arrange my kit on the saddle, and offered them a dram. They looked at me, and said nothing. Then one of them asked my news of Metz. "Very bad," I replied. I asked the way to Conflans, and remounted. At the farm of Moscou, standing a hundred yards off the road, a horse had got loose. A woman came out and saw me. "What news, sir?" she cried. "Oh, my poor soul," said I, "hide everything you have as fast as you can!" A few minutes later,—I had got off my horse, to rest it, and stretch my legs,—I heard some one galloping along, and a gendarme hailed me. "Where are you going? Where are your papers?" "But you saw me, just now!" "Yes, I know. But our Brigadier says we ought not to have let you pass without questioning you. You must excuse us, sir. You know in times like these we can't be sure who anybody is." "You are perfectly right," I replied. "I came to you at Gravelotte with that thought, and wondered you asked no questions."

We reached a little inn. I went and tied up my horse in the stable. Meanwhile people had gathered round and watched me with angry eyes. I heard murmurs of "Spy" and "Metz." The sergeant of gendarmes, who had been sent for, came at last, I gave him my papers. He read "M. Meissonier, on special service," and the whole thing duly stamped and counter signed at head-quarters. The worthy

fellow would have cross-questioned me, "I beg pardon," said I, "you are exceeding your powers. You cannot expect a man on secret service to tell you people here what the nature of his mission is." As soon as the innkeeper's bill was paid, I galloped off, followed by distrustful eyes. I felt utterly depressed. Oh! those long narrow roads, with their endless rows of poplars! I shall never cease to see them! and I see again, in the corn fields, the farmer's daughter and her little sisters carrying out the soup to the distant harvesters,—the one bright spot in all that deep gloom. At last I got to Conflans, to the Auberge de la Cygne, to which I had been recommended. It was half-past four in the afternoon. I found the stable, and put up my good mare Coningham, as plucky as she was beautiful. I went out to stretch my legs, and came in again, meaning to dine at six. It was barely five o'clock when I said to the maid-servant, who looked frightened out of her wits, "I am dreadfully tired, and will try to go to sleep. Wake me at dinner-time." I was just dozing off when she threw the door open, called out from a distance, and in a terrified voice, "Dinner's ready!" and took to her heels forthwith. (Evidently and in spite of everything, I was still an object of hatred and suspicion.) The next day I started at four in the morning. Two gendarmes again . . . who stopped me . . . More showing of my papers. I asked if I was on the right road for Verdun. "You will get there in two hours." The road across the plateau is splendid. I got to Verdun at last. Who can this solitary traveller be? I feel hostile eyes upon me, behind me, round me. I dismount at the Auberge des Trois-Maures. This evident distrust would have humiliated me deeply but for the other feeling, the sorrow, which overwhelmed every other sentiment within me. Metz was still before my eyes, and filled my whole soul. But I felt I must overcome all these obstacles, and get back to Paris with all possible speed. I dimly remembered a former comrade whom I had known at M. Fériot's at Grenoble, and who was Inspector of Forests at Verdun. De Wailly was his name. But would he remember me, after twenty years? I inquired about him, asked where he lived. "He has just passed by. He will be back in a

minute." We fell into each other's arms. He took me to his own house, and thence to the citadel, the General having sent for me. The General was a former Colonel in the Guards, who had been quartered at St. Germain; as I had been a constant spectator of their drill, all the officers knew me. And the Colonel himself even, whose name I forget, used often to send his band into the gardens at Poissy, close to my house, and come and smoke his pipe with me. He threw himself into my arms as soon as he saw me. Then he began to question me. Alas! for the sad news I had to give him! He walked with me, asking questions all the time, all over the town, and himself arranged the closing chapter of my exodus with the station master.

A private of Hussars was detailed to bring Coningham back to Poissy by easy stages. He arrived there a week later. I had to go by a cattle train to Châlons. Such disorder there! A confused and vociferous crowd of scrambling conscripts! It astounded me to find everything so calm in Paris, when less than fifty leagues away the air was full of the tumult of invasion! That evening, when I got back to Poissy, I heard of the Battle of Borny, and two days later came the news of Gravelotte.

The way in which a sudden tide of feeling will sway the populace is very curious to see. I remember in 1870, on the 4th of September, we were on our way to call on Cézanne, the Deputy, who lived in the Rue de Rome. We were broken down, completely demoralised, by the terrible news of the surrender of the whole army at Sédan. . . . Leaving his house, we went on to the Boulevards. A compact, orderly crowd filled the roadway, marching along to the cry of "Vive la République." Not a symptom of sadness, nothing but a sense of joy at the collapse of *that one man*, and a blind instinctive confidence that the Republic was salvation. . . .

The contrast with our own state of mind astounded us at first. Later on, we came to acknowledge that *they* were right, and *we* wrong. People in such despair as ours would have given in, and thrown open

their gates. Their enthusiasm, their wild delight stood for stubborn resistance, and that meant honour!

During the Commune, on 18th March, I was on the Boulevard de l'Opéra, and I tried to reason a little with a group of workmen, who had taken up their station there, and were shouting out all sorts of wild absurdities and insults. One of them suddenly called out to the others: "Leave that man alone. Don't you know that he earns a hundred thousand francs by the work of his hands?" "Steals them, I suppose!" "No, no, he earns them." He went on to explain, telling them my name. I certainly did not expect to be recognised and discussed in such a company. That same day I went up to Montmartre, passing through the Rue des Rosiers, where Generals Lecomte and Clément Thomas were shot some few hours later. Coming back through the Rue des Martyrs I met Cadoudal (a descendant of Georges Cadoudal) in uniform, with another officer. They asked me if I had seen the Generals anywhere. I told them no, and tried in vain to dissuade them from walking in that quarter in uniform.

I recollect going, on October 31st, 1871, to see General Schmitz. "There's a row at the Hôtel de Ville," he said. I went and put on plain clothes, and two hours later I was there armed with my official pass. What a sight it was, what a swarming crowd! People in every corner. I did not catch sight of the members of the Provisional Government, but in the corridor I met Floquet riding a very high horse, stalking along in his glory, with a rabble rout at his heels. He was to be the Mayor's Deputy. He marched into his office and sat down at his writing table, saying, "A Government which doesn't know how to give orders only gets what it deserves."

At last I got into the Salle des Fêtes. Papers were flying about in all directions. People were climbing over the tables. Others were making out lists. The human stream was eddying up the elegant curves of that beautiful staircase, men were clinging on to it like bunches of living grapes, even swarming up outside the railing.

An Outpost.

(M. CHAUCHARD'S COLLECTION.)

At four o'clock, when it grew dusk, I took a river steamer and went and told Schmitz all about it. After dinner I called at head-quarters. Paris had the strangest look. Up till then everybody had fraternised, but that day a sullen distrust seemed to hover everywhere.

The battalions had been ordered to parade on the Place Vendôme. The space was rapidly filling with people. It had been settled that we were to march again upon the Hôtel de Ville. Ferry addressed us from the steps: "Each of you must lead on one battalion." Then that great tall fellow, Adam, thrust his arm through mine, and we went down the Quays together, at the head of our battalion. We expected to be fired on after we passed the Châtelet. When we got to the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville we were told to encamp there. The Hôtel de Ville, with all its windows lighted up, looked like a furnace. Our march there, in the darkness, had been striking enough in its way. Now the scene was very different, and so were our feelings. We were utterly ignorant as to what was going on inside the building. All we knew was that the Government was in mortal peril.

When the siege (of Paris) began, somebody made Trochu a present of a horse. He wrote five pages of thanks.

There really are certain minds which suffer from the same sort of defect as shortsighted people. They grasp all small details perfectly, but they cannot realise anything beyond their limited horizon, however fair the view may be. Shortsighted human beings may be helped by giving them spectacles, but you can do nothing with a short-sighted intelligence! . . .

What do I care whether the man in question be virtuous and upright? How does that affect his usefulness as a leader in war? Not indeed,—God forbid!—that I despise virtue, but at this juncture it is a superfluous quality. What we need, above all other things, is an iron will. Since cruel necessity has forced us to violate all laws, since nothing is our own this day,—not even our lives,—which

you demand and which we sacrifice unquestioningly at your call, at least, use what we give you, lead us in good earnest! Save us the pain of beholding your vacillation, your culpable want of harmony,—culpable, I say, to the verge of treason!

Let us not, every time we come to you, full of confidence, depart with hearts full of uneasiness and despondency.

You say your troops are bad, that you cannot rely on them. Nobody denies it. But do you not know that good generals make good soldiers? Think of past history, you who claim to have written it!

Chance, necessity rather, has made me a soldier. I have been given officer's rank. Take these stripes of ours seriously, and let us learn our business. *Your* business, you will say; so be it! But if you will not do it, why not let us do the best we can? Our will is good, even though experience be lacking.

*

A man ought to know how to die, even to blow his own brains out in certain cases. What kind of a general can he be, who cares enough for his own life to enter into any contract with those wretches of the Commune? . . .

*

(1871.) This is the letter I wrote this morning.

Sir, I think it my duty to explain the resignation which Colonel Montagut has this day obliged me to send in, and which he has accepted in your name. . . . It is not for me to discuss the personal sentiments expressed by him as to those citizens who think it their duty to present themselves for election. But in refusing to grant the leave necessary for the prosecution of his candidature to one of your officers, and in desiring him to resign his commission, he has ignored the spirit of the Decree of Convocation, he has been even less large minded than the enemy itself, which has accepted the following stipulation in the Convention—

"These permits, these visas, shall be given as a right to all candidates for provincial elections, &c., &c."

You will thus perceive, sir, that looking to the formal refusal of

my leave, on the one hand, and my own decision to stand for election, on the other, only one course was open to me—to send in my resignation.

Please accept this expression of my regret at not being able to continue to carry on duties which I can truly say I have always performed as faithfully as I was able. . . .

May I be permitted to add that I have a sincere regard for all my comrades, and that I should be happy to think I had in return inspired them with some of the same feeling. . . .

I faithfully reported myself at the Mairie as being in possession of one horse (Coningham) indispensably necessary to the performance of my duty as Lieutenant-Colonel on the Staff. . . .

Later on, I also reported a second horse (Blocus), which I had been obliged to procure for the same duty, and for which, in spite of my extreme shortness of cash, I had to pay a long price.

The Minister has this day given me orders to send this horse to be slaughtered. I cannot do so, as I cannot leave myself without any means of doing my military duty. . . .

I have also suffered heavily from requisitions. Three very valuable horses of mine have been taken for the Army of the West. Another (and all my live stock, in all probability) has been seized by the enemy, who have been in occupation of my house ever since the beginning of the siege, and have probably ruined it, as it is turned into barracks. At the very outset I had sixty Prussians and thirty-five horses quartered on me. I beg that my poor horses, which are useful to me for my military duty, and indispensable for the completion of my unfinished pictures, may not be taken from me, except in case of the direst extremity. And then again, one of them is particularly dear to me,—my mare Coningham. She is an old friend, who carried me all day at Solferino. I rode her back from Metz, I have saved her from the shambles once already during this Siege. I would fain do it again!

Art has just had a cruel loss. Regnault is gone, alas! A fair flower, indeed, cut down in its full bloom! He was a tree that would have borne such fruit as will never ripen in *their* country!

Dear Painter Friend! You had long known how much I loved you, but I had not had time to tell it you as often as I would fain have done. Not one, among all those who acclaimed your first successes, did it more joyously than I. You should have been the glory of our great country, and now you die for her! . . . They have killed you! They who dare anything, who take everything! But never will they be able to ripen such splendid fruits as those you bore, and should have borne yet for many a year! Sleep your glorious sleep in peace. May your memory—sweet and tender to us for ever—be their eternal shame! . . . No curse has passed my lips as yet. If I curse now, may God forgive me! for this is the bitterest sorrow I have ever felt. Farewell!

M. THIERS.
(Sketch made after his death.)

In those terrible days of the Prussian invasion, the Students of the École de Rome might have claimed their exemption from military service. But they found their greatest glory in sharing their country's danger, and when Regnault perished nobly, their action gave an added lustre to his self-sacrifice.

The memory of a duty accomplished endures, as you see by this letter. One of my former comrades reminds me,—writing the name Arcueil-Cachan,—of the outposts, and Colonel Meissonier's inspections.

On the day he mentions, I literally saw death raining round me. For the distance of about a kilometre, I had to pass over a piece of frozen ground as slippery as glass, to Raspail's house. I had left my orderly under shelter. The ground was ploughed up with shell on every side; the sinister whistle never ceased for a moment. I advanced slowly, but unhesitatingly. When I arrived, they said: "Colonel, no

Facsimile of a Drawing on Wood for Les Contes Remois.

Printed by Draeger & Lesieur Paris

one is allowed to cross this piece of ground now the bombardment has begun. There is a covered way which shall be shown you when you go back."

Duval, a very intelligent and resolute fellow, who was afterwards, like so many others, misled by the Commune, and who was among those summarily executed, commanded the post. He was not very well pleased by my visit at first, but directly he heard my name, he offered me the little liqueur he had left, and gave me all the information I wanted.

EVENING. THE FOREST OF SAINT-GERMAIN.

On the eve of the 11th October we held the positions for the first time. I met La Roncière le Nourry, who said to me: "You wouldn't think it, but it is just like Austerlitz over again. Only just conceive the monstrous stupidity of the Artillery people. Bellemare (the General) sent into Paris for guns, and they have sent out to say they must know first whether *we have sheds!*" (This I give word for word.)

We had an awful time of it that night, we had great trouble in getting the men to follow us. I remember a thing General Noël's

orderly officer said to me, "Ah Monsieur Meissonier! you who paint little men must see plenty of models here!"

My heart is full of sorrow and of dread. I am utterly broken down. Up till now, fancying I saw light at the end of the dark path, I have gone forward without regarding anything except that light. Though I knelt and prayed very earnestly, night after night, that God would protect all those I love from harm, I scarcely dared to think of them in the day time, for fear the thought should unnerve me. But now that gleam of light is gone. Black darkness is all round us! Whither shall we turn? We shall soon be at the mercy of those savages.

Our provisions are almost gone. The suffering is dreadful everywhere.

We made a sortie on the 19th. The result was deplorable, as usual. Never were leaders so incapable. Never did any give such palpable proofs of incompetence and weakness! Having no confidence in themselves, they naturally have none in us. Yet we have made tremendous efforts, and would make them afresh, did they not let their discouragement be seen so plainly.

We do all we can to cheer them. We say, "Only dare something! Lead us boldly, and we will follow you blindly." But no! the same story always. They will not listen to our entreaties.

Here is the Buzenval wall. How hot the fire from Mont Valérien is to-day! Below us yonder stands St. Cloud, in all the horror of its ruin,—blackened, gaping, shelled, shattered.

Often I pray that God may not treat this nation of ours like that tree in the Gospel which, bearing no good fruit, was to be cut down and cast into the fire!

Nobody looking at the groups of merry soldiers cheerily camping out on the green would think that we are in the throes of civil war, and face to face with the Prussians. Just here, on the road to Montretout, at the top of the rise, in the open country, I had the trench dug last winter, the day we came on that dreary quest.

I shall never forget that gloomy 21st of January, 1871. I can still see you, parleying with the enemy. I see them glancing at me, as I sat on my horse on that dreary road, where their men were taking our empty stretchers from us, and giving us back others, laden with our poor dead fellows. I see the two riflemen still, on the talus, and the house, half of it blood-stained ruins, by which we stood, while we had the trenches dug for the poor dead wretches, linesmen and mobiles. I see their frozen corpses, stiffened into the attitudes in which death had found them. I see the commissariat officers taking down their regimental numbers, and the long line of vehicles with flags bearing red crosses, in which the men of the National Guard were being placed. It is all before my eyes as I write, everything, down to the crowded footprints on the muddy road! Such sad days are not easily forgotten, my dear General, and those who have seen them should not fail to tell the story of them to their children. . . . Forgive this long letter, sad enough too, for a letter of congratulation. . . . But why did you overcome me by calling up that memory?

Yours most sincerely,

E. Meissonier.

Had Trochu been a different kind of man, he would have ordered *sorties* in 1870. The National Guard was not made use of as it ought to have been. They did not believe in it. It had always been the fashion, in the Army, to look down on it.

You take a man out of the fields, you lick him into shape, or say you do, in six months, and then, forsooth! "you have no confidence" in a body of picked men, full of pluck, and willing to go anywhere and through anything! "Ah! you artists," you'll say, "what can you know about it?"

"I am not acquainted, sir," said I to . . . "with M. Dumas' exact feeling on this matter." A German has asked his permission to bring him a manuscript of his father's. I do not know whether he is as savagely patriotic as I am. I would say no! I would accept no

present, and receive no visit from any German. Since the war no German has ever set foot within my doors, nor ever shall.

When I acted as Vice-President of the International Jury of the Vienna International Exhibition, in 1873, I requested my fellow jurors to beg me formally, in my official capacity, and as the representative of my country, to make a sacrifice, and shake hands with the German members of the jury, as I did with all their fellows. But my intercourse with them ended there.

I went through a great deal the other evening at the dinner of "La Paix Sociale." I had to listen to an enthusiastic description of a recent visit to Germany, with a panegyric on the private virtues of the German nation, winding up with the introduction of a German savant to the company. If I could have done it without insulting everybody present, I should have got up and gone away.

MEISSONIER.
(Pen Sketch.)

People talked with delight of the warm reception given to Frenchmen in Germany. I should think so, indeed! There is nothing on earth that tries the Germans more than the horror we have and always shall have of them. When we get back Alsace and Lorraine, why then I will shake hands, but not before!—When the war broke out, Edouard de Francfort, who is related to the Steinheils, came in one evening to dine with us, as was his habit. "I am sure you will understand," said I, "that I cannot see anything of you at present. Our joys and our sorrows will lie far apart, in these coming days. Farewell to you." And I showed him the door.

When, just after the siege, I had the Prussians quartered on me at Poissy, I used to work shut up in my studio at the top of the house; and one day, knowing they were at dinner, I went down to get a breath of air in my garden. An officer, aware of my presence, I know not

PORTRAIT OF MEISSONIER BY HIMSELF
(Pen Sketch.)

how, came out of the dining-room, and would have entered very civilly into conversation with me. "You are masters here," said I. "But I have nothing to say to you, sir," and upstairs I went forthwith.

When I left Paris, with an official pass, after the siege was over, to go and see my family at Nice, a young officer who had to counter-

sign the passports at Villeneuve St. Georges came up to my carriage window. He was officially connected with the Ministry of Fine Arts at Berlin. He told me how happy he was to have this opportunity of making my acquaintance. "Sir, the moment is ill-chosen!" I replied, and sat back in my corner.—They none of them have the smallest tact or sense of fitness, and our attitude towards them never ceases to wound and astonish them.

The painter Heilbuth, a former friend of mine, desired to see me after the war. "That's all over," I sent him word. "It can never be again." When he got himself naturalised here, I received him with open arms! Menzel and all the others I had known well were very tenacious in their efforts to be received by me again. But I have never seen one of them since 1871, and I never will.

As for those domestic virtues about which they are always prating, they may be less common in Paris, but they still exist in the provinces in France, thank God! We all know many model instances.

*

It might perhaps be well to come back from the principle of an armed nation to the idea of an Army. The system of substitutes was really a very good one. Certain men are born warriors. Put a sailor and a mason side by side. Their temperaments are not of the same kind. One has the boldness that will withstand the tempest; the other has the gift of carrying out his quiet, regular, daily occupation. Imagine then the difference between them on the day of battle!

*

The day before, a Saturday, M. Thiers came from Saint-Germain to see me at Poissy. Unfortunately, I was not at home. He was especially struck by the line of Cuirassiers in the picture I was working at (*1805*), and by the portrait of my old friend, Doctor Lefèvre. M. Thiers was installed in the Pavillon Henri Quatre. I went to return his call, and sent in my card. He appeared in a few minutes, and proposed that we should walk on the terrace. We went down, and as we walked, he stopped every now and then to talk. He talked first of myself, though I made many attempts to introduce other subjects,

spoke of his visit to my studio, of his admiration for my talent, of the confidence he felt as to my lasting fame. "Do not make any change in your style," he said. "Go on in the way you have begun, and do not allow yourself to be influenced by criticism." M. Thiers, however, really knew nothing about art. He never understood Delacroix.

He spoke of Delacroix and of Ingres, saying several times in reference to the latter: "He is a commonplace fellow!" . . . I was most anxious to get him on to the subject of politics. When he once began, he waxed eloquent. On such occasions, as you know, one had only to listen. His sympathies, naturally, were with Turkey. He considered that Gladstone's influence on this question in its earlier stages, had been disastrous. As to the International Exhibition of 1878, he declared it would be impossible to hold it in that year. We should not be ready. He was wrong. . . .

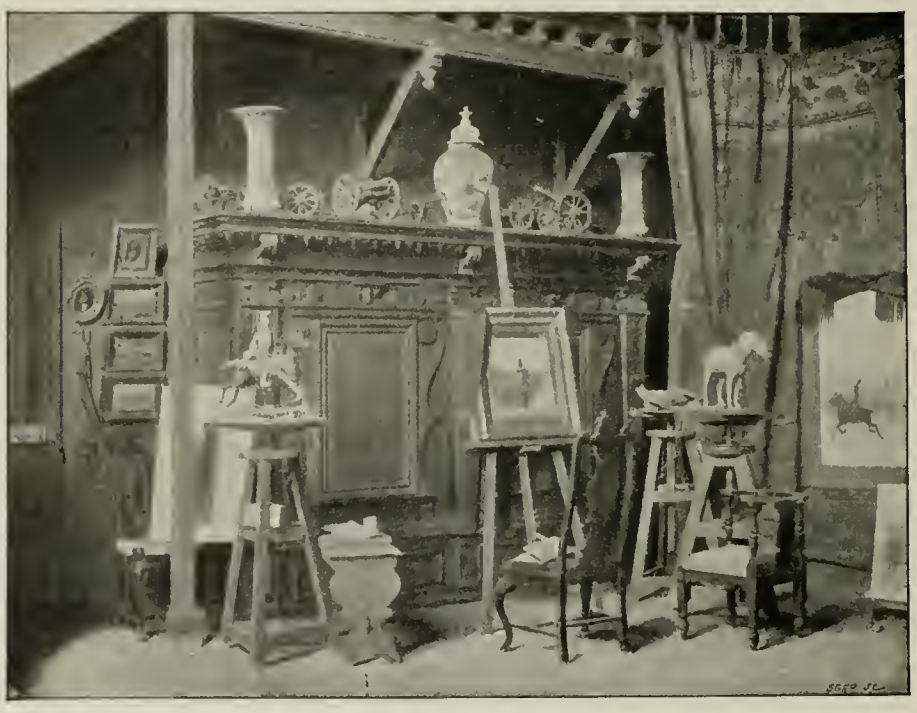
Speaking of my *Siege of Paris*, he said that though the heroic defence of the capital in 1870 had saved the national honour, it had been unfavourable to the conditions of peace. If the resistance had been less prolonged, there was, he thought a time when he might have kept Metz for France. . . .

Ever since Bonnat had painted his official portrait, he had wished, he said, to have a more intimate rendering of himself by my hand. It was one of the things he most desired. It was arranged that he should come again and discuss it the following Tuesday. He died on the Monday.

How strange was the sequence of events which brought him to Saint-Germain, close to me, which made him think of the projected portrait, and which, on the very day when his wish was to have been gratified, brought me to his death-bed to carry it out! . . .

I held communion with him, so to speak, on that Sunday on the terrace at Saint-Germain, and again I was to hold a last communion with him in those solemn moments in his death-chamber, when, for three long hours, I stood beside him, seeking him under the mask of death! I kissed his cold forehead, and when, at dawn, the rays of the sun fell on him for the last time, it was I who let them in upon him that I might paint him. What thoughts passed through my mind, my

child, as I worked! The idea of a splendid allegorical composition occurred to me. . . . The secret of eternity was there before me on that face. I was penetrated by the mysterious and awful communion with Death! The allegorical picture might be treated in two ways, but in each the dead man's figure would dominate. . . . All the personifications of intelligence and genius defiling, as in an antique procession, before Thiers. The army, represented by a soldier; the



A CORNER IN MEISSONIER'S STUDIO.

people, the workman, all would have their place. . . . Or, the death-chamber, and by the bedside a single grand figure, that of France, motionless, overwhelmed with grief, looking down at him, before crowning him.

You remember that cry of "Vive la République," when his funeral car passed through the streets. It burst out, swelling like a long breath, like a mighty sigh, the sonorous echo of which died away only to rise again.

Like Lamartine, whose poetry was the delight of my young days, I have loved Nature. Like him, I have worshipped the sky, the mountains, and the woods, in solitude. Light is so beautiful! Nature is so fair! It is such a joy to admire them! Oh! the dazzling golden glory of the forest! How exquisite the earth is! How I long to fill up the time before me, too short, alas! with innumerable pictures! Oh! to live on!

MEDALLION OF MEISSONIER BY CHAPLAIN
(Musée du Luxembourg.)

VIII

LAST YEARS

CAVALIER OF THE TIME OF LOUIS XIII.
(Washed Drawing.)

MY brother has just died suddenly.

I have tried, though I had only pencils to do it with, to make a last sketch of him.

His funeral will take place on Tuesday at the Madeleine. It is there I should like to be taken, when my turn comes. The service is so splendidly ordered. The voices render the magnificent prayers of our Catholic religion so superbly.[1]

Sixty years. A long lease truly! It is the uncertainty of the period remaining which makes it seem long or short. Yet it is something, as one looks back over the accumulated tale of years, to see one's performance has grown steadily greater.

[1] His funeral service was performed at the Madeleine on Tuesday, February 3rd, 1891.

It is a profound grief for an artist, as he gets on in years, to realise that he will be unable to carry out the works of which he still dreams.

I have failed to secure that leisure and peace of mind which would have enabled me to devote my remaining energies to ideal subjects. I have travelled far, I begin to be weary, as I said in a letter this morning. My friends may have heard me complain sometimes, not because I have to work, but because I cannot approach my work with all the calm and elevation I should wish.

STATUE OF MEISSONIER AT POISSY, BY FRÉMIET.

Oh! how thankful I should feel to be free from business troubles. What a burden to bear! I am utterly depressed. I can look at nothing hopefully on days like these.

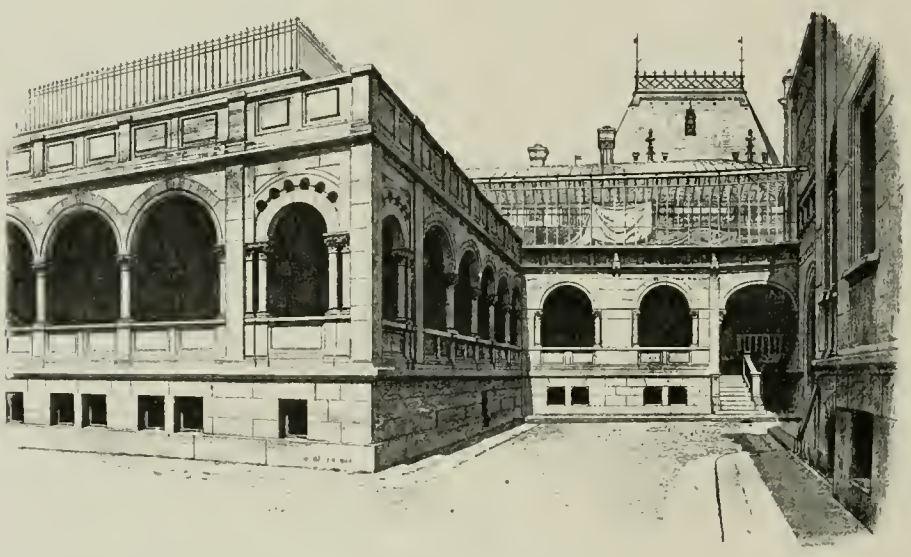
The idea of rest, in the artist's sense, is a vulgar error. Business people, who leave a tiresome occupation, may and do require relaxation elsewhere, but artists, the chosen and blessed ones of the earth, only know one perfectly happy condition in life,—that of work. With them the hour for necessary rest strikes always on unwilling ears. Their work is their only joy, their sovereign delight. The arrival of even the best loved friend disturbs, at certain moments of special inspiration.

As I grow older I work harder than I have ever worked.

How glorious to breathe the air of spring in the country on fine days like these. I shall not see many more, and I have not enjoyed a single one of these! I shall die with my longing for rest unsatisfied.

To learn how pleasant rest is, a man must have worked hard his whole life long.

I shall die pencil in hand, without having ever been able to take a real rest! I have always, daily, hourly, been chained to my work,



CLOISTERS OF MEISSONIER'S HOUSE IN PARIS.

without ever knowing the freedom . . . . of a prolonged absence, of absolute idleness.

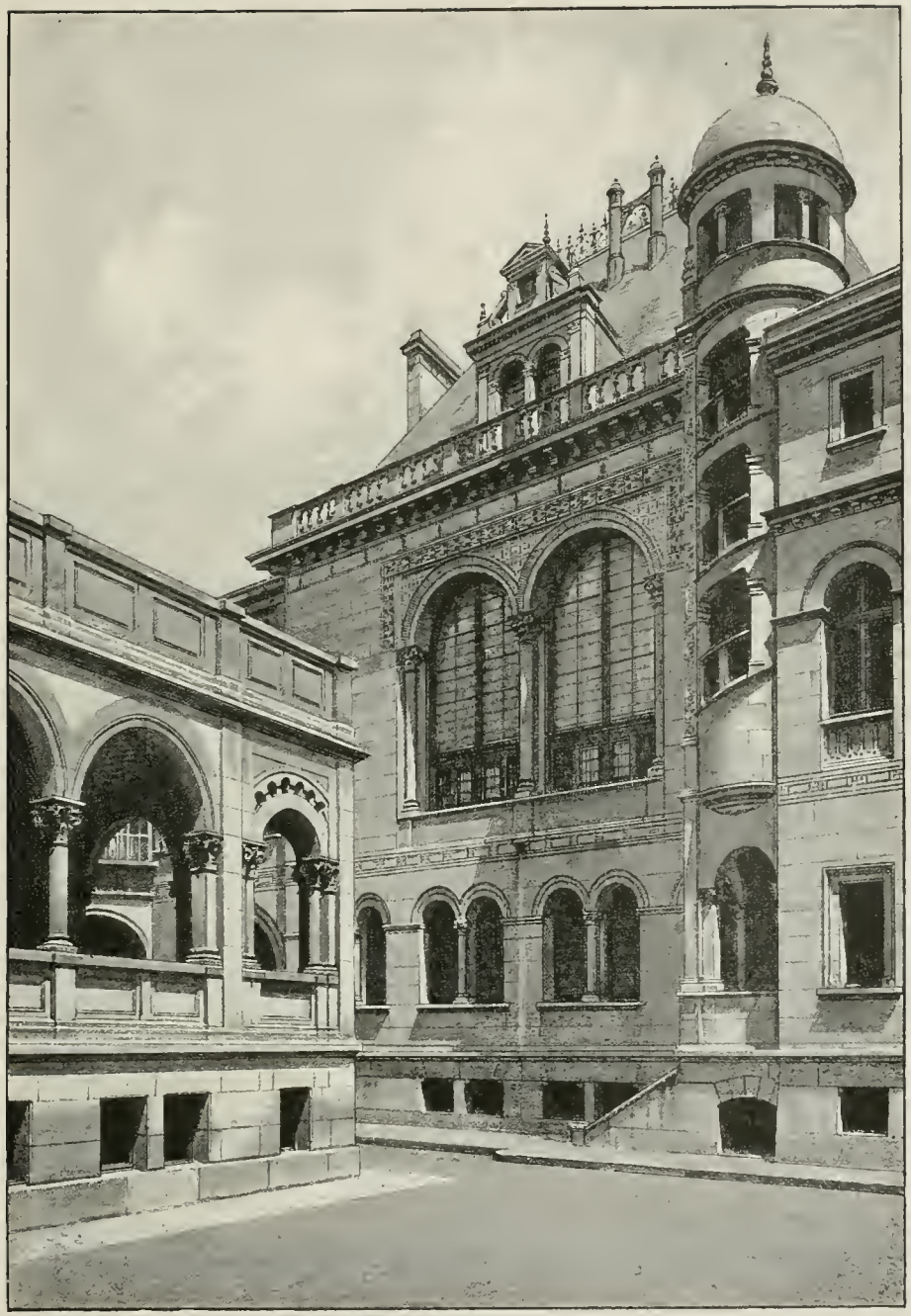
I pray God to grant me five more years of work, and then two or three of repose, to end with.

This morning, towards six o'clock, as I stood at my window at Poissy, watching the morning brighten, listening to the birds, I was struck by a contrast on which a poet might write a set of verses. The clock at the Mairie had just sounded, thin and shrill. Then the hour pealed out from the tower of the old church, full, and deep, and

A Gentleman of the Time of Louis XV

(FOR P. C. DE BEAUMONT'S "LES FEMMES ET L'ÉPÉE." M. FÉVRIER, DÉBUTANT.)

Printed by Draeger Frères, Paris



COURTYARD OF MEISSONIER'S HOUSE IN PARIS.

solemn. It sounded like a grand religious "morality," contrasted with the piping secular apostrophe from the Mairie.

I love the sound of church bells, especially of this one, which is

admirably sonorous and powerful in tone. Living close by, as I do, I hear it constantly, in my room, and the sound lulls me deliciously.

I shall never forget an experience I had at Antwerp one evening. I was still young at the time (it was in 1850, on the 2nd or 3rd of January). I had just arrived at Antwerp for the first time in my life, and my habit, in those days, was to rush out of doors as soon as I got to any new place. I had gone to the Grand St. Antoine Hôtel, in the

DINING-ROOM OF MEISSONIER'S HOUSE IN PARIS.

Place de Meir,—we have dined there together, you and I. When I went out, the ground was covered with snow, and as I walked along, a strange harmonious sound fell on my ear. It was the first carillon I had ever heard. Even now, years and years afterwards, the charm of it is on me.

"People of my age rest themselves?" Those who are able, perhaps! I cannot! I am racked with anxiety of every sort. My mind never knows a happy moment.

You know the sort of inexplicable melancholy that comes over one sometimes. Working a while ago, with the child, I felt so miserable that I bade her go down into the garden, that I might be left alone to weep. My soul is filled with a sense of unutterable woe.

How bitterly sad! Just when I ought to be free at last, or at all events independent, in money matters, difficulties and anxieties surge up all round me! I see no outlet to them. The close of my life is

MEISSONIER'S STUDY IN PARIS.

like Rembrandt's end. Only he ruined himself buying beautiful things, and I am ruining myself piling stones one on top of the other. Ah! how I should like to turn my house in Paris into a Foundation, a sort of Museum and School of Art. The very details of the architecture suit the idea.

Ah! how I wish that my water-colour, *1805*, were not leaving the country, even for England, and that it had been bought by a French-

man. America keeps everything she carries away. I would not have the picture taken away from Europe for the world. . . .

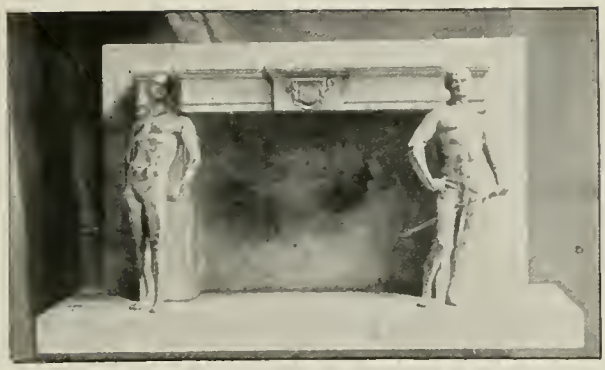
This *1805* will kill me; I wonder sometimes if I shall go on with it to the end. Oh! my dear, how weary I am. This *1805* has stolen three or four years of the few yet remaining to me. I am utterly exhausted, this strenuous toil will kill me. At my age, seventy-two, I

MODELLED CARYATIDS BY MEISSONIER FOR A FIREPLACE IN HIS HOUSE IN PARIS.

cannot take an hour's rest. And unlike my friend Chenavard, I cannot find comfort in a philosophic resignation, and indifference to worldly things. I am almost despairing, but my thoughts rise heavenwards, turning more and more to God. I have come to the end of all things, life among the number. How bitterly I regret that I was unable to say what I felt and wished, while I was still young and vigorous. . . .

Bacchus.

(PEN DRAWING



MODEL OF A FIREPLACE IN MEISSONIER'S HOUSE.

This hideous pain in my right thumb! It needs all my courage to keep the brush between my fingers. How little I dreamt that this would be added to all my other sufferings, illnesses, operations. . . . Only this winter I congratulated myself on feeling my hand firmer than ever when I painted. How intense was my delight in painting and drawing! Oh! God, shall I have to give it all up!

Alas! no one can hold the brush for me! If I were a writer, I could dictate to you. If this pain continues, it will be the end. C. can think of death calmly, he will leave no eternal regret behind him. In his case all is peaceful, orderly. He has nothing to deplore. But I! . . . He has not the passionate love I have for anything. . . . he will quit his world, that's all!

STATUE OF MEISSONIER IN PARIS, BY A. MERCIÉ.

When I got home I cooked the two eggs for my breakfast on the gas stove, I straightened up my studio a little, and then I bent down over a portfolio to take

out some drawings. All at once I felt everything go round, I called for help. The nearest doctor was fetched. Then others came,—Blondeau and Guyon. Mustard plasters were applied. I thought it was congestion of the brain. But it was nothing but overstrain, to remedy which I have been condemned, alas! to absolute quiet for a whole long fortnight.

Yes, I am well enough, but I cannot help thinking this pain will end by giving me trouble. It alarms me for the future. They call it fatigue of the pneumogastric nerve. All I know is that if I walk a little too fast, I get a pain in my chest.

This morning my eyes hurt me so from overwork that I began to be afraid I might go blind. Light is so beautiful! Nature is so fair! It is such a joy, oh! such a joy to see and to admire!

After working desperately hard, on a blazing day, in thirty degrees of heat, I was seized with such a fit of giddiness that I thought I must have congestion of the brain. I am very much knocked up still, and my eyes hurt me, as if the light had burnt them. I had worked for hours on end, under a torrid sun.

At my age I ought to be able to work with a quiet mind, not at the dagger's point. The evening's rest, after the day's toil, should be radiant and complete. I ought to feel I could live happily and quietly, independently of my profession and my art, which should be no more than a pleasant relaxation to me.

I am in a frame of mind that becomes more and more gloomy. I reproach myself, and try to get the better of it, but I cannot, and my exasperation only increases. . . . I feel I have still all my powers, if I could only work as I wish to! How terrible that at my age, and after all my hard work, I should be obliged to slave for a livelihood!

How hard it is, at my age, to have to perform work I dislike in order to ensure myself freedom to do what I care for most, after having earned all my household requires! I care for nothing but my art. I have lived for nothing else. It has been my ideal and my whole happiness.

How grimly the sorrows, and the difficulties, and the impossibilities of life rise up within one's soul! The time comes at last when every morning brings a heavy wakening, and every day is one long weariness.

Sometimes, when I feel my hand grow heavy, I shiver, as I think of those necessary tools, the indispensable agents of the painter's craft, and that they may fail, while his power of conception is still clear. The failure of an artist's powers is a very bitter and gloomy thing to bear.

I am weary, *morally* speaking. But work never tires one when it goes well. The days and hours fly by unnoticed, all too short.

How pleasant it would be, one's work well over, to rest at last, in the midst of Nature, God's own work, and peacefully watch the end of life draw near, beside some azure sea, whose hurrying waves come softly rippling to the golden sand,—thinking over the past, and moralising simply, without a shade of bitterness, over one's life experience. How delightful such days, free from all care, would be to me!

No words can express my horror of going back to painting genre

pictures for a livelihood. Ah! would I were independent enough only to do great pictures!

The worries you know of, which press increasingly on me, not to speak of the toil of all those little figures at the château, quite wear me out.

Once I get rid of all these pictures, I shall have nothing left, in a half-finished state; I shall only have to sketch what I really care to carry out.

Fontarabia, Irun, most picturesque towns, both of them, are quite near at hand. The frontier is only one day's journey off. The wooden cornices of the houses there are beautiful. And then the dwellers in them! Everybody begs, even middle-class children. The outstretched hand forms part and parcel of the national habits. The women, in the midst of all the prevailing dirt, brush and sleek their shining hair in the open streets, just as they do in Italy. The church at Irun is perfectly bare. Not a chair, not an ornament of any kind. The nave is full of mysterious shadows. Only in the choir, over the altar, a huge golden drapery shines and flames,—a most dazzling effect.

It was on a Sunday. They were dancing in the square. Two men, one playing the fife, the other the tambourine, advanced into the open space, and made two or three solemn gestures at each other, bowing the while, to indicate that the ball was opened.

At my age, I have lost all desire to travel. If I could have an enchanted carpet to transport me, perhaps I might go hither or thither for the sake of making a study. But like the Genoese Doria, who inscribed the fact upon his palace wall, I love the peace of a well-ordered house. I don't intend ever again to risk myself in dingy hostelries.

Backgrounds and necessary details worry and exasperate me now. I never feel this weariness and nervousness when I am working from Nature.

Jena — 1806.

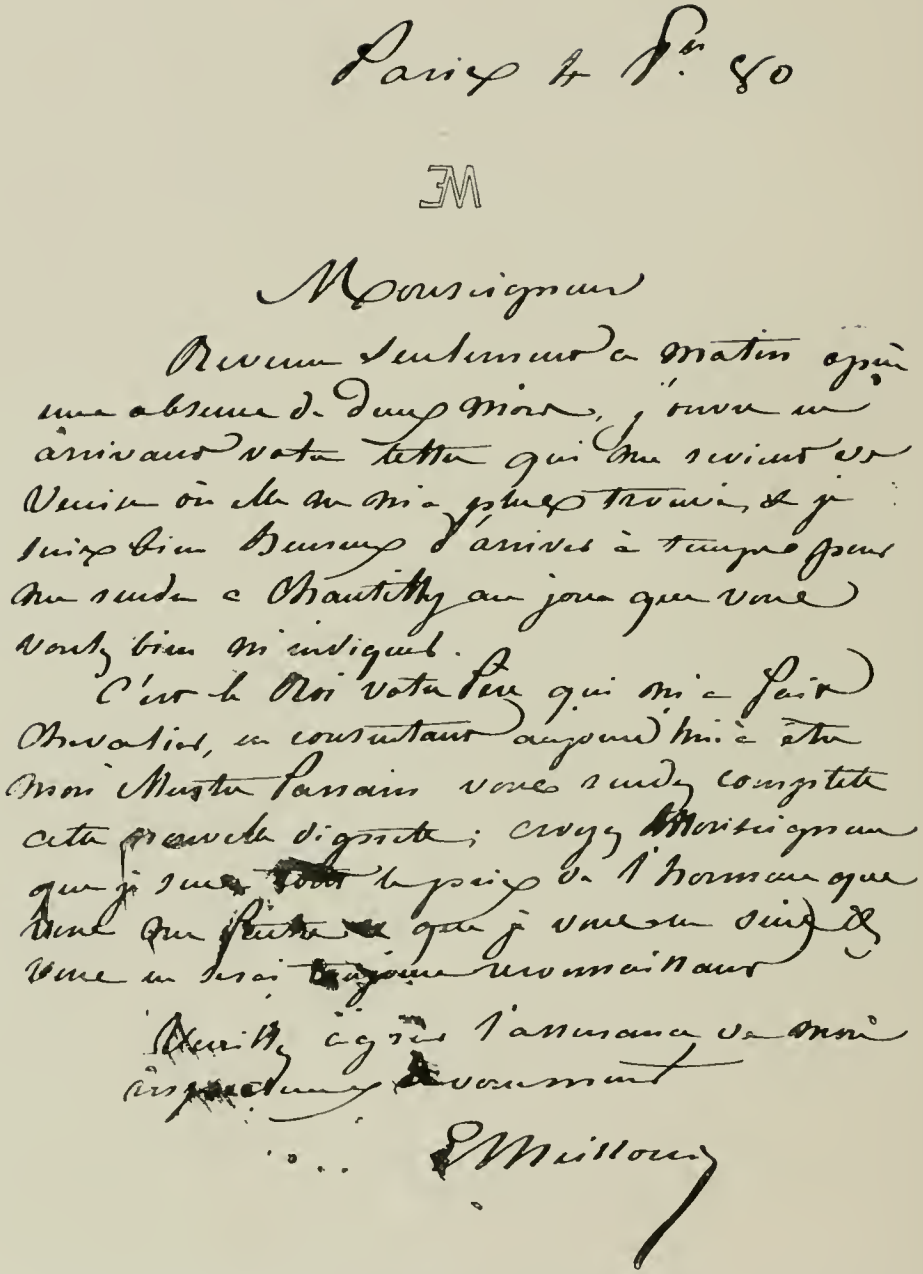
(LAST PICTURE EXHIBITED BY THE LATE CHAMPERNOWNE, 1890.)

I've not done any good to-day. I could throw my palette on the floor, I am so angry. I am furious with myself.

Oh! the bitter feeling of a wasted day! And to-morrow may be like it! Fatigue is nothing, when the result of the finished labour is good, when one has a right to be pleased with one's self!

Ah! dearest child, life, with all its memories, is like grapes in the wine-press. The piled-up clusters overflow the vat, but the wine expressed is little enough! Life!—how little it really comes to, after all, in the bottom of the glass!

APPENDIX



FACSIMILE OF MEISSONIER'S LETTER OF THANKS TO THE DUC D'AUMALE, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS PROMOTION TO THE RANK OF GRAND OFFICER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR

APPENDIX

MEISSONIER IN 1859.

A NOTE ON THE LIFE AND WORKS OF MEISSONIER, BY COMTE HENRI DELABORDE, PERPETUAL SECRETARY OF THE ACADEMY. READ AT THE ANNUAL PUBLIC MEETING OF OCTOBER 29, 1892.

GENTLEMEN,

In his early youth, M. Meissonier experienced trials and difficulties; but when once this period of probation was past, his life flowed on for half a century in the splendour of a glory without eclipse, in the confident possession of success of every kind, and homage in every form. At no period can we point to a French painter to whom such high distinctions were awarded, whose works were so eagerly sought after, whose material interests were so guaranteed by the high prices offered for every production of his brush. Everything was exceptional in that brilliant career, from the constant chorus of admiration which acclaimed it, to the universal emotion with which the news of its close has been greeted, both in France and abroad.

MEISSONIER IN 1859.
(Campaign in Italy.)

And yet, is there any one who would attribute these extraordinary privileges only to the lucky star of their recipient? Do we not all feel, that if the artist enjoyed such continuous good fortune, it was because he continuously deserved it? Throughout his life, he had that rare moral strength

MEISSONIER IN 1860.

which enables a man to measure his undertakings by his powers—to dream of nothing, conceive nothing, produce nothing, which was not suited to the nature of his gifts. He showed a courage more honourable even than this in resisting those promptings of self-confidence which lead many an artist of established reputation to discount his talent and his fame by haphazard work. In the whole course of his career, M. Meissonier never submitted a work to the public until he had brought it to that precise point when he was satisfied that there was no further effort to make, no possible improvement of detail to be attempted. A passionate respect for his art and for all the duties it imposes, a striving after perfection at all costs, in a word, the entire satisfaction of his artistic conscience —these were the guiding principles of the illustrious *confrère* we have lost. These are the principles which give a permanent authority to his name, and explain, even to the most fatalistic, the apparent indulgence with which he was treated by Fortune.

To these principles, too, we may refer the high level of excellence maintained in all his signed works. In the complete works of nearly all masters, it is usual to find one which seems to sum up the essential qualities of its author's genius and the characteristics of his manner, more completely than the others, and so to take rank as what we call his masterpiece. Once so designated, it becomes the object of an exclusive, an almost official preference on the part of the public. So much so, indeed, that in spite of any other titles to fame he may have acquired, the painter who has produced it becomes in general

MEISSONIER IN 1860
(Working at *Solferino.*)

MEISSONIER.
(Membre de l'Institut, 1861.)

MEISSONIER IN 1866.

parlance, the painter of a single work only. No such process is possible in the case of M. Meissonier. The unvarying excellence of his performance keeps up such an equilibrium of perfection among his productions that it would be as hard to point out that which does him most honour, as to discover any which show traces of decline or neglect.

I have said that M. Meissonier underwent a certain amount of hardship before entering on what was practically a triumphal progress of some fifty years' duration. This hardship, in spite of the reports that are current on this head, was by no means entirely due, in his case, to the lack of material resources. A legend has somehow gained ground to the effect that the future painter was forced in early manhood to take refuge in a druggist's shop in the Rue des Lombards, in order to earn the daily bread his family was unable

MEISSONIER MODELLING A HORSE IN WAX.

to provide for him. As a fact, the position he was obliged to accept at this period was in no sense forced on him by the supposed poverty of his parents. It was due solely to the commands of his father, a chemical manufacturer, who proposed to train his eldest son as his successor by placing him as apprentice with a man of his own calling, or of one closely allied thereto.

Up to this time, the child's training had been more or less desultory, in spite of the indications he seems to have given of a special aptitude. Born at Lyons on the 21st of January, 1815, he was brought in early childhood to Paris, where his parents settled. For a time he pursued the study of the classics in the public colleges of the capital, and later, after the death of his mother, in the house of a professor at Grenoble, who undertook to instruct him in mathematics. Later again, his father brought him back to Paris to follow a course of purely literary studies, finally sending him once more to Grenoble, where for two years he devoted himself to those more scientific studies, which, after having been sternly enforced, had been allowed to drop entirely out of his curriculum.

MEISSONIER IN 1869.

These experiences, desultory and contradictory as they were, by no means affected his invincible confidence in the future. He was determined to be a painter, he felt that he should be some day, and in the meantime, he accepted with comparative patience, tasks very uncongenial to his artistic instincts. Returning to the paternal roof after his last sojourn at Grenoble, Meissonier, then a lad of seventeen, was condemned to copy business letters from morning till night, and after a few months in the counting-house, to pass from theory to practice in the form of an apprenticeship to the druggist already mentioned. In his new home, as before in his father's house, he solaced himself at night for the prosaic occupations of the day. Alone in his little bedroom, his door carefully bolted, he drew for hours, sometimes till dawn, a fertile imagination and a singular faculty of observation making up, to some extent, for his want of technical knowledge. He was so untiring in his efforts, that at last his father

was moved to make a concession: "Very well," said he, on one occasion when the lad had been more insistent than usual; "try your hand at painting, since nothing else will satisfy you. But let us understand each other. I give you a week to find a master, and a year to show that you really have talent. At the end of this time, if you have not succeeded, I withdraw my consent, and you go back to the shop."

MEISSONIER IN 1870-71 AS STAFF-COLONEL OF THE NATIONAL GUARD.

The time of grace was certainly short, and the condition rigorous. But this mattered little to Meissonier, who had gained all he asked for the moment,—permission to give himself up to his chosen studies, and to pursue an artist's avocations in the light of day, and under the direction of a master, instead of in secret vigils. But who was this master to be? A forgotten painter, one Jules Potier whose name Meissonier had heard from a friend. The young man presented himself to the artist one day with no other recommendation than a little drawing he had slipped into his hat, meaning to produce it at a favourable moment as evidence of his talent. Unfortunately, his reception damped his hopes considerably. The man to whom he had come in all confidence for encouragement, did his best to dissuade him from his purpose, quoting himself as an example of the disappointment too often reserved for those who aspire to an artist's career. "You wish to be a painter," said he. "Believe me, it is a cruel calling. At your age, I had your illusions; but what disenchantments, what fruitless efforts to emerge from obscurity and poverty have been my lot since! A like fate perhaps awaits you; I will not help to bring it upon you."

MEISSONIER IN 1872.

MEISSONIER IN 1878.
(In the garden at Poissy.)

As may be supposed, objections of this sort were powerless to shake Meissonier's resolution. All they did was to show him the necessity of trying his luck elsewhere, and he started afresh in search of a more complaisant professor. The friend, on whose recommendation he had gone to Potier, met him the next morning in the street: "Well, what did M. Potier say to your drawing?" "My drawing! I didn't dare show it to him, he snubbed me so directly he heard what I wanted." "You were wrong. Before you acknowledge yourself beaten, go back to your judge, and plead your cause, documents in hand." Meissonier obeyed. He went to M. Potier again and, with as much calmness as he could assume, showed him the drawing, on which his fate depended. After looking at it for some minutes Potier asked, "What did you copy this from?" And when the young man assured him it was original—"Upon my word," said he, "I think I must retract. Forget what I said the other day, and come to me as soon as you like."

Meissonier installed himself in Potier's studio there and then, and from that moment, set to work with the utmost eagerness to learn all his master could teach him. His progress was so rapid that Potier, feeling he had nearly come to the end of his resources as a guide for this gifted pupil, was the first to advise that Meissonier should be placed under a more distinguished master. He himself generously procured his admission to Léon

MEISSONIER IN 1890.

Cogniet's studio. To be brief, the term fixed upon by Meissonier's father had scarcely expired when the pupil had not only given the required proofs of his talent, but had further already won a certain reputation as a designer of vignettes for the illustration of books and of fashionable musical publications.

Four or five years later his name had become familiar to the public in connection with some pictures he had exhibited—*Flemish Burghers*, *Chess Players*, *The Messenger*, and above all, the little masterpiece of sentiment and expression painted in 1838—*A Monk Ministering to a Dying Man*.[1]

MEISSONIER IN 1890.
(In his studio in Paris.)

But he now shared that name with another, and the material difficulties of his position were naturally much enhanced. At twenty-five he had married the sister of one of his comrades, M. Steinheil, who was afterwards to make a reputation as a glass-painter. On this point he had to overcome parental objections no less strong than those which had been urged against his vocation, with this difference, however, that here the only thing seriously insisted upon as an obstacle was his youth. By degrees, however, harmony was re-established, on condition that Meissonier should not expect any increase in the modest allowance his father had hitherto made him, and that he should provide for the expenses of his household as best he could. These expenses were soon increased by the birth of a daughter, and later, of a son, destined to become, in his turn, a painter. Here may be found the explanation of certain works of no great interest undertaken by Meissonier at this period; for instance, four copies of old portraits painted for the Versailles Museum from mediocre originals. But here, too, lay his incentives to the conquest of fresh technical knowledge and the

[1] Originally bought by the Duc d'Orleans, and now in the Fodor Museum at Amsterdam.

THE BIBLIOPHILE.

acquisition of new artistic methods. Who can say whether, if circumstances had not decided his course, Meissonier would so often have laid aside his brush for the draughtsman's pencil and the etcher's point? We might have been the richer by some few pictures. But should we have had that exquisite series of little plates, beginning in 1838 with the illustrations for *Paul et Virginie* and *La Chaumière Indienne*, and closing with those vignettes for the *Conte Rémois* now so eagerly sought after by collectors.

However, this may be, and to whichever process we owe them, the works executed by Meissonier before the age of thirty, explain and justify his reputation as fully as any which have followed. Is it not, indeed, a common characteristic of strong artistic natures to give the measure of their strength from the very first, and to manifest themselves once and for all in the early fruits of their genius? Ingres reveals himself fully in his first portraits and in his *Œdipus*, as does Gros in his *Battle of Nazareth*, and Géricault in his *Chasseur on Horseback*. Delacroix was not yet twenty-four when he gave a foretaste of the qualities that were to distinguish the painter of the *Medæa* and the *Barque du Don Juan*, in his *Dante*. Meissonier is an example of a like precocious development. Perfect health of mind, preserved to the very end of his life by organs of extraordinary vigour and delicacy, precision of sentiment, seconded by wonderfully penetrating sight, and prodigious dexterity of execution—these are qualities evident in all his works, to whatever period they belong. Of course, as he grew older, the master's

PENCIL SKETCH.

work became more varied. More complicated themes took their places side by side with the *Smokers*, the *Violoncello-players*, the *Readers* in their studies, the *Bowl players* at the tavern; scenes of an energy sometimes culminating in violence, like *La Rixe*, epic in their evocation of great events, like the justly famous picture known as *1814*, and occasionally full of a delicate humour, like the *Sign-painter* and *The Sergeant's Portrait*. But the *manner*—using this word to denote the painter's personal method of interpreting the phenomena of light and colour—never changed throughout his work; it is the outcome of sincerity of thought and unalterable love of truth.

PENCIL SKETCH.

Meissonier was, as we are all ready to admit, neither the first nor the only artist whose works have these special characteristics. The Dutch "Little Masters" of the seventeenth century had the same ingenious veracity, the same imaginative vision, which, by the choice of certain effects of chiaroscuro, the relation of certain forms or tones, bring out the picturesque significance of things, and give them such vivacity that the folds of a garment, the accidents of light on furniture, become deeply interesting. In their rendering of such effects, many of these men were his superiors in ease and breadth of handling. But was not even the most eminent among them content with such results alone? With the exception of Rembrandt, who was at once a consummate craftsman, and the painter *par excellence* of the soul and its mysteries, the Dutch masters troubled themselves little as to the moral lesson of the scenes they painted. Did not Metzu and even Terburg hold that they had completed their artistic task when they had rendered,—with the utmost perfection, it is true—*A Woman peeling an Apple*, and *A Soldier offering a Woman Money*, or *A Lady at her Harpsichord*, and *A Lady accepting Refreshments*. Meissonier's ambitions were not so limited. Careful as he was to give the stamp of exact and truthful delineation to the persons and things he took for his models, he by no means confined himself to this exterior imitation,

PUNCH.
(Sketch in body-colour.)

even when the subjects he treated were purely domestic. By their persuasive eloquence of attitude and gesture, by the transparent expression of their faces, the figures he painted not only satisfy the eye, but inform the mind, setting forth in unmistakable accents the thoughts and feelings by which they are animated.

Suppose that Meissonier desires, for instance, to make us witnesses of *A Confidence*, an interview between two men, the younger of whom initiates the other into the mysteries of some intimate adventure, some tender secret of the heart, by the reading of a letter. The eagerness of the one to impart his joy or his hopes, the insinuating vivacity with which he indicates and emphasises the information his lips convey, by the movement of his whole body, and on the other hand, the coldness with which the other receives this impassioned confidence, and calculates its consequences to himself—all these subtle contrasts between the thoughts and feelings of the two actors in the scene are analysed and rendered with the perspicacity of a moralist and the ardour of a poet. Or, again, we are shown a writer, whose stock of ideas, or of words in which to formulate them, has failed him ; seated at his table and bending over his paper, he solicits the recalcitrant Muse, biting the end of his pen, and looking with an anxious, interrogatory gaze, at the silent sheet he would fain make eloquent. On the other hand, as a sort of set-off to this painful ordeal—an ordeal familiar to all men of letters, perhaps even to Academicians themselves!—Meissonier shows us on another canvas an author reading over a page he has just completed, with an air of complacent satisfaction. Stretched out in his arm-chair, his head thrown back, his eye gentle and caressing, he smiles to himself, well pleased with his work, and with the beauties he has bestowed upon it. What endless testimonies we might find in the pictures and drawings of the master to his skill in surprising and interpreting the most delicate emotions of the mind and heart! And, side

PUNCH.
(Water-colour in Madame Dumas d'Hauterive's collection.)

by side with these examples of perceptive subtlety, how many others might we instance, which attest no less unequivocally the vigour of a mind attuned to the most dramatic, the most terrible, of subjects, subjects whose sinister significance makes them at a first glance, very unattractive to the painter.

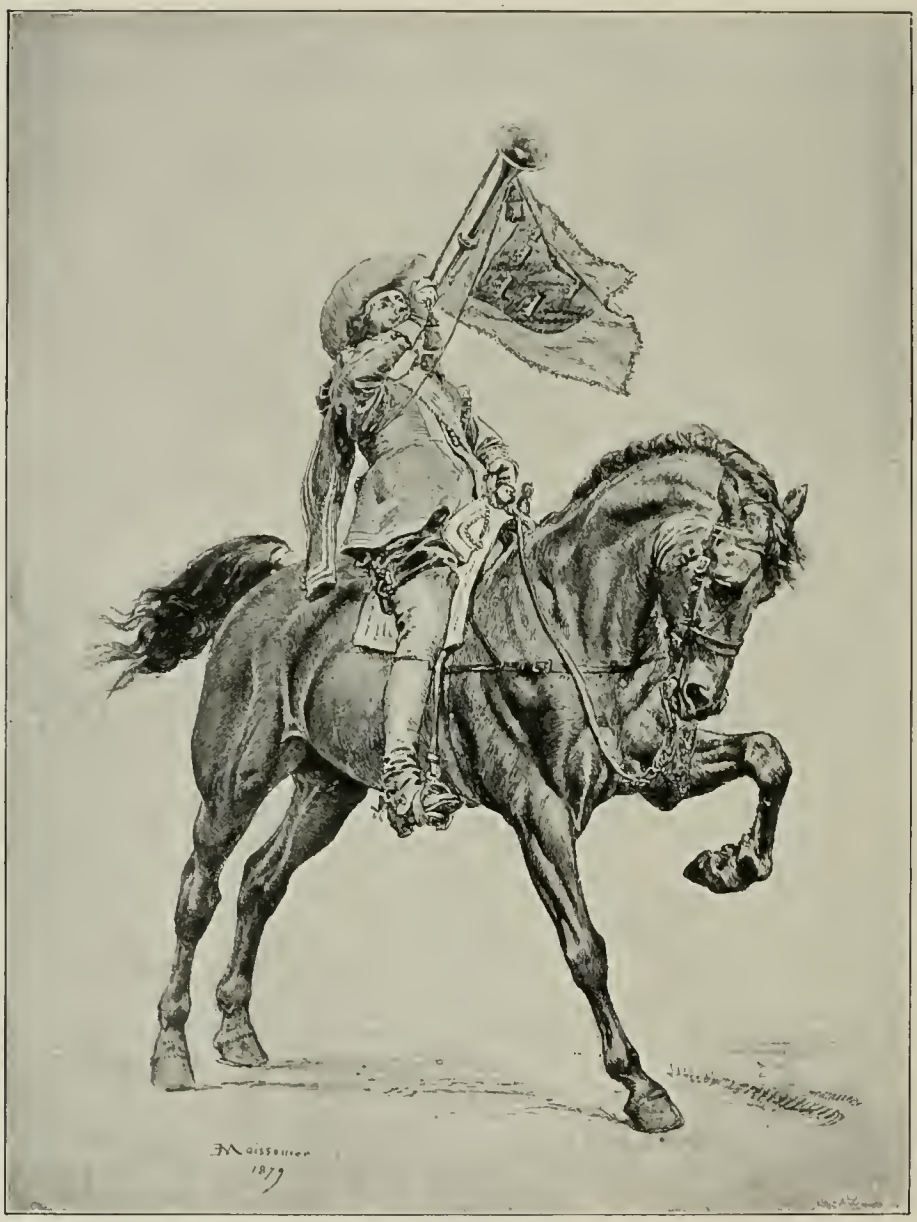
A single example will suffice. Let me remind you of that picture the days of June, 1848, suggested to Meissonier, which figured at the exhibition of 1850 under the title *A Memory of Civil War*. A most striking and powerful work, in spite of its small dimensions, an exact and tragic rendering of the results of a conflict waged on both sides with grim tenacity —on the one with the energy of hatred and despair, on the other with mournful resignation to the accomplishment of a duty. At the moment chosen by the painter the fratricidal strife is over. A ghastly silence reigns in that street where musket-shots echoed but a few minutes before, and on that shattered barricade the defenders of which have been struck down, and which is now heaped with their corpses. What a spectacle! What a lesson.[1]

UNDER THE BALCONY.

Alas! some twenty years later, other events in contemporary history furnished Meissonier with the elements of a scene no less terrible, though on this occasion, the memories he evokes are not those of civil war. Thank God, the admirable composition, half picturesque history, half poetic allegory, in which he summed up the miseries and the grandeur of the Paris under the siege of 1870, speaks only of men who fell together in a glorious cause, victims of a common patriotism, some unknown, others for ever famous, like the youthful

[1] This picture is now in the Van Praet collection at Brussels.

Henri Regnault. In this medley of the dead of all ages and conditions, and in all costumes—from the officer's uniform to the sailor's jacket, from the volunteer's



THE HERALD OF MURCIA.

military coat to the cassock of priest or seminarist, struck down while tending the wounded—in this crowd of heroic vanquished clinging about the allegorical figure of Paris, who would not see, not the sterile record of our misfortunes and

losses, but an exhortation to draw a lofty lesson from such a spectacle? It is impossible to conceive of one of those corpses rising from his rigid sleep to trace with his ghostly finger the awful and impious word *Nada* (nothing), as in that scene of *The Horrors of War*, traced by Goya's materialistic pencil, where the artist proclaims the emptiness of sacred aspirations, of the spirit of self-sacrifice, of patriotic devotion. Rather, if one of these could come to life for a moment, would he speak to us of the glory into which he has entered, commending himself to our memories, not by the stern lesson of a terrible disenchantment, but by a noble encouragement in well-doing, in faith, in hope.

STATUETTE OF MEISSONIER BY GEMITO.

Meissonier's grand composition is no more than a sketch, though to the very end of his life the master hoped to convert it into a picture, and a picture of vast dimensions. At one time he even thought of carrying it out on one of the walls of the Pantheon. But this proposal, which was at first favourably received by the administration of the Section of Fine Arts, was finally rejected, and he therefore had perforce to await another opportunity for the realisation of his project, an opportunity which never presented itself. This was, indeed, the fate of several other projects especially dear to Meissonier, such, for example, as his idea,—a strange one enough,—of taking in hand a large canvas of *Samson slaying the Philistines*, for which he had collected a good deal of material, and made a number of studies. It is matter for greater regret that he never completed what he called his "Napoleonic Cycle,"—a series of scenes reproducing the most characteristic phases of Bonaparte's career. Of these five scenes only two,—the subjects known as *1807* and *1814*,—were completed, with what brilliant success is well known. Failing the pictures he did not live to carry out, we have Meissonier's own words to tell us what the completed work would have been, or

at least, what was the conception he proposed to illustrate.[1] Among the notes of the master's conversation taken down each day by her whom a second marriage had made the companion of his last years, and who survives him to devote herself to his memory, we find a curious sketch of the programme Meissonier had drawn up for his own guidance. From this, as from many other fragments of these *Notes*, we learn that Meissonier never decided upon the execution of any work without profound study of the meaning he sought to convey. Before tracing a line on the canvas, he had made the subject his own by exhaustive mental analysis. But as regards all that pertains to execution, to truth of forms or effects, to a rigorous precision of style, he never, to the very

PEN SKETCH.

last, conceived himself to be sufficiently well informed, sufficiently sure of himself and of his powers, consummate as these really were. Hence the enormous collection of studies he left behind him, corresponding to each of his more important pictures, some carefully finished pictures or drawings, others wax models, treated with as much precision as if he had prepared them for casting. Hence also the incessant alterations he made in his pictures, while they were in progress, not indeed, in the general arrangement of a composition he had thoroughly worked out and decided upon, but in the improvement of important details, which would have entirely satisfied others with a desire for perfection less passionate than his. How often, goaded by this thirst for improvement, would he sacrifice passages already finished, and admirably finished, in order to

[1] See p. 243 of the text.

correct some almost imperceptible fault with which his conscience reproached him, urging him perhaps to further fore-shorten the boot of a horseman, or to alter the leg of a horse in the background!

The horse! It is impossible to pronounce the word without noting, at least in passing, the great advance made by Meissonier in his treatment of a model which the great masters of the sixteenth century so imperfectly understood, which famous French painters of a later period were content to render, as did Gros, from a purely epic point of view, or, as did Géricault and the two Vernets, with an eye rather to the beauty and elegance of its form than to the necessary conditions of its movements. Was not Meissonier the first to reconcile scientific precision and picturesque sentiment in this connection? He himself did not hesitate to claim this distinction, and perhaps, of all the excellences proper to his art, this was the one which gave him the greatest satisfaction.[1]

Meissonier, indeed, attacked the solution of this problem with singular energy and patience. He set to work so to decompose and analyse the action of a horse, that he should be able to reconstitute its most rapid movements, its most fugitive aspects. He spared himself no pains in the quest, applying himself not only to severe anatomical studies, and studies from nature in repose, but to the more original experiment of a little railway in his park at Poissy, along which he propelled himself on a trolley, his lynx-eye fixed on the parallel course of a horse ridden by a servant a few paces from him.

VIGNETTE.

It would be idle to insist further on the processes employed by the master to secure the possession of certain technical secrets. Nor is it necessary to marshal innumerable evidences of his talent in order to explain its *raison d'être* and appreciate its worth. It will be more profitable to look at the results he obtained in their entirety. What could be more significant in itself, or better calculated to confute certain pretentions which some among us would fain exalt into a system of aesthetics? Strange innovators are in our midst, who, sincerely or not, acclaim the absence of imagination, taste, and science as an actual sign of artistic progress; who, under the pretext of rejuvenating art, practically renounce its most elementary principles, and despise its most useful traditions, and whose so-called teachings, if they ever came to be accepted, would bring about the downfall of our national school. That the danger is rather apparent than real I hope and believe; but is it not significant that we should be obliged to notify such attacks, and to defend not only Meissonier's authority, but that of the great French masters who preceded him, against them?

The two are, indeed, inseparable. Strongly personal as our illustrious

[1] See pp. 75-77, 210 of the text

confrère's work was, it bears the stamp of the inspiration and methods peculiar to the French genius. If we consider only the nature of the subjects chosen, and the forms by which they are rendered, it would be difficult to draw a parallel between Meissonier's *œuvre*, so familiar in character for the most part, and that of our earlier historical painters. Yet did not these predecessors of the master

STATUE OF MEISSONIER AT POISSY, BY E. FRÉMIET.

often, like him, resort to those ingenious suggestions, those intentions which lie, so to speak, *behind* the canvas, making us discern an epilogue to the scene represented, or at least extending and continuing its significance beyond what the eye actually sees? When Poussin groups his young and happy shepherds round the tomb they will presently remember with a pang, or,—to take a more familiar example,—when Paul Delaroche shows us the *Princes in the Tower*,

divining the approach of death behind their prison walls, is not their method closely akin to that of Meissonier, when he makes the actual fact impress us with the sense of what is to follow in his admirable picture of the *Cuirassiers*, in the Chantilly gallery, that eloquent image of war, but of war in all the dignity of the moment *preceding* action, when leaders and soldiers, inspired by a like virile sense of duty, await, silent and motionless, the first to give the signal for battle, the second to obey it.

To establish this filiation of Meissonier's gifts, it is enough to note his affinities with those talents, limpid and luminous as our language, for which the name of the Clouets serves as a term of classification, and, in another order of works, with the grace and delicacy of the painters and draughtsmen of the seventeenth century, from Chardin to Moreau. It would be superfluous to say that Meissonier excelled these men in learning and technical accomplishment. We may place him among them without diminishing his glory, or compromising the truth.

And as to the lesson his career has taught, it is worthy of all respect. Throughout all its extrinsic importance and splendour, the life of labour and study he pursued, even in the face of the most brilliant successes, even, in his later years, under the stress of cruel physical sufferings, commands our homage no less than the array of masterpieces he has bequeathed us. The least that can be said of him who led it is, that he never for a moment relaxed his efforts, his scrupulous obedience to the dictates of conscience, and that, famous even as a young man, he laboured to the last with as much zeal and determination as if he had still to make a name.

DUROC.
(Wax model.)

BUST OF MEISSONIER, BY SAINT-MARCEAUX.

CATALOGUE OF
MEISSONIER'S WORKS

SKETCH.

CATALOGUE OF MEISSONIER'S WORKS

h. = height ; w. = width ; measurement in metres.

PICTURES

(DATED)

I.—*GENERAL SUBJECTS*

1834.—*Two Flemish Burghers* (h. 0,19 ; w. 0,24 ; canvas). Exhibited in 1834. Two Flemish Burghers paying a visit to the Burgomaster. On a table covered with a green cloth, three glasses and a stone jar.

1835.—*Two Men playing Chess* (h. 0,34 ; w. 0,27). Exhibited at the Salon in 1835. Period of Holbein.

1836.—*The little Messenger.*

1838.—*A Monk ministering to a Dying Man.* Fodor Museum, Amsterdam.

1838.—*The Evangelists* (h. 0,42; w. 0,32½ ; canvas). Four figures. Christ appears in the sky.

1839.—*First Study of a Horse.*

1840.—*A Halberdier* (h. 0,28 ; w. 0,19). Standing against a wall, his halbert in his hand. Green breeches, a large grey cloak, red velvet sleeves, a half suit of armour. He is bearded, and wears a helmet. (Baron G. de Rothschild's collection, Paris.)

1841.—*The Violoncellist* (h. 0,35 ; w. 0,27). He is playing the *Romancesca*, a favourite air of Meissonier's. His music lies on a tapestried chair. On the table a velvet cover, a salver, a glass and some flowers. In the background tapestry and a picture. (M. Edouard Krafft's collection.)

1841.—*The Chess-players* (h. 0,19 ; w. 0,15). Exhibited at the Salon in 1841. Two players in grey and brown ; the third in black, taking snuff, is the painter Émile Béranger. On the wall a clock, and three prints of Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode.* (M. Fr. Hottinguer, Paris.)

1841.—*The Student.* Standing, reading a book near the window, in the studio at Poissy. On his right, a table laden with books marked in certain places ; a chair.

1842.—*The large "Smoker."*

1843.—*The Connoisseurs* (h. 0,28 ; w. 0,21). Exhibited at the Salon of 1843 under the title of *A Painter in his Studio.* The artist paints at a small picture on his easel ; two amateurs, seated on either side of him, watch him, one in a grey, the other in a pink costume. The last named is Joseph Decaisne, the botanist, a Member of the Institute. (Baron Hottinguer's collection, Paris.)

1843.—*M. Fériot's house at Saint-Ismier, near Grenoble.* "The worthy Fériot's house was like a toy, surrounded by trees. . . . On Sunday evenings the village girls used to pass, crowned with flowers and ferns. . . . They used to put a garland round my hat too, and then we danced in a circle, holding hands." (Madame Meissonier's collection.)

1843.—*The Man with the Sword*, or *Preparing for the Duel.*

1845.—*The Connoisseurs.* Three persons examine a picture that is shown them.

1845.—*Horseman crossing a Ford* (panel). In a storm.

1845.—*Samson and the Philistines* (sketch) (h.

0,16 ; w. 0,20). Samson wears a red drapery. A camel in the background to the left.

1846.—*A Charge of Cuirassiers.* They advance at a gallop.

1848.—*The Barricade* (h. 0,29 ; w. 0,22). Exhibited in 1850 under the title : *A Memory of Civil War.* Rue de la Mortellerie, Paris (the street no longer exists). The houses barricaded, the paving-stones torn up, and heaped together. No living figure . . . nothing but dead bodies, with staring eyes. They lie in pools of blood, riddled by bullets, as they fell at the taking of the barricade. A tragic silence broods over the scene. (M. Carlos Beistegui's collection, Paris.)

1848.—*The Smokers* (h. 0,15 ; w. 0,17). Three men talking and smoking by the fireside.

1850.—*A Painter showing his Drawings* (h. 0,38 ; w. 0,29). A studio, full of miscellaneous objects. A portfolio of drawings on a stool, others in a box, some roses in a glass. Cups, flagons, and paint-brushes on the mantelpiece. On the wall, an autumn landscape. The painter, dressed in black, rests his portfolio on his knee, and shows a drawing to a client in a light coat, who holds another in his hand. (Lady Wallace's collection, London.)

1850.—*Sunday at Poissy* (h. 0,21 ; w. 0,30). Exhibited at the Salon of 1850. A sunny afternoon. A white house, in front of which are persons playing bowls, and other games ; a group drinking in an arbour. A dog and some fowls. One of the church towers is visible. (The Duc de Narbonne, Paris.)

1850.—*The Blacksmith of Poissy* (h. 0,10 ; w. 0,13). A vine twines round the porch. A carter stands talking to the housewife, the poultry pecking about at their feet. At the entrance to the forge, the smith shoes a white horse ; his assistant holds up its hoof. (M. Marius Bianchi's collection, Paris.)

1850.—*A Battery of Artillery.*

1851.—*A Troop of Horsemen on the March* (h. 0,20 ; w. 0,18). A long line of horsemen of the time of Louis XIII. defile near a hill. Cloudy sky.

1851.—*A Reader* (h. 0,17 ; w. 0,13). Near a writing-table and a window. In a grey costume, his legs crossed.

1851.—*The Man with the Sword* (h. 0,34 ; w. 0,20 ; canvas). Exhibited in 1852 under the title : *A Man choosing a Sword.* Grey dress, breeches. He selects his best sword. His cloak and hat lie on the table with several swords. (M. Chauchard's collection, Paris.)

1851.—*The Halberdier* (h. 0,18 ; w. 0,12). Standing, full face, grasping his halbert in both hands. He wears a dark red cap with a white plume. (Princesse de Broglie's collection, Paris.)

1852.—*The Bravoes.* One listens at the closed door, the other waits, sword in hand, for the coming of his victim. (Lady Wallace's collection, London.)

1852.—*The Breakfast* (h. 0,16 ; w. 0,12). A young man in a pink coat ; he reads from a book beside him, and peels an apple. The table is drawn up to a window (that of the studio at Poissy). Through the window, which is open at the top, a view of houses and gardens. (M. Chauchard's collection, Paris.)

1852.—*A Young Man Writing* (h. 0,21 ; w. 0,18). He has fair hair, and is dressed in black. He writes at a table with a green cloth, loaded with books. He reflects, his finger in his mouth. The wall is hung with tapestry. (M. Carlos Beistegui's collection.)

1852.—*A Game of Cards.* Two men, astride across a bench, playing cards in the studio at Poissy ; a third, standing, and a fourth, sitting, watch the game. A drum and a helmet on the floor. Tapestry on the wall.

1853.—*The Arquebusier.* Marching in front of a house, his weapon shouldered.

1853.—*The Chess Players.* In the studio at Poissy. One smokes, the other considers his move. A large greyhound lies on the floor. Round table with a small decanter and a glass.

1853.—*The Reader by the Window* (in the studio at Poissy) (h. 0,27 ; w. 0,18). A young man in black stands reading near a window. The shutters are closed to keep out the heat, but one panel has been thrown back to admit the light. (M. Thiéry's collection, Paris.)

1853.—*In Shady Grove* (h. 0,21 ; w. 0,18). Exhibited in 1853 under the title : *À l'ombre des bosquets chante un jeune poète* (*In shady grove a youthful poet sings*). Meissonier's garden at Poissy. The poet sings to his guitar under the trees, his friends listening. A young cavalier standing, a lady beside him. Opposite them, lords and ladies seated on the grass or on a seat, and a woman standing. In the distance, a pair of lovers. Two greyhounds stand by a stone table, on which is some fruit. (Lady Wallace's collection, London.)

1853.—*Sketch of Mlle. Jenny Steinheil* (h. 0,23 ; w. 0,17). In a blue and white dress, seated. A blue ribbon in her fair hair. She rests her head on her hand. Initials to the right.

1853.—*The Civic Guard* (h. 0,15 ; w. 0,10). The captain stands in a martial attitude, his

hand on his hip, at the head of his troop, who are armed with pikes and halberts. (M. Faure's collection, Paris.)

1853.—*The Message.* A gentleman of the time of Louis XIII. standing, and reading a letter; a messenger waits for the answer.

1853.—*In the Park.* A gentleman of the time of Louis XIII. with a fair-haired lady on his arm.

1853.—*The Ballad Singer.* Soldiers and squires seated or standing in a hall, listen to an old hurdy-gurdy player.

1853.—*At the Wineshop.* A *Reiter* (German cavalier) seated at a wooden table. Sloughy, Meissonier's greyhound, lies at his feet On the table his rapier, a glass, and a pewter-pot.

1853.—*Spring.* Two lovers. The man kneels by the woman, who clasps him in her arms.

1853.—*A Lady Embroidering.* A young woman of the time of Louis XV. seated at a tambour frame.

1854.—*The Print Collector* (h. 0,18; w. 0,12). He wears a black coat, black velvet breeches and a white waistcoat, and stands, examining a print, his open portfolio on a chair beside him. On a table, an empty frame, books, bottles. On the wall, a picture of a nude woman (bought by Meissonier in Belgium), a landscape, and two palettes. Near the window a tapestried chair and a table.

1854.—*A Cavalier of the time of Louis XIII.* (h. 0,17; w. 0,12). Standing, full-face. He wears a grey cloak, high boots, a felt hat, a lace collar over his doublet, and holds a riding whip in his hand. Signed with the painter's monogram.

1854.—*A Game of Bowls, Saint-Germain* (h. 0,12; w. 0,13). The players stand under the great trees on the terrace. The lookers-on sit round in a circle, one leans forward to watch the throw. (Mme. Ch. Heine, Paris.)

1854.—*The Smoker, in black.* (h. 0,32; w. 0,23). Seated, his elbow resting on the arm of his chair, his right hand on the table, on which stand a glass and a pewter tankard. Black dress, with full white shirt.

1854.—*A Sharp Fellow.* Period of Louis XIII. (h. 0,17¼: w. 0,12¾). Standing, a switch in his right hand; he wears a black felt hat, a grey doublet, a baldrick embroidered with gold, red breeches, high doeskin boots, a wide collar, a cloak thrown over his left shoulder, and a sword.

1855.—*The Smoker* (h. 0,17; w. 0,12). Red costume, bare head, his tunic open, showing a white shirt, his hand on his hip. His glass and a tankard of beer on the table beside him.

1855.—*The Farewell Kiss* (h. 0,14; w. 0,11). A lover takes leave of his mistress at a little gate, kissing her passionately on the lips.

1855.—*La Rixe* (*The Brawl*) (h. 0,44; w. 0,56). Exhibited at the International Exhibition of 1855, and presented by Napoleon III. to the Prince Consort, during the visit of Queen Victoria and her husband to Paris.—Two friends try to separate two furious disputants, holding back the one who rushes upon his adversary with a dagger, and endeavouring to disarm him. The other is in the act of drawing his dagger. A man opens a door in the background. Everything is overturned in the room. (H.M. Queen Victoria.)

1855.—*A Smoker, seated* (h. 0,17; w. 0,12). Dressed in red; a table with a glass and a tankard of beer. On the wall, two coloured prints, and his three-cornered hat.

1856.—*The Reader, in pink.* (h. 0,20; w. 0,13). Pink coat, white brocaded waistcoat, and black breeches. A book on the floor, some engravings on a chair. A writing-table, and a book-case with green curtains.

1856.—*The Chariot.* On a country road, escort of cavaliers of the time of Louis XIII.; two dogs.

1856.—*The Halberdier* (h. 0,25; w. 0,18). Blue stockings, yellow leather shoes; a great yellow standard behind him, falling on to a drum. Some pieces of armour and a sword on the ground. He stands, leaning on his long pike.

1857.—*Studies of Armour.* (Museum of Artillery.)

1857.—*A Reader.* Seated in an arm-chair, his legs crossed under the table, he reads a document, his pen in his mouth; books and papers before him, a bureau and portfolios of drawings behind. Screen of pink damask in a wooden frame.

1857.—*The Reader.* In a Louis XIII. chair, on the arm of which he rests his book. He leans his head on his hand. Behind him a bureau with various objects.

1857.—*Expectation* (h. 0,21; w. 0,15). At the window of the studio at Poissy. One shutter thrown back, letting in the sunshine. A table with a Smyrna rug upon it. The lover awaits his mistress. . . . he leans out of the window to see her coming. His sword lies on the table. He wears red velvet breeches, and a white shirt. (Bequeathed to the Louvre by the painter, and now in the Luxembourg.)

1857.—*The Reader, in white.* (h. 0,20: w. 0,15

Standing, his back turned to a table with a green velvet cover, on which are some books. The light falls on his face; his hair is powdered. (M. Chauchard's collection.)

1857.—*A Confidence* (h. 0,35; w. 0,41). Two friends at dessert. The younger, who is dressed in pink, reads a love-letter to his more experienced friend, who chuckles to himself. (M. Chauchard's collection, Paris.)

1857.—*A Bravo* (h. 0,17; w. 0,10). His arms folded over his grey cloak, his sword at his side, a red cap on his head. He lies in wait.

1857.—*A Man-at-Arms in a Helmet.* Standing, in a cuirass, a long pike in his right hand, his left on the hilt of his sword. Slashed breeches. On the wall behind him, a drum and a standard.

1857.—*A Smoker* (h. 0,15; w. 0,10). In grey, knee-breeches, red stockings, a three-cornered hat on his head. He sits at a narrow table, on which is a tankard of beer and a glass.

1857.—*A Reader* (h. 0,20; w. 0,15). In a pink coat, a white flowered waistcoat, knee breeches, and white stockings. He leans his elbow on the arm of his chair, and rests one hand on his knee as he reads.

1857.—*A Man-at-Arms* (Louis XIII.). Standing, his sword held across him, behind him a wall of massive ashlar.

1857.—*The Standard Bearer.* The shaft rests on the ground, and the folds of the banner fall round the young man, who stands, bareheaded, in a cuirass.

1857.—*The Chess-players* (h. 0,26; w. 0,21). An officer with a sword at his side, a blue and white coat, and black hair. He smiles triumphantly at his adversary, who ponders his move, his chin in his hand. Behind them a screen.

1858.—An *Incroyable* (*A Dandy under the Directory*) (h. 0,24; w. 0,16). Plum-coloured coat, blue waistcoat, tight nankeen trousers, a high neck-cloth, his hat under his left arm, his right hand holding a spiral cane. On the wall behind him, a row of play-bills. On one, smaller than the rest, is written: "*On demande un apprenti chez le Citoyen Meissonier, peintre, Rue de l'Homme Armé.*" (Baron E. de Rothschild, Paris.)

1858.—*The Lost Game* (h. 0,20; w. 0,27). A guard-room. Two players, seated, comrades standing or sitting round them, some, glass in hand. Four soldiers near the fire-place, a standard by the window. (Lady Wallace's collection, London.)

1858.—*Punch* (h. 0,16; w. 0,11). His stick behind his back, one leg thrust out, a sly grin on his face. (Madame M. Cottier, Paris.)

1858.—*The Flute-player* (h. 0,33; w. 0,22). Standing near a window, dressed in grey. His music is on a stand in front of him; he beats time with his foot. (M. Thiéry's collection, Paris.)

1858.—*A Writer, time of Louis XV.* (h. 0,17; w. 0,12). Dressed in black, seated at a table laden with books, near a window.

1858.—*A Winning Game* (h. 0,21; w. 0,26). The winning card is about to be played by one of a group of comrades, seated at a table in a guard-room. A high fire-place, round which some of the figures are grouped. The winner is Charles Marchal, the painter; the player on his right is the painter Nillems, and the young man who stands by him Meissonier's son.

1858.—*The little "Man in Red"* (h. 0,19; w. 0,11). Time of Henri II. Red velvet costume, and cloak, small cap, and ruff, a sword at his side. He stands, his hand on his hip. (Messrs. Arnold and Tripp, Paris.)

1858.—*The Guitar-player* (h. 0,23; w. 0,17). Grey doublet and trunk-hose, with green ribbons, fair wig, and full white shirt. He sings, accompanying himself on the guitar. His music lies on a table with a red cover.

1858.—*The Poet.* He reads his verses to two young women. In the background a young man reclines, listening, his spaniel at his feet.

1858.—*A Reader.* A gentleman of the time of Louis XIII., reading a manuscript.

1859.—*A Poet* (h. 0,22; w. 0,16). Seated at his table near a window, he reads over what he has written, a quill pen in his mouth.

1859.—*A Mandolin Player.* Time of Louis XIII. Seated, his music on a chair beside him. On a table covered with a green velvet cloth, a tray with a Venetian glass and flagon, books and papers. Tapestry on the wall.

1859.—*A Gentleman of the time of Louis XIII., reading* (h. 0,20; w. 0,14). He stands by a window, through which trees are visible. He wears a red gown, open in front, and showing his white lawn shirt. He holds his book in both hands.

1859.—*The Connoisseur, in the Painter's Studio* (h. 0,23; w. 0,18). He stands, his hat in his hand, and bends forward to examine an unfinished picture on the easel. The artist standing by him, looks at him well pleased. On the ground, portfolios with drawings. (M. Leroy's collection, Paris.)

1859.—*A Reading at Diderot's House* (h. 0,21;

w. 0,27). Six friends of Diderot's, among them Chardin, Joseph Vernet, and Vanloo, are assembled in his library to hear him read one of his *Salons*. (Baron Ed. de Rothschild's collection, Paris.)

1859.—*An Abbé*. In brown, powdered wig and three-cornered hat. He reads his breviary in the sunshine.

1859.—*Song*. First sketch for the picture, *Le Chant* (h. 0,21 ; w. 0,14½). A Venetian plays the accompaniment for his mistress, who stands singing beside him dressed in white, in a room painted from the studio at Poissy.

1859.—*The Prince Imperial on Horseback* (h. 0,15 ; w. 0,12 ; panel). Blue costume, red striped stockings. On the back of the panel : *Fait à Fontainebleau*. After the death of the Prince Imperial in 1878. Meissonier gave the Empress a sketch of the Prince.

1860.—*The Connoisseurs* (h. 0,36 ; w. 0,28). A painter at his easel, is annoyed by three importunate amateurs. Meissonier hints at the unwelcome nature of the visit by the pictures he has painted on the walls : *S. Lawrence roasted on the gridiron ; The Old Man, his Son, and the Ass*. (M. Chauchard's collection.)

1860.—*The Game of Cards* (h. 0,18½ ; w. 0,24). Soldiers playing cards on a bench in a guard-room. Four comrades watch the game. In the background, a soldier asleep on a camp-bed.

1860.—*The Curé's Wine* (h. 0,12 ; w. 0,16). The dining-room of a village priest : a folding table, with fruit, bottles, &c. The guest listens to his host. (M. Vasnier, Rheims.)

1860.—*Buckingham*, Napoleon III.'s horse ; a study for *Solferino* (h. 0,12½ ; w. 0,11½). With a red saddle-cloth.

1860.—*An Officer on Horseback*. Back view. A study for *Solferino* (h. 0,08 ; w. 0,06½). He looks through a field-glass.

1860.—*General Rose*. Study for *Solferino* (h. 0,14 ; w. 0,08). Turning round, his hand on his horse's hindquarters.

1860.—*A Colonel*. Study for *Solferino* (h. 0,10 ; w. 0,05). The upper part of the body sketched.

1860.—*Two Studies of Horses*, for *Solferino*.

1860.—*Two Artillerymen*. Study for *Solferino*.

1860.—*Napoleon III.*, in profile. A study for *Solferino*.

1860.—*General Frossard*. A study for *Solferino*.

1860.—*The Emperor and one of his Aides-de-camp* (no heads). A study for *Solferino*.

1860.—*General de Béville*. A study for *Solferino*.

1860.—*Solferino* (h. 0,43 ; w. 0,75). Napoleon III. on horseback, surrounded by his staff. In the distance the hill and tower of Solferino, which the light infantry of the Guard are about to storm. A battery of Artillery is posted in front of the knoll on which the Emperor has drawn up. The Staff. Portraits of General Officers, General Fleury, Ed. Ney, Frossard, Vaillant, the Duc de Rivoli, Baron Larrey, Murat, Philippe de Bourgoin, Captain Moulin, Protsch, General Rose, Lassalle, and Meissonier himself in a black uniform and *képi*, on his mare Coningham. A field-glass is slung across his shoulder. On the ground, corpses of Austrian soldiers. (Musée du Luxembourg, Paris.)

1860.—*Punch, with a Drum*. His hands crossed on his hump, his stick under his left arm, his legs wide apart. Red velvet breeches, gartered with ribbons fastened by large rosettes, white sheepskin shoes. He smiles with delight at the trick he has just played. His drum lies at his feet.

1860.—*General Fleury*. Inscribed : *Souvenir de la campagne d'Italie, à Mme. Fleury, son bien dévoué et respectueux Meissonier*.

1861.—*Captain Moulin*. A study for *Solferino*. His hand on his hip. Signed : ƎM. 1861. An ammunition waggon, the driver on horseback.

1861.—*Portrait of General Fleury on Horseback*, followed by a Hussar. Study for *Solferino*.

1861.—*The Marquis de Toulongeon*. Study for *Solferino*.

1861.—*General Mazare*, in profile. Study for *Solferino*.

1861.—*Joachim Murat*. Study for *Solferino*.

1861.—*A young Noble of the time of Louis XIII*. High boots with spurs, a sword at his side, a felt hat on his head, a broad silk sash. A glove dangles from his left hand. Behind him, a flight of eight steps.

1861.—*Rooks and Pigeons*. Card-players.

1861.—*The Signal to Mount*. A bugler of the time of Louis XIII. gives the signal. Horsemen mounting.

1861.—*The Forge at Poissy*. The smith is shoeing one of the hind feet of a large white horse, while the carter chats with the housewife by the open window. Another horse awaits his turn. Poultry pecking among the manure. Near the smith, a dog. The steam rises from the hot iron. An old vine twines round the porch.

1862.—*Three Cavaliers of the time of Louis XIII*. They pull up at an inn with a balcony. The hostess serves them with drink, the host stands on the threshold smoking, his child beside him.

1862.—*The Emperor on Horseback.* A field-glass in his hand; he has drawn up on a mound, his aide-de-camp below him.

1862.—*A Game of Cards.* In the studio at Poissy. Tapestry on the walls on either side of the door: to the left, a drum, a chair studded with brass nails, and thrown across it, a cloak; a wooden stool. To the right, at the back of the room, a comrade asleep on a camp bed. Two cavaliers of the time of Louis XIII. are playing cards, seated astride a wooden bench. One, his felt hat on his head, considers, his hand upon his mouth; the other, bareheaded, his helmet on the ground, his rapier across it, holds his cards face downwards against his thigh, and notes his companion's embarrassment. Four comrades surround them, one seated astride a chair, another standing up and smoking, two others standing opposite him.

1862.—*Punch, seated* (h. 0,17½; w. 0,13½). His drum on a velvet chair to the right, his stick to the left, his glass and bottle between his legs. (M. Faure, Paris.)

1862.—*A Philosopher* (h. 0,21; w. 0,16). Seated, his elbow on the table, his brows contracted, he reads his manuscript. Near him, a carved chair, and some books. (Mr. David Price.)

1862.—*The Etcher* (h. 0,24; w. 0,17). Meissonier's son sat for the figure. Cigarette in hand, he superintends the biting of a plate in the studio at Poissy. (Meissonier wished at one time to leave this picture to the Louvre, under the title, *Expectation.*)

1862.—*The Bibliophile* (h. 0,22; w. 0,17). A young man writes at a window, in a library, full of shelves loaded with books. He wears a flowered blue dressing-gown. (Baron Springer's collection, Vienna.)

1863.—*Soldier of the time of Louis XIII.* Asleep on a bench against the wall of a house, his hands clasping his sword, a felt hat on his head, his gloves beside him.

1863.—*1814* (h. 0,32; w. 0,24). The Emperor on his white horse, his grey overcoat unbuttoned. His escort is at some distance from him. He is alone on a piece of rising ground, and meditates, with an expression of deep thought.

1863.—*Four Soldiers of the time of Louis XIII.* Two are playing cards, facing each other, astride across a bench; a third stands, smoking, bareheaded, a fourth, seated, stoops forward to study his friend's play. To the left, a wooden stool, with a pipe upon it; to the right, a fence, over which they have thrown their coats.

1863.—*A Man-at-Arms on Horseback.* Time of Louis XV. His carbine in his hand; high boots. In the distance behind him, a troop of horsemen.

1863.—*A Lost Game.* Two men playing cards, seated out of doors on a bench, a wooden fence behind them. A young man watches them.

1863.—*Napoleon I.* (h. 0,16; w. 0,12). The edge of a forest, in snowy weather. The Emperor, on foot, passes before the Grenadier sentries. His greatcoat unbuttoned, showing his uniform beneath; his hand thrust into his waistcoat; he wears riding-boots, and a sword.

1864.—*Napoleon I.'s white Horse.* Study for *1814* (h. 0,15½; w. 0,18). With grey overcoat, and a boot in the stirrup.

1864.—*A Grey Horse.* Study for *1814* (h. 0,15⅞; w. 0,19). One leg of the rider indicated.

1864.—*1814. The Campaign in France.* Exhibited in 1864 (h. 0,49; w. 0,75). A snowy landscape, the road broken up . . . . to the right, troops on the march, under a sky gloomy as fate. In the centre the Emperor advances on his white horse at the head of his Staff. He dreams of the supreme struggle; his exhausted Staff seem to have lost all hope. Marshal Ney, Berthier, De Flahaut, General Drouot, General Gourgaud. Guides and Cuirassiers follow in mournful file, extending far into the background. (M. Chauchard's collection.)

1864.—*The Halt* (h. 0,14; w. 0,11). A horseman in red pulls up his horse under some trees in front of a quiet house; a woman looks on, holding her baby, while her husband brings wine to the traveller.

1864.—*The Horseman with a Pipe* (h. 0,19; w. 0,24). He trots across a plain, smoking. He wears a full cloak, and a three-cornered hat.

1864.—*The Vedette* (h. 0,26; w. 0,21). A Dragoon on horseback, his musket in his hand. Another in the distance.

1865.—*An old Building, and a White Horse.* Study for *The Orderlies* (h. 0,19; w. 0,12).

1865.—*A Man-at-Arms under Louis XIII.* Standing under the vaulted entrance of the Abbey of Poissy, in high boots, a leather jerkin, his right hand holding a stick on his thigh, his left grasping a great sword and a glove. His plumed hat is turned up over his forehead; he wears a moustache and small pointed beard.

1865.—*The Sequel of a Gambling Quarrel* (h. 0,22; w. 0,18). Meissonier's studio at Poissy. One man dying, his hand pressed to his heart; another, from whose hand the sword has fallen, is already dead. The overturned table

burns in the fire-place where it has fallen. (Stewart collection, Paris.)

1865.—*The Laughing Man* (h. 0,20 ; w. 0,11½). In a room, in which are a drum and a banner, a soldier of the time of Louis XIII. stands alone, laughing. His legs are wide apart, one hand rests on his hip, the other on his sword. His red cloak lies on a chair. (M. Chauchard's collection, Paris.)

1865.—*A Song* (h. 0,29 ; w. 0,22). A vaulted guard-room. Two soldiers of the Louis XIII. period ; one, seated on a table, strums on a mandolin, and sings. The other sits astride a bench, his doublet unbuttoned, and forgets to empty the glass in his right hand as he listens, his left hand on the table. A felt hat, and a sword-belt hang near him. On the table, a pewter flask. The singer's coat lies on the ground. (The Comte de Greffulhe's collection.)

1865.—*An Officer* (h. 0,36 ; w. 0,24). Standing, his hand on his sword, under the archway of the Abbey of Poissy. High boots, buff leather jerkin. Steel gorget.

1865.—*A Smoker.* Cavalier of the time of Louis XIII. He blows out a cloud of smoke, resting his hand on a table, on which stand a glass and a decanter. His cloak is unfastened.

1865.—*A Soldier of the time of Louis XIII.* Standing, his foot on a stool, he sings and strums on a mandolin.

1865.—*The Stirrup-Cup.* A cavalier of the time of Louis XIII. drinks, hat in hand, before mounting his horse. The landlord's pretty wife waits to take the glass from him. His horse drinks from a pail held by an ostler. Two men standing chatting by a door, another walks away by a wall.

1865.—*Cavaliers halting at the Entrance of a Wood* (h. 0,23 ; w. 0,19). Two gentlemen on horseback pull up at a keeper's cottage, covered with climbing roses. The keeper offers them wine on a tray. (Period of Louis XVI.) The foremost of the two is dressed in red, and is shown in profile, on a white horse. The other rides a black horse, and wears a grey coat, long boots, and a three-cornered hat. Sunbeams shine through the trees.

1866.—*A Venetian Noble* (h. 0,36 ; w. 0,29½. (International Exhibition of 1867, Paris.) A portrait of Meissonier himself, in a red velvet robe. He sits in a high-backed chair studded with brass nails, and reads gravely from a book he holds in both hands. On his left, a table with books, one with a clasp ; a dog lies on the floor to his right. (M. Gambart.)

1866.—*The Orderly.* In a room with a marble chimney-piece (above which is a mirror), a large walnut-wood press, rush chairs, a table with a decanter, and two cups of coffee, stands the orderly, a hussar, in high boots, his musket slung across his shoulder. He has just brought a paper to his chief. The officer, his legs apart, stands with his back against the chimney-piece, on which he has laid his helmet, and stops smoking to read the letter. (This figure was painted from M. Detaille, senior.) A hussar, seated, his left hand on his hip, his right holding his pipe on the table, watches him as he reads. The envelope lies on the ground.

1866.—*A Gentleman of the time of Louis XIII.* Standing, a felt hat on his head, his right hand on his hip, his left resting on the stone chimney-piece of Meissonier's studio at Poissy, he warms his left foot at the fire. His cloak is unfastened ; he wears a sword ; his cane and gloves lie on a chair to his right.

1866.—*Marshal Saxe.* His troops defile in a long line. To the right a shepherd and his flock.

1866.—*A White Horse.* He drinks from a pail held by a man in shirt sleeves.

1867.—*A Young Cavalier of the time of Louis XIII.* He stands at the bottom of a flight of eight steps, his right hand on his hip, his left holding a long glove. His left leg advanced, he looks proudly in front of him. Buff jerkin, with a broad silk sash tied in a large bow, collar edged with lace, a large sword, and high boots.

1867.—*Gentleman of the time of Louis XIII.* His left hand on the door he has just opened, in his right his large felt hat with feathers. He wears a cloak and high boots with spurs. In the room he is about to enter, two Louis XIII. chairs against the wall.

1867. *Gentleman of the time of Louis XIII.* He holds a cane in hand, and stands on the terrace of Meissonier's studio at Poissy, his legs crossed, a felt hat with feathers in his hand. Landscape in the distance.

1867.—*A Hussar.* Three-quarters length on a white horse, grasping his carbine, a goatskin on his holsters.

1867. *Information.* A forest in winter ; a group of officers have dismounted to warm themselves at a fire. Two mounted hussars bring forward an Alsatian peasant, to give information to the General about the roads through the forest. The officers round the fire listen, the men in the background await the result. (Mr. Vanderbilt's collection, New York.)

1867.—*Reading the Manuscript* (h. 0,16 ; w. 0,12). The author, seated before a table with a green cloth, covered with books and papers, leans back in his arm-chair, pen in hand, and reads over his manuscript. In the room a Louis XV. bureau, a red screen, tapestry.

1867.—*The Smoker* (h. 0,17 ; w. 0,11). In red, smoking a long pipe, his elbow on a table, on which are his glass and a pewter pot.

1867.—*A dappled grey Horse.* Study for *The Hussar as Vedette* (h. 0,25 ; w. 0,20). Three-quarters to the left ; baggage.

1868.—*Study of a bay Horse*, for *At the Inn Door* (*Le Tourne-Bride*) (h. 0,11½ ; w. 0,13). In the background, sunny landscape, with a wood.

1868.—*Mère Lucrèce* (h. 0,23 ; w. 0,15½). An old peasant woman of Antibes. She is seated on her doorstep, a rosy grandchild on her lap.

1868.—*Antibes. A Study* (h. 0,14 ; w. 0,20). The blue sea and the fortifications of the little town at mid-day ; snow-peaks in the distance.

1868.—*A View of Antibes* (h. 0,13 ; w. 0,20). Blue sea, low cliffs, and the sand of the sea-shore. Olive trees on a road to the right. The chain of the Alps ; passers-by stand and and talk together ; in the foreground a dog. (Signed to the right.)

1868.—*A View of Antibes* (h. 0,13 ; w. 0,20½). The fortifications, the sea, and rocks. In the distance, the snow-covered peaks of the Alps. (Signed with the initials.)

1868.—*Study of a bay Horse*, for *A hasty Stirrup-Cup* (*Sans Débrider*). A red saddle.

1868.—*A Landscape with a Fishing Boat, Antibes* (h. 0,08½ ; w. 0,16).

1868.—*Route du Cap, Antibes.* A study, (h. 0,12½ ; w. 0,19½).

1868.—*A Player at Bowls, Antibes* (h. 0,13 ; w. 0,06½). In his shirt sleeves, with a grey felt hat.

1868.—*A brown and yellow Dog* (h. 0,08 ; w. 0,09).

1868.—*A Poor Native of Antibes.* Study for *Playing Bowls at Antibes* (h. 0,08¾ ; w. 0,06½). Standing by the fortifications, leaning on his stick.

1869.—*Playing Bowls, Antibes ; by the sea-side, on the Salice Road.* In the distance, the outline of the town, and the square citadel. The players have laid their coats on the bank by the roadside. On the wall, sketches of ships. Ten figures, players and spectators.

1869.—*An Outpost* (h. 0,23 ; w. 0,37). Four hussars have dismounted in a wood and stand by their horses, one of which grazes. In the distance, a sentry in advance. One of the men lights his pipe. (M. Chauchard's collection.)

1869.—*Washerwomen of Antibes.* Signed M. (h. 0,15 ; w. 0,12). A young woman, her right hand on her hip, her left on the linen hung over a line to dry, a handkerchief on her head. An older woman, in profile, one of the broad-brimmed hats of the district on her head, carries some linen over her arm. (Musée du Luxembourg.)

1869.—*At Solferino.* Signed with the initials E. M. *Vincennes* written below (h. 0,14 ; w. 0,18). A battery of two guns, one of which has just been fired. In the foreground, an ammunition-waggon with two horses, to the left ; to the right, an officer watching the effect of the shot.

1869.—*The Man with the Red Sunshade.* He leaves off reading to talk to a horseman on the Salice Road, Antibes.

1869.—*On the Escalier de la Pinède, Antibes* (h. 0,18 ; w. 0,09). A gentleman of the reign of Charles IX., a grey cloak over his shoulder, a small cap on his head, ascends with a friend who precedes him.

1869.—*Waiting for an Audience* (h. 0,26 ; w. 0,17). A young gentleman of the time of Louis XIII., leaning against the high chimney-piece of the studio at Poissy. He is wrapped in a cloak, his hands are clasped together, holding a pair of long gloves. He wears a hat over his curled hair, and large rosettes at his garters and on his shoes.

1869.—*Study of a Shepherd of Antibes* (h. 0,22½ ; w. 0,13 ; panel). Standing, playing a flute.

1869.—*A Muse, standing* (h. 0,29 ; w. 0,18½). Partly nude, with red draperies ; in profile to the left, tablets in her left hand.

1869.—*The Orderlies.* In the background, the entrance to the Abbey of Poissy, with a sentry. Another sentry, posted by an old dilapidated building, talks to the orderlies, one of whom holds the white horse of an officer, who has gone into the house.

1869.—*At the door of a country Inn* (*Le Tourne-Bride*) (h. 0,16 ; w. 0,21).

1869.—*The Salice Road, Antibes* (h. 0,13 ; w. 0,20).

1869.—*Agrippa d'Aubigné.* Standing, dictating his memoirs to a secretary.

1869.—*The Trenches of the Ramparts at Antibes* (h. 0,23 ; w. 0,39 ; panel). An old man against the wall, leaning on his stick.

1869.—*Rocks at Antibes* (h. 0,23 ; w. 0,39). In the distance, the undulating coast of Nice.

1869.—*Study of an Antibes Shepherd* (h. 0,22½ ;

w. 0,13 ; panel). Standing, bronzed by the sun, he plays a pipe. Brown jacket thrown over his shoulder, a brown felt hat with a wide ribbon round it and a bunch of feathers, a pink shirt, black waistcoat, brown breeches, blue garters and white stockings.

1869.—*Studies of Horses' Heads, 1807* (h. 0,10⅔ ; w. 0,10).

1869.—*Study of two Horses' Heads.* A chestnut and a black (h. 0,11½ ; w. 0,14½).

1869.—*Soliman.* Meissonier's Arab horse, with red velvet trappings ; on the same panel, the hind quarters of a bay horse with a black tail.

1870.—*A Traveller.* In a gale of wind in the open country. He bends his head, holding his hat on.

1871.—*Literary Researches.* A student, seated in an arm-chair, his pen in his hand, reads a document at a table with a blue cloth, loaded with old books. Books on a chair beside him ; behind him a high stone fire-place.

1870.—*A little picture.* A man on horseback in a storm. A dreary landscape. The sky overcast with clouds.

1870.—*A Halberdier* (h. 0.14 ; w. 0,10). Standing near a tapestry hanging on a wall, his right hand on his halbert, his left on his sword.

1870.—*A Painter.* Seated at his easel, his back to the window, only the upper shutters of which are opened, he looks at his picture, palette and paint brush in hand.

1870. *Phœbus and Boreas* (h. 0,12 ; w. 0,17). A cloudy, wind-swept sky, in which the sun will presently shine out, when the horseman on the road will lay aside his red cloak. (M. Sutz, Paris.)

1871.—*Siege of Paris* (first sketch). The gate of Poissy, on leaving Paris.

1871.—*The Tuileries* (h. 1,35 ; w. 0.95). The ruins of the Hall of the Marshals, after the Commune. On two modillions still intact, the words *Marengo*, *Austerlitz*, are legible. In the background, over the Arc du Carrousel, the quadriga of Victory seems to be moving away. . . . Below, the Latin inscription : *Gloria majorum per flammas usque superstes*, and the date, *Maius*, 1871.

1871.—*A Piquer of the time of Louis XIII.* His musket on his shoulder. Beyond him another, leaning against a door.

1871.—*Three Piquers of the time of Louis XIII.* The first in front, his musket on his shoulder, his legs apart. Two others in the background, one standing, the other seated on a kerbstone.

1872.—*After Breakfast.* A man in the costume of the Directory, a horseman, for he has spurs on his boots. He leans back on his rush chair, his back to the wall of a house, the shutters of which are thrown open. On a small round table, a decanter of brandy, coffee in a gilded cup, the spoon in it, a tobacco-pouch, his hat, with his gloves inside, a saucer with sugar, and a glass on a little metal tray.

1872.—*A Game of Cards.* Two men of the Directory playing cards in front of a brick house, with open windows, and large shutters. A tankard of beer, some glasses, and a hat on the table. The jeering victor, his three-cornered hat on his head, shows his cards to his discomfited adversary.

1872.—*The Philosopher.* He sits at his writing-table, before his books, a skull-cap on his head, his pen in his hand ; on his right some book-shelves ; behind him, papers, fastened against the wall by a string ; on his left, a chair, heaped with old books.

1872.—*Study for 1807* (h. 0,10 ; w. 0.10½). Head and neck of a horse.

1872.—*A Sign Painter shows his sign, a Bacchus.*

1872.—*A Game of Piquet.* Two players in the costume of the Directory, one in a long riding-coat, high boots and white breeches, bare-headed, with a queue. On the table beside him, his pipe and glass, his hat on his left. His cunning adversary throws down his cards in triumph. He wears a queue and a cocked hat, knee breeches, and shoes with large buckles. They are seated on rush chairs outside a brick house. (Boulard's engraving after this picture has as "remark" two little mounted hussars by Meissonier.)

1873.—*A Standard-Bearer of the Flemish Civic Guard.* (M. Faure.)

1873.—*A Horseman, Directory period.* Seated astride a chair, smoking, in a long riding-coat and top-boots. On the table beside him a felt hat with a cockade, a tobacco-pouch, a cup, glass, and bottle.

1873.—*A Standard-Bearer of the time of Louis XIII.* He stands on the threshold of a palace, his right hand on his hip, his left holding the shaft of the standard.

1873.— . . . . Near an open window, a smoker, standing, dressed in the costume of the Republic, his right hand in his pocket. High boots with spurs, a long riding-coat.

1874.—*A Gentleman of the time of Louis XIII.* (h. 0,24½ ; w. 0,12½ ; panel). Standing, with an impertinent air, his hands on his cane, his

legs apart. He wears a yellow doublet lined with red, a lace collar, a sword with a steel hilt.

1874.—*A Smoker on a Wooden Bench.* His back against a wall, his hands clasped, a helmet beside him.

1874.—*The Comrades.* The two shake hands before the battle.

1874.—*The Sergeant's Portrait* (h. 0,73 ; w. 0,62). Soldiers of the time of Louis XVI. in barracks. The sergeant, his helmet on his head, his hand on his sword, stands proudly before the artist, who, seated on a chair, draws carefully from his model. His dog also keeps his eyes fixed on the sergeant. Some soldiers stand by the painter watching him. On the wall the name of the first owner of the work, Oppenheim. (Baron Schroeder, London.)

1874.—*An ugly Customer* (h. 0,32 ; w. 0,23). Standing in the sunshine, insolent and scornful. Nut-brown doublet and hose, a long sword, and a cane, which he holds behind his back.

1874.—*The Sentry at Antibes* (h. 0,29 ; w. 0,18). A soldier of the First Republic keeps guard near the sea, his musket on his arm.

1874.—*A Citizen of the time of Louis XIII.* His hands on a stick behind him.

1874.—*A bay Horse* (h. 0,13 ; w. 0,09½).

1875.—*The Standard-Bearer* (h. 0,28 ; w. 0,17). Standing, under a columned portico, with a yellow and green banner. His grey costume is relieved by green ribbons and cherry-coloured stockings.

1875.—*Two Boats in a Creek.* At Beaulieu near Nice (h. 0,12½ ; w. 0,19).

1875.—*A chestnut Horse, trotting.* Study for a *Horseman by the Sea* (h. 0,10¾ ; w. 0,12).

1876.—*Moreau and Dessolles before Hohenlinden* (h. 0,39 ; w. 0,47). The ground covered with snow. The generals have given their horses in charge to two hussars, and have taken up their station on an overhanging rock. Moreau inspects the enemy's position through a field-glass. The wind lifts his cloak.

1876.—*A Troop on the March.* Seen from the rear. Landscape of Les Grès, near Poissy.

1876.—*A Writer.* Seated at a table loaded with books in the studio at Poissy. One book has fallen on the ground.

1877.—*M. Thiers, after Death* (h. 0,13½ ; w. 0,16) Signed with the painter's monogram, and inscribed : *Saint Germain, neuf heures matin, 4 Septembre*, 1877.

1877.—*Under the Balcony.* A cavalier of the time of Louis XIII., standing against the wall of a colonnaded gallery, plays with his cane, looking up, probably at a woman above.

1878.—*The Painter.* Seated at his easel, in a red velvet robe, his palette and paint brushes in his hand, he pauses to look at his work. A fair-haired woman in blue stands at his side and clasps him in her arms. (Exhibited at the International Exhibition, 1878.)

1878.—*The Vedette* (h. 0,39 ; w. 0,31). On horseback, his face in profile, his back to the spectator. He wears a Louis XIII. helmet, and grasps a pistol. A country road stretches out before him.

1878.—*1805* (h. 1,23 ; w. 1,96). A regiment of Cuirassiers in line before the battle. In the distance the general, followed by his escort, gives orders to the colonel, who is attended by the adjutant and the trumpeter. The artillery is about to take up a position behind. The attacking columns are moving forward. Napoleon and his staff look on. (In the Duc d'Aumale's collection at Chantilly, since 1889.)

1878.—*An Arquebusier of the time of Louis XIII.* He keeps watch, seated on a dappled horse, and grasping his weapon. Landscape of Les Grès, near Poissy.

1878.—*A Hasty Stirrup-Cup* (*Sans Débrider*). Two cavaliers of the time of Louis XIII. have pulled up at an inn near an avenue of yellowing chestnut trees. The host, smiling, strokes the nose of one of the horses ; his wife beside him, waits with a tray for the return of the glasses. On a bench under the balcony, a man is seated near the window, with a cup before him, his hat on his head.

1878.—*On the Balcony.* A gentleman of the time of Louis XIII., both hands on the balustrade, leans over to look. Balcony of Meissonier's house in Paris.

1878.—*Study of a General and his Staff for* 1807.

1878.—*Design for an enamel Dish* ; never carried out (h. 0,15½ ; w. 0,16½). Minerva in red and white draperies, standing, a helmet on her head. She wears the chlamys. An Ephete, standing beside her, carries a scroll on which is written : *Nulla dies habeat quis linea ducta supersit.*

1879.—*The Herald of Murcia.* On horseback, sounding his trumpet.

1879.—*A mounted Trumpeter of the time of Louis XIII.* In a landscape ; another horseman follows him.

1879.—*A Canal at Venice*, near the church of San Gervasio e San Protasio (h. 0,12 ; w. 0,21½). To the right, a group of poor houses. Men building and repairing gondolas. "A corner just like Holland," said Meissonier.

1879.—*Punch, with a Rose* (h. 0,37 ; w. 0,22).

No longer in his first youth. He holds a rose, and winks triumphantly.

1879.—*A Gentleman* (h. 0,18 ; w. 0,10). Standing (on the top of the staircase of Meissonier's house in Paris) dressed in red velvet, one hand on his hip, the other on the door-post. On the wall behind him, a tapestry worked with armorial bearings.

1879.—*Les Grès, near Poissy* (h. 0,13½ ; w. 0,20). An autumn scene ; the yellowing forest in the distance.

1879.—*Study of a bay Horse* (h. 0,13 ; w. 0,13). With the figure of a rider lightly sketched.

1879.—*Study of a brown Horse* (h. 0,15½ ; w 0,09). With a rider.

1880.—*The Braggart.* Period of Louis XIII. Standing, his sword by his side, a felt hat on his head, he twirls his moustache, leaning against the door-post (of Meissonier's studio in Paris).

1880.—*A Gentleman of the time of Louis XIII.* In a grey cloak (h. 0,45 ; w. 0,34). Seated under the arcade of Meissonier's house in Paris, he looks on at a scene supposed to be taking place at Duomo d'Ossola, in the colonnaded square of which are people passing, a gentleman on horseback at a carriage-door, &c.

1880.—*Curling his Moustache* (h. 0,22 ; w. 0,15). A cavalier of the time of Louis XIII., standing, in boots of soft leather, holding his felt hat against the hilt of his sword.

1880.—*The Traveller* (h. 0,39 ; w. 0,29). A horseman in an exposed plain ; the wind lifts his cloak, the collar of which he has turned up.

1880.—*Jena, 1806.* On the right, on a piece of rising ground, the Emperor and his staff ; the Guides, who form the escort, deployed in a half-circle ; in the plain, cuirassiers charging.

1880.—*Venice* (h. 0,08½ ; w. 0,11½). Men building gondolas.

1880.—*Landscape Study.* The Forest of Saint Germain.

1880.—*Landscape with Heather in flower.* Near Poissy.

1881.—*Study of the Hindquarters of a chestnut Horse* (h. 0,16 ; w. 0,09½).

1881.—*Study of a Hand, in an open Book.* For a portrait of the painter (h. 0,12½ ; w. 0,9½).

1881.—*Study of a Hand.* On the curved arm of a seat. For a portrait of the painter (h. 0,11½ ; w. 0,12½).

1881.—*Fishing at Poissy.* The angler is seated in a flat-bottomed boat, with a young woman, also fishing, standing up. They are under the willows of a little wood on an island ; behind them, an empty boat, a bridge, and beyond it the wall of the Bezanson-Meissonier property, the painter's last home.

1881.—*A Gentleman of the time of Louis XIII.* (h. 0,30 ; w. 0,19½ ; canvas). Standing, his head inclined to the left, his sword beside him. Yellow breeches.

1882.—*The Painter.* Seated, in a Louis XIII. costume, with a curled wig. He paints, pausing a moment to look at his work. On his right, a Venetian glass and a crystal amphora ; sketches on the wall. A shutter opened above, admits the light into the studio.

1882.—*A Traveller*, period of the Directory (h. 0,17½ ; w. 0,13⅓). A horseman, his back to the spectator, drains a glass. The upper part of the body and the left leg merely sketched in.

1882.—*Sembra.* Meissonier's greyhound (h. 0,20 ; w. 0,20). Lying in the studio in Paris, at the foot of a curved seat, over which is thrown a red velvet robe with gold buttons. The picture, *Song*, is on an easel.

1882.—*Houbra.* Meissonier's greyhound (h. 0,43 ; w. 0,32 ; canvas). The head facing the spectator, lying at the foot of a curved seat.

1882.—*Gentlemen of the time of Louis XIII.* (h. 0,20 ; w. 0,12). Standing, and twirling his moustache. Grey breeches, plumed felt hat, cloak, and sword, golden hair.

1882.—*Two Cavaliers* (h. 0,45 ; w. 0,65 ; canvas). They ride homeward, talking together, one on a grey dappled horse, the other on a bay. Evening landscape, a wooded upland (the forest of Saint-Germain).

1882.—*La Madonna del Bacio, St. Mark's, Venice* (h. 0,49 ; w. 0,36 ; canvas). Exhibited at the triennial Salon of 1883, at the Antwerp Exhibition of 1885, and at the Paris Exhibition of 1889. Before the popular image of the Virgin and Child at Venice, the marble of which is worn by the kisses of the devout, a young woman in black kneels, and prays in agony. A priest reads his breviary calmly at a little distance, unconscious of the tragedy of the wounded heart beside him. (Madame Meissonier's collection.)

1882.—*Venice.* Interior of Saint Mark's (h. 0,13 ; w. 0,21). Mass is being said at the Miraculous Chapel, the faithful kneel. (Madame Meissonier's collection.)

1882.—*Staircase of the Presbytery at Thenon, near Essain* (h. 0,20 ; w. 0,13½).

1882.—*Landscape near Poissy, autumn* (h. 0,13½ ; w. 0,20). The path leading to the Villennes road, near the railway.

1882.—*A Model.* Head of a woman with chestnut hair, looking up. A study for *Le Chant.*

1882.—*A Song.* A woman in grey satin, with pearls in her hair, sings to the accompaniment of a young man in red velvet. (Musée du Luxembourg, Paris.)

1883.—*A chestnut Horse with a red Saddle* (h. $23\frac{1}{2}$; w. $0{,}17\frac{1}{2}$).

1883.—*Study of a Hand* for *A Reader* (h. 0,11 ; w. $0{,}12\frac{1}{2}$).

1883.—*Study of a bay Horse*, for *1807*. Water colour (h. $0{,}08\frac{1}{2}$; w. 0,10).

1883.—*The Church Porch, Poissy.* To the right the trees of the square, where Meissonier's statue now stands.

1883.—*The Vedette* (h. 0,25 ; w. 0,19). On horseback, motionless in the sunshine, his gun resting on his thigh, he examines the landscape, ready to give the alarm. The horse scents danger, he pricks up his ears, and dilates his nostrils. The outpost sentry of a detachment. (Chantilly Gallery.)

1883.—*The Guide* (h. 1,11 ; w. 0,89). Exhibited at the triennial Salon of 1883. A peasant of the Black Forest is forced to act as guide to a company of dragoons. His eyes red with weeping, he marches along, smoking his pipe, between two horsemen, who keep guard over him. (The Baroness du Mesnil, Paris.)

1883.—*Song* (*Le Chant*) (h. 0,83 ; w. 0,68). Exhibited at the triennial Salon of 1883. In a Venetian interior with a magnificent *portière*, and tapestry representing a dance of nymphs, the singer, standing, dressed in a green velvet gown embroidered with gold, lays her left hand on the shoulder of her accompanist, a man in a red velvet robe, who strikes a chord on a small organ placed on a table, on which are a roll of music, and some flowers in a malachite vase. A wide sash of white gauze is knotted over the singer's dress, a silver ornament clasps the sleeve of her full lawn chemisette. (Bequeathed by the artist to Madame Meissonier, who sat for the singer.)

1883.—*The Arrival of Guests at the Castle.* Exhibited at the triennial Salon of September, 1883. A country house of the time of Louis XIII. A gentleman and lady stand at the top of a double staircase ; on the steps lower down, the aged lord of the castle and his wife embrace the bride. Behind them stand two children, two ladies, and a young man. A child draws a gentleman towards its grandparents ; an elder brother, with a dog, strokes a horse led by a groom, and the rider, who has dismounted, helps a lady out of her carriage. Other horsemen are chatting by the door. Numerous other groups.

1883.—*The Vedette.* Time of Louis XIII. (h. 0,25 ; w. 0,19). The horse pricks up its ears, and watches, like its rider. Further back, an outpost.

1884. *A Dying Soldier.* Study for *The Siege of Paris* (h. 0,35 ; w. 0,30).

1884.—*Two Cavaliers of the time of Louis XIII.* On horseback, in an open landscape, near a pool of water. One rides a white horse. They advance slowly, talking.

1884.—*The Siege of Paris*, 1870-1871 (h. 0,68 ; w. 0,51). The City of Paris is represented by a majestic female figure, in a robe of gold brocade, veiled with crape, her hand resting on a stela : on the stela, the mural crown, above the crown the crest of the city, a ship, against which an officer of the navy is dying ; scattered here and there, the corpses of the illustrious dead, Franchetti, General Renault, Dampierre, Neverlé ; here an ambulance and a doctor ; there a national guardsman returning from his week's service at the outposts ; he is greeted by his wife ; she shows him the corpse of his child, who has died of privation in his absence. Further off, Henri Regnault, one of the last victims. . . . The dead lie upon palm-branches, and crowns are strewn upon the ground. The spectre of Famine swoops down from the sky in one corner, carrying the Prussian eagle on his wrist like a falconer. . . .

1885.—*Napoleone Civili.* Panel. Inscribed : *Napoleone Civili, Venezia, le* 14 *Octobre*, 1885.

1885.—*Near the Lake at Ouchy* (h. 0,20 ; w. $0{,}13\frac{1}{2}$).

1885.—*Les Grès, near Poissy* (h. $13\frac{1}{2}$; w. 0,20).

1885.—*Near Evian* (h. $0{,}13\frac{1}{2}$; w. 0,20). A shady alley, with the sunlight breaking through ; a large trough of running water.

1885.—*Valentine* (h. 0,39 ; w. 0,24). Meissonier said, when he gave this name to the picture, that the young man was the brother of Goethe's Gretchen. A German *Reiter*, standing under the arcade of Meissonier's house in Paris, his hand on his dagger. Slashed doublet and hose.

1886.—*Shall I enter?* (or *Why linger?*) The door is closed ; what will happen when he suddenly opens it? He considers this question, his chin in his hand. What drama will be the sequel? He is dressed in grey and black, and wears a full black cloak, which he grasps in left hand. He is armed.

1886. *The Mandolin-Player.* A bouquet of roses on the table beside him.

1886. *The Traveller.* He advances slowly on a difficult road, in stormy autumn weather.

The trees are broken and twisted by the gale.

1887.—*The Herald* (h. 0,31 ; w. 0,23 ; canvas). He stands on the threshold of Meissonier's house in Paris, under the little porch of the staircase, and blows his long trumpet, from which hangs a flag with armorial bearings. He is dressed in a red tunic bordered with gold, and brown breeches, tucked into his high boots.

1887.—*The Mandolin-Player.* His grey fur-trimmed cloak and his sword are laid on a carved chest under the tapestry hanging ; he sings a love ditty to his mandolin ; his music lies on a table beside him, with a book-stand, a Venetian glass full of roses, a medallion of his mistress, and some books. The table is covered with a Smyrna rug.

1887.—*The Horse-pond by the Bridge of Poissy.* (h. 0,15 ; w. 0,24). Outside the Meissonier-Bezanson property at Poissy, a man bathes his horse in the water ; another man, riding bare-back, tries to pull a reluctant white horse through the water under the arches. A quay with lime-trees, the islands of the river, and a large boat under the willows complete the picture.

1887.—*Saint Mark's, Venice ; the Madonna dell' Scoppio* (h. 0,15 ; w. 0,21½). A beggar-woman at the corner of the pillar. Two women and a man pray before the Virgin. In the background to the right, a group of worshippers at the shrine of the Miraculous Virgin. An old man stands with his hand on the third pillar. On his left, the holy water basin of the entrance that opens on to the square of the Lions.

1888.—*Pascal* ("À Clous de Cuivre") ; seated in an X-shaped chair, playing a long mandolin ; red stockings, green breeches with gold buttons.

1888.—*Mandolin-Player.* Seated in a curved seat, and playing. No details.

1888.—*A Guide, "Jena," 1806.* (h. 0,23½ ; w. 0,24¾). Turning to the left.

1888.—*A Voltigeur* (h. 0,24 ; w. 0,14). On sentry duty, his weapon on his arm, his back to the spectator. He wears his goatskin knapsack, with his cloak strapped to it.

1888.—*An Officer of Cuirassiers* (h. 0,8½ ; w. 0,15 ; on blue paper). Looking to the left, his right arm very lightly sketched.

1888.—*Saint Mark's, Venice.* A Mass in the Miraculous Chapel. A sketch on panel (h. 0,22½ ; w. 0,28½). Tapers burn in the dim light on the altar at which the priests officiate. Worshippers on their knees. Strange lights fall from above. To the left, two women, with a child between them, are seated against the pillar of the *Madonna dell' Scoppio*, so-called from the gun hanging by the Virgin and Child, whose forms stand out against a blue background. Opposite, a man leans against a pillar near a kneeling figure ; above, an *ex voto* case, with silver hearts.

1888.—*Grand Canal, Venice.* View from the entrance of the Casa Fumagalli, occupied by Meissonier. His gondola (with an awning) waits at the steps ; other gondoliers hang about for customers. On a post a figure of the Virgin, where a lamp burns at night. A gondola crosses towards the Dogana ; on the left, the Church of the *Salute* and the pink buildings of the Seminary ; the masts of ships in the Giudecca beyond.

1889.—*The Hostess*, for *The Postillion.* She stands, laughing, a bottle in her hand. Fair hair, blue eyes ; a red cloth bodice.

1889.—*The Postillion.* He stops at the inn by the bridge at Poissy, leading a second horse. Two women on the steps of the inn. (Exhibited at the International Exhibition of 1889.)

1889.—*Study of a Postillion, on Horseback* (h. 0,36 ; w. 0,23 ; panel). He wears a powdered wig, a royal-blue jacket with red trimmings, nankin breeches, and enormous boots. It was usual, on account of these boots, to lift postillions in and out of the saddle.

1889.—*Hercules seated on the Skin of the Nemæan Lion* (h. 0,24 ; w. 0,22).

188. . .—*A Member of the Council of Ten.* A Venetian noble, seated on a settee shaped like an X, reads a state paper. He wears a robe of red velvet with gold buttons, and a black velvet cap. On the Henri II. table, a green velvet cover, a vase of flowers, a clasped book ; in the background, carved wood-work, copied from that in San Sebastiano, Venice, for Meissonier.

188 . . .—*Napoleon I. and his Staff.*

188 . . .—*A Young Man* in an Indian silk dressing-gown, seated, pen in hand, reading a paper. A large book open before him ; others on the table. Behind him, a Spanish leather screen. On the wall, a picture.

1890.—*Study of a dappled grey Horse for "Jena," 1806* (h. 0,22 ; w. 0,30 ; panel).

1890.—*Two other studies of the same Horse.*

1890.—*Venice.* The Canal behind San Rocco. (h. 0,18 ; w. 0,13.)

1890.—*The Lido, Venice* (h. 0,15½ ; w. 0,23½).

1890.—*The Head of a grey Horse.* Study for *Jena* (h. 0,20 ; w. 0,14 ; panel). Done in the courtyard of his house in Paris.

1890.—*The Pulpit of Saint Mark's, Venice* (h. 0,19 ; w. 0,13½).

1890.—*The Squall* (unfinished). The horseman, whose cloak streams in the wind, bows his head, as does his poor horse. The gale blows fiercely over a wide trackless plain.

1890.—*Venetians.* A young man and woman look down over the balustrade of a winding staircase, that of Meissonier's house in Paris. The studio door is open behind them, showing the coffered ceiling. (M. Meissonier, Paris.

1890.—*A Green Hussar.* Study for "*Jena*" (h. 0,15; w. 0,23½). His jacket edged with fur, white braid, red breeches, his sword sheathed.

1890.—*A Gentleman of the time of Louis XIII.* Standing, in profile, his hands clasped, his sword by his side, he considers what to do. He is wrapped in a grey cloak bordered with fur, and wears green breeches with gold buttons.

1890.—*A Voltigeur on sentry duty in the Trenches* (h. 0,45 ; w. 0,34½). An autumn sky ; two other sentries in the distance.

1890.—*The Emperor's Horse.* "*Jena,*" *1806.*

1890.—*October, 1806.* "*Jena.*" Exhibited at the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, when Meissonier was President. The last picture exhibited by him before his death on January, 31, 1891.

1890.—*The Morning of Castiglione.* A sketch (h. 0,87 ; w. 1,39). The last picture undertaken by the artist. Bonaparte gallops by, followed by his staff, among them Duroc (for whose figure Meissonier made a model). The troops, magnetised by his genius, throw their hats up on the points of their bayonets, and stand on tip-toe to hold them higher. The general enthusiasm blazes out like the sudden firing of a train of gunpowder, before the young General of the army of Italy in 1796

II. PORTRAITS

1835.—*Portrait of Madame Fériot.* Purchased by the State in 1896. The wife of the rector of the University of Grenoble, half-length in a black dress, her hands crossed, a ring on each. She wears a broad collar of embroidered muslin, fastened by a wide ribbon and a brooch. Black hair, dressed high at the back, and in stiff curls over the ears.

1838.—*Doctor Lefèvre, of Paris* (h. 0,29 ; w. 0,22). In his chair, with the lions' heads. Black coat and trousers, black satin waistcoat, white tie, ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

1847.—*Portrait of a Lady.* Full face, seated in an arm-chair. Pink dress, crimson bodice.

1853.—*Madame Sabatier.* Standing, her hand on her hip. Red sash.

1853.—*Portrait of Madame Lehon.* Standing, in a low blue dress, holding a book.

1854.—*Portrait of Madame Sabatier.* Seated, a book on her lap, in a cream-coloured dress with a low bodice, and blue ribbons.

1855.—*Madame and Mademoiselle Meissonier* (h. 0,31 ; w. 0,24). In the drawing-room at Poissy.

1859.—*The Baroness H. Thénard* (h. 0,22 ; w. 0,17). Three-quarters length, full face, fair hair, crimson velvet arm-chair.

1864.—*Portrait of M. Meissonier, junior* (h. 0,12 ; w. 0,08½). In a Louis XIII. costume, in the garden at Poissy. Red velvet mantle, hat with ribbons.

1868.—*Portrait of M. Gaston Delahante.* Signed on a piece of paper on the floor : "Gaston Delahante. E. Meissonier, 1868." Seated in the studio at Poissy, in a Louis XIII. chair, in a short coat, his left hand in his pocket, his right on his thigh ; his hat and coat lie on an arm-chair near an old carved chest. A tapestried wall, and a *portière*, concealing the door opening on to the terrace. On an easel behind him, the sketch of *1807.*

1868.—*Portrait of Meissonier on Horseback, Salice Road, Antibes* (h. 0,13 ; w. 0,25). He rides his horse, Bachelier. In the background, the mountains, and the ramparts of the town, washed by the sea. Meissonier, in riding breeches and gaiters, a short brown velvet coat, a black felt hat, his hand on his hip.

1872.—*Portrait of Alfred Quidant, Musician.* Bust (h. 0,11 ; w. 0,08½).

1877.—*Portrait of Alexandre Dumas the Younger* (h. 0,61 ; w. 0,42). In Meissonier's studio in Paris.

1879.—*The Sculptor Gemito* (h. 0,27 ; w. 0,18). Modelling a statuette of Meissonier in wax. Inscribed : *Al mio caro scultore Gemito.*

1879.—*M. Jules Hetzel, senior.* Seated in a large carved chair with red velvet cushions in Meissonier's studio in Paris. Inscribed : *A mon vieil ami Hetzel.*

1880.—*Portrait of Mr. Vanderbilt.* Seated his legs crossed, in a gilded chair with red velvet cushions, his left hand on his watch-chain.

1881.—*Portrait of Meissonier.* Half-length, with a long beard, in a dressing-gown. Inscribed : *Mon cher Chenavard, que ce croquis temoigne toujours de notre vieille et bien bonne amitié.* (Lyons Museum.)

1881.—*Portrait of Victor Lefranc* (h. 0,31 ; w. 0,22). Seated, his hands on the arms of his chair. Inscribed above, to the left: *À mon ami Victor Lefranc. Meissonier, 1881.* (Madame Lefranc.)

1882.—*General Championnet* (h. 0,22 ; w. 0,35½). On the Mediterranean shore at Antibes. The general wears a blue uniform; he is followed by two hussars. A high wind drives the breakers on to the beach. (Lyons Museum.)

1883.—*Portrait of Paul Chenavard, the painter* (h. 0,32 ; w. 0,24). Bust, full face. Inscribed: *À son ami, Paul Chenavard. Meissonier.* (Lyons Museum.)

1884. *Meissonier's Granddaughters* (h. 0,54 ; w. 0,42). "While I was at work on the portrait of my grandchildren, I said to myself that the carnations of children are exactly like rose-leaves. When one comes close and examines their texture, it is pure and exquisite as that of a flower. How different to the painted skin of the woman whose portrait I am working on so much against the grain just now! What a pleasure it is to sit down with one's palette before Nature herself, undisguised by rice-powder and rouge!" Inscribed: *À Jenny et Charlotte leur cher grandpère.*

1884.—*Portrait of Doctor Guyon* (h. 0,34 ; w. 0,28). Seated on a curved settee, in the studio in Paris in a black frock-coat. Inscribed; *Au Docteur Guyon témoignage d'amitié.*

1889.—*The large portrait of Meissonier.* Half-length, seated, in a loose robe trimmed with miniver, his head supported by his right hand. He is in his favourite seat; a settee shaped like an X. This portrait was etched by Waltner. The "remark" on the etching is a portrait of Madame Meissonier, seated on a similar settee, a book on her lap, dressed in the green velvet gown she wore as the model for *Le Chant.*

1890.—*Last Portrait of Meissonier by Himself.* Exhibited at the Société Nationale, 1890. "I leave her my portrait, exhibited at the Champ de Mars as No. 1,014." (Meissonier's will, November 5, 1889).

Portrait of M. Batta, playing the violin, and study of a hand for this portrait.

PICTURES

(UNDATED)

The Brothers Van de Velde. In a studio (that of Meissonier at Poissy) the painter has risen, palette and brushes in hand, at his brother's arrival. The visitor is seated, and scrutinises the picture on the easel. He wears a cloak, and holds his felt hat in his hand. To their right, a large carved chest, heaped with various objects, a mandolin above. On the ground a piece of paper and a paint-brush.

A Drive at Saint-Germain. Time of Louis XIII. (h. 0,18 ; w. 0,25). The first carriage disappears in the distance; the next contains four young women; cavaliers ride beside and behind it; the verdure and sunshine suggest love and spring-time.

The Park at Saint Cloud (h. 0,41 ; w. 0,29). The figures by Meissonier, the landscape by Français. Old trees round the great fountain; groups of persons walking about: others seated in the shade near the waterfall.

A Gentleman of the Court of Henri III. (h. 0,18 ; w. 0,11). Costume and cloak of red velvet, a sword by his side, plumed cap, white collar, earrings. He wears moustaches; his right hand on his hip.

An old Coach of the time of Meissonier's youth (h. 0,14 ; w. 0,20 ; panel). Yellow body and wheels, brown leather curtains.

Meissonier's grey Horse, Bachelier (h. 0,40 ; w. 0,24½). In the background sky and verdure. "My poor Bachelier, requisitioned for the army of the Loire, January 27, 1871."

Venice (h. 0,13 ; w. 0,20). A gondola undergoing repairs on the bank of a canal near the Church of San Gervasio e San Protasio.

San Giorgio, Venice (h. 0,15 ; w. 0,24). Painted from the café of the royal garden. The moon rising.

Portrait of Meissonier. Standing, palette in hand, before his easel.

The Lonely Halting Place.

A Reader, standing (h. 0,18 ; w. 0,10). Near a window partly closed by a shutter. The light falls from above on his fair hair and white shirt. He reads a paper. (M. Thiéry's collection, Paris.)

A Trumpeter of the time of Louis XIII. Sounding the call to horse.

Sketch of Meissonier's son and of Edouard Detaille. Young Meissonier, standing, in a red velvet robe, fastened with a silver girdle, reads the letter he holds in his left hand, his right hand on a table, a large greyhound in

front of him. Edouard Detaille, a youth, waits near him.

Waiting for an Audience. A young gentleman stands, leaning against the wainscot. Powdered hair, a three cornered hat, his coat opening over an embroidered waistcoat, knee breeches and buckled shoes, a sword at his side. He holds a cane in his left hand; behind him a *portière*.

A fair-haired young Painter, standing (h. 0,24; w. 0,15). Period of the Renaissance. He shows his sketch to three friends; one, a grey-haired man, leans forward to look. They are all bare-headed. The first, in a red cloak points at the picture; only the head of a red-bearded man in the background is visible.

A Guide. Study for *1807*. On paper, pasted to a panel (h. 0,24; w. 0,14). He rides a magnificent horse; his sword is drawn.

A Guide. Study for *1807* (h. 0,24; w. 0,14). (Repainted, with modifications, for the water colour, *1809*). Busby of black fur with red plume and yellow tassel. White cross-belt, yellow breeches, green jacket, with yellow frogs and metal buttons, and green and red sash; red dolman edged with fur; with yellow frogs; yellow leather gaiters, green housing and saddle with yellow borders.

A Guide. Study for *1807*. The horse not painted (h. 0,24; w. 0,14). Drawn sword, green jacket, red and green sash, black busby with red tassels.

A Red Hussar. A study on paper, pasted on a panel (h. 0,12½; w. 0,08½). Red breeches, red and white sash.

Study of a Man's Arm. He is seated on a settee shaped like an X; white sleeve; his yellow costume slightly indicated.

A Military Cavalier. In a flame-coloured costume and black cocked hat; bay horse with gold embroidered saddle of red velvet.

Cavalier of the time of Louis XIII. (a small panel). His foot in the stirrup, he is about to vault into the saddle. Black felt hat, buff jerkin, red sash, green velvet breeches, yellow boots with spurs; bay horse; the holsters ornamented on the top with red.

A Guide on Horseback. He advances to the right; green uniform, red jacket with brass buttons, bordered with fur, a green plume in the black busby with red tassels; green cloth saddle, with a crowned eagle embroidered on the corners, red and green sash, yellow breeches.

Koubra. Meissonier's greyhound. On paper pasted on a panel.

The Concert. Period of Titian. A sketch. On a large panel, h. 0,61; w. 0,80½; a centimetre and a half in thickness. The accompanist in a red velvet robe; the singer beside him in a dress of pale yellow taffetas, pearls on her neck and in her fair hair, her right arm hanging by her side, the music in her left hand; near her a fair woman in pale blue seated on a settee shaped like an X, a Venetian fan in her hand; a young man in black leans on her chair. To the right a group of women, seated, a young man behind them.

The two Philosophers (h. 0,10; w. 0,07). One, dressed in grey, argues with another, who holds a snuff-box in his hand.

After Breakfast (h. 0,20; w. 0,14). A cavalier of the time of Louis XIII., his elbow on the table, tries to smoke a pipe which seems to be nearly out. A cut ham and a glass on the table beside him.

Antibes (h. 0,14; w. 0,20). A study. A road by the sea, fortifications and mountains in brilliant sunshine.

The Little "Smoker" (h. 0,09; w. 0,06½). In a red overcoat, smoking a long pipe near a table on which are a glass and a pewter tankard. (Baron G. de Rothschild.)

The Draughtsman (h. 0,20; w. 0,14). Seated on a stool, he copies a drawing of Boucher's. Signature on the top to the right, and the words *de Poissy*, on the sketch of a cavalier on the wall.

The Hussar (h. 0,20; w. 0,05). Standing, his hand on the neck of his horse, against which he leans. His legs crossed, his hand on his hip.

The Friends. Drinking and smoking together at a table,-one dressed in red. (M. Thiéry's collection, Paris.)

Study of Meissonier's hand. On the arm of a seat (h. 0,12; w. 0,14). Sleeve of red velvet lined with red satin.

Study of Meissonier's hand (h. 0,13; w. 0,20; panel). The first finger between the leaves of a book.

Sketch of a Man. Period of Holbein's "Hubert Morrett" (h. 0,48; w. 0,36). On paper, pasted to panel. Full-length figure, in a back velvet dress; red beard, blue eyes, chain on his breast, a sash with red and gold tassel, open sleeves with small gold balls, fur trimming, grey gloves, black shoes.

Charles I. on Horseback in a Wood (h. 0,19; w. 0,11½). Saddle of red velvet with brass nails, long buff gloves; a greyhound following. An attendant with a broad blue ribbon and cross, his horse just appearing.

Hercules seated on the skin of the Nemean lion (h. 0,30 ; w. 0,32 ; on paper). His hands clasped round his left knee. Blue sky and tombs in the background.

A Cavalier of the time of Louis XIII. (h. 0,33½ ; w. 0,20 ; panel). Before one of the entrances to the Tuileries, his sword slung across him, his hands on his stick ; a fresh face, brows knitted ; he wears a light wig, a black felt hat, lace collar, a red baldrick with grey stripes.

Guides wheeling at a gallop before the Emperor (h. 0,38 ; w. 0,62 ; panel). An officer on a grey horse turns in the saddle to shout the word of command.

The Trumpeter. A study for *1809* (h. 0,22 ; w. 0,11½). In red, on a white horse ; he shouts, flourishing his trumpet in the air.

The Colonel. Study for *1809* (h. 0,25 ; w. 0,10½). In a blue uniform with cuirass ; bay horse; he rises in his stirrups.

A Cuirassier. Study for *1809* (h. 0,22 ; w. 0,10). Holding up his arm ; red epaulettes.

A Cuirassier. Study for *1807* (h. 0,37 ; w. 0,15; panel). He shouts, his drawn sword in his hand.

The Painter (h. 0,37 ; w. 0,28½). He pauses to look at his work. His mistress leans over him.

San Giorgio, Venice (h. 0,15 ; w. 0,24 ; panel). Moonrise ; the walls still rosy from the setting sun.

Saint Mark's, Venice. Three studies on panel.

Pillar of the Madonna del Bacio. With details of the mosaic floor ; a bouquet of red roses near the lamp, and a wreath of flowers on the pillar.

The Harbour of Evian, Lake of Geneva (h. 0,13½ ; w. 0,20). Groups of persons on the green benches under the plane-trees ; a man walking, opposite the Rue de Lausanne ; at the end of the garden, the lighthouse ; two men, lightly sketched, on a green bench, outside a building.

A Plain at Les Grès, near Poissy (h. 0,14 ; w. 0,20½ ; panel). Furze, heather, little blue pools.

The Coast at Nice (h. 0,12 ; w. 0,19 ; panel). A golden tone pervades the panel ; light and shade play upon the mountains ; a deep blue sea, with two boats moored in a small creek in the foreground.

A blue Lake, among green Mountains (h. 0,14 ; w. 0,20 ; panel). Dark trees to the left ; flying clouds on a blue sky.

A Sandy Road. Forest of Saint Germain (h. 0,13 ; w. 0,20 ; panel). To the left scattered twigs, and tangled roots of trees, forcing up the sod.

Landscape near Poissy (h. 0,13 ; w. 0,20 ; panel). The path leading to the Villennes Road. The russet tints of autumn on the trees ; in the distance, the windings of the Seine. To the right, a red-tiled wall ; above, an escarpment.

A Courtyard at Antibes (h. 0,23 ; w. 0,39 ; panel). Near a stable door, a little donkey with a red packsaddle and red worsted rosettes, eats from a trough. Red tiles on the roof. On the back of this a sketch of a little girl knitting in a low chair, a baby playing near her, and the outline of a woman at the foot of a staircase.

Studies of Horses. Panel. Three heads, a bay horse, and the tail of a grey horse.

A Gentleman of the time of Louis XIII., reading a letter (h. 0,22 ; w. 0,16 ; panel). The messenger awaits the answer, hat in hand. He wears a red-brown coat, grey breeches, red stockings, and yellow shoes. The reader of the letter wears a fair wig, a grey coat, grey breeches with knots of green ribbon, and yellow shoes with green bows.

Sketch of a Woman, in profile, for *The Arrival at the Castle* (h. 0,22 ; w. 0,13 ; panel). Standing, a fan in her hand ; chestnut hair, yellow taffetas dress, slashed bodice of red silk, and a wide collar.

Study of a Boot in the Stirrup (h. 0,10½ ; w. 0,08 ; panel).

Three similar Studies.

Monsieur Fériot's House, near Grenoble (h. 0,25 ; w. 0,20 ; panel). A white house, with red roof, grey shutters, shrubs in boxes and red and green pots. Large yew trees in strong relief against the blue sky.

A Declaration of Love. Period of Louis XIII. (h. 0,41 ; w. 0,33 ; panel). The lover stands at the open door, and bends forward to speak to the young girl, who, half-delighted, half-embarrassed, trifles with her fingers. She is fair, and wears a low dress of pale yellow taffetas. A large greyhound stands by her side. The lover wears grey breeches with green ribbons and white frills, a red cloak, and yellow doeskin shoes.

Sketch of a Dying Soldier. Study for the figure of Henri Regnault, killed at Buzenval, January, 1871, for the *Siege of Paris.*

The Traveller (h. 0,19 ; w. 0,26 ; panel). The wind lashes a horseman in a fur cap, high boots, and black cloak, who makes his way with difficulty over an uneven plain. Russet autumn woods, furze, and a wide distant horizon.

Interior of a Church (h. 0,13½ ; w. 0,21).

The Aide-de-Camp (h. 0,22 ; w. 0,36).
Nadèje (h. 0,11 ; w. 0,13).
Route de la Salice, Antibes (h. 0,13 ; w. 0,25).
A Man-at-Arms. Period of Louis XIII. (h. 0,66 ; w. 0,55 ; canvas). Leading his horse ; a stormy autumn sky.
Studies of standing Corn, for *1807* (h. 0,39 ; w. 0,55).
A Galloping Horse. Study for the Colonel's horse in *1807*. He looks round, his nostrils dilated, foam on his mouth.
A Cuirassier's Horse. Study for *1807*. Saddled, and galloping (h. 0,21 ; w. 0,23½).
Soliman, barebacked (h. 0,34 ; w. 0,27). Meissonier's white Arab horse. The veins show under the fine skin ; in action, the nostrils became crimson.
The Bridge of Poissy. The island, with boats moored against it.
Suspicion. A gentleman standing at a door.
Studies of a bay Horse.
A Cuirassier.
Two Sketches for an *Ariosto.*
Sketch for an *Esther.*
Study of a Card-player.
A Reader (h. 0,20 ; w. 0,14 ; canvas).
Portrait of Meissonier. Young, with a short beard. A very small panel.
Gun-carriage with broken Wheel, for *1807* (h. 0,11 ; w. 0,22).
A Woman's Head. Study for *Le Chant* (*Song*) (h. 0,24 ; w. 0,15).
Horseman crossing a Ford (h. 0,21 ; w. 0,31½). In a storm.
Jean Jacques in Love (h. 0,21½ ; w. 0,14 ; panel). He comes down the old wooden staircase leading to the Cathedral of Lausanne, with a young woman.
A Gentleman of the time of Louis XIII., seated.
A Sketch of Musketeers on the march.
A Cuirassier. Study for *1807* (h. 0,23 ; w. 0,13½). Bay horse. An ammunition pouch of yellow leather on his saddle.
A bay Horse (h. 0,21 ; w. 0,11). His mouth covered with foam ; study for the group of Guides in *1807*.
A Guide. Study for the foremost of the group in *1807*. Green jacket, red dolman with black fur ; he grasps the bridle in a venous hand.
Twelve Studies of Horses, Baggage, etc.
State Prisoners (h. 0,16 ; w. 0,24 ; canvas). Removed in carriages, escorted by horsemen, in gloomy weather. "Condé, perhaps," said Meissonier.
Soliman. Meissonier's white Arab. Inscribed : *Mon brave Soliman.*
Farewell to the Chevalier. A gentleman of the time of Louis XIII., and his wife, looking down at a departing guest from the staircase of Meissonier's house in Paris.
The Palazzo Labbia, Venice. Entrance vestibule.
The Lagoon, Venice. Sunset (h. 0,15 ; w. 0,24).
Soliman, without a bridle (h. 0,16 ; w. 0,20). Meissonier on his back, lightly sketched, the boots finished.
Meissonier in the saddle. A study of himself for the figure of the Emperor in *1814*. Grey riding coat and cocked hat, one hand in the breast of his coat, the other holding the riding whip.
A blue shield on a black ground, bearing a tawny greyhound with a red collar. A pink ribbon round the device, with the words *Omnia labor* (h. 0,09½ ; w. 0,08½).
An unmounted Cannon.
Three Studies of Heads of Officers for *1807*.
Three Studies of Soliman, for the Emperor's horse in *1807*.
Three Cuirassiers. Studies for *1805*. One eats something from his helmet.
Sketch for *The Arrival of Guests at the Castle.* Time of Louis XIII. (h. 0,14 ; w. 0,24½). The hostess embraces a young lady on the steps. An empty carriage moves away. Numerous figures.
Study of Sea, Antibes.
Twelve Studies of Landscape.
The old Ramparts of Antibes.
A Florentine, standing.
Study for *Story of the Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom.*
A Smoker in a pink Coat.
Study for *Punch with a Rose.*
A Man on tiptoe.
Two Reiters.
A Musician, in red. Study for *Le Chant.*
A Traveller on an open Plain.
Twelve Studies for *Solferino.*
A Cavalier of the time of Louis XIII. Seated on the ground against a tree, a ham between his legs. He drinks from a leather bottle. His horse grazes in the forest.
The two Artists (h. 0,22 ; w. 0,16).
The Story of the Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom. A minute picture, circular in form, diameter 0.05.
The Vedette.
An Officer (h. 0,30 ; w. 0,18).
The Hussard (h. 0,20 ; w. 0,05).
General Bessières. Study for *1807*.
Marshal Lannes. Study for *1807*.
Seven Studies of Horses for *1807*.

WATER-COLOURS

(DATED)

1835.—*A Young Woman coming out of Church* (h. 0,12 ; w. 0,10). A black mantilla over her head ; she takes the holy water from a man in a brown costume with red ribbons.

1847.—*A Gang of Convicts taken to Prison* (h. 0,12½ ; w. 0,19½). Horsemen, and soldiers armed with muskets, escort them ; a battlemented wall in the background.

1849.—*A Gang of Convicts* (h. 0.17 ; w. 0,36). In an open, storm-swept plain ; musketeers escort them pistol in hand.

1850.—*Punch* (h. 0,16 ; w. 0,11). Three quarters length, his left leg thrust forward ; his arms crossed behind his back ; he holds a stick, and smiles slyly.

1857.—*Study for an Ariosto reading* (h. 0,11 ; w. 0,14). A young woman listens.

1857.—*A Young Woman* (h. 0,17¾ ; w. 0,14). Seated on a settee, shaped like an X, a screen in her hand, she listens. (Study for the *Ariosto.*)

1859.—*A Fire-eater* (h. 0,17½ ; w. 0,10½). His left hand on his rapier, his right on his hip. Yellowish jacket, pink sleeves, red breeches.

1859.—*The Campaign in Italy* (h. 0,12½ ; w. 0,25). Cuirassiers. Camp at Rovigo.

1859.—*At Desenzano : Campaign in Italy* (h. 0,13½ ; w. 0,27). Four horses, a cannon, and an ammunition waggon.

1859.—*Volta. Campaign in Italy, 1859* (h. 0,12 ; w. 0,25). Bivouac of the First Cuirassiers of the Guard. Their accoutrements lie on the ground ; the horses graze. Tents.

1859.—*Bivouac at Pozzolo, near Valleggio, 1859.* Inscribed : *1er Cuirassiers-gardes.*

1859.—*Campaign in Italy.* On grey paper. A tent and a horse. Inscribed : *Cavriana, 1859.*

1860.—*The Connoisseurs.* (Duc d'Aumale's collection.)

1861. *An Ammunition Waggon*, drawn by white horses, one ridden by an artilleryman.

1861.—*Punch*, in profile, to the right (h. 0,16½ ; w. 0,9½). His hands behind his back, his right foot advanced. Light doublet, red breeches.

1862.—*The Connoisseurs* (h. 0,19½ ; w. 0,23½). A picture on the easel ; two visitors seated, one dressed in green, the other in red ; the latter rests his hands upon his cane. A third, standing, in a reddish brown costume, a fourth lightly sketched in.

1864.—*Old Houses at Nuremberg* (h. 0,18 ; w. 0,23). Painted during a journey in 1864.

1866.—*Punch, with the Drum* (h. 0,19 ; w. 0,12). His arms akimbo, his hat on his head, he waits in front of a green damask curtain. He wears a tunic of yellow silk, with blue sleeves, red velvet breeches, and the traditional shoes. (Baron Ed. de Rothschild, Paris.)

1867.—*A Musketeer.* Period of Louis XIII. (h. 0,25 ; w. 0,16). Standing, and looking up, a red cloak over his shoulder.

1867.—*The Rendezvous.* The lover waits ; large cloak, high boots.

1867.—*A Cavalier asleep.* Period of Louis XIII. (h. 0,21 ; w. 0,14). In an ante-room, his hand on his sword ; his hat has fallen to the ground.

1867.—*Napoleon I.* (h. 0,25 ; w. 0,10). On horseback, in a green coat, white breeches and waistcoat, the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour ; a tricoloured cockade in his cocked hat.

1868.—*A Grenadier.* Study for *1807* (h. 0,11 ; w. 0,23). His weapon on his arm.

1868.—*A Cannon.* Study for *1807* (h. 0,26 ; w. 0,40). A Voltigeur's shako lies by the shattered gun.

1869.—*Portrait of Meissonier on Horseback* (h. 0,20 ; w. 0,34). On the Route du Cap, at Antibes, riding his grey horse, Bachelier, and accompanied by his son ; he stops to talk to a peasant ; behind the horsemen, the fortifications of Antibes ; country folks with baskets and asses on the road.

1869.—*A White Horse* (h. 0,17½ ; w. 0,18½). Ridden by a man, who stops to speak to some country people under a wooden porch.

1869.—*The Rendezvous.* Washed drawing touched with colour (h. 0,20 ; w. 0,14). The lover waits, his cloak drawn round him. High boots.

1870.—*L'Affaire Clémenceau.* "At last, standing upright, throwing her head slightly back, and lifting the long hair that had fallen over her shoulders in both hands : 'How would you like me to stand?' she said." Inscribed : *A mon ami Dumas.*

1870.—*A Battery of Artillery.*

1870.—*A Man in a Louis XIII. Costume.*

Standing before a tapestried wall, a halbert in his hand.

1871.—*Literary Research* (h. 0,13 ; w. 0,18). A young man in a dressing-gown, seated in an arm-chair near the fireplace, reads over a manuscript, pen in hand.

1871.—*The Ruins of the Tuileries* (h. 0,41 ; w. 0,28).

1871.—*A Cannon in an Embrasure on a Rampart* (h. 0,18 ; w. 0,272 millim.).

1871.—*The Siege of Paris.* A train of artillery on the march ; four horses harnessed to a cannon and an ammunition waggon ; the men and their officer in great coats.

1872.—*Bacchus.* Study for *The Sign-Painter.*

1872.—*The Sign-Painter.* (Metropolitan Museum, New York.)

1872.—*Study of a bay Horse* (h. 0,28 ; w. 0,10¼).

1872.—*A Cavalier of the time of Louis XIII.* (h. 0,30 ; w. 0,18). In a grey doublet, relieved with green, and a felt hat ; he curls his moustache.

1872.—*An Aide-de-Camp under the Republic* (1794).

1873.—*A Game of Piquet* (h. 0,21 ; w. 0,29). Two men of the Directory period play at a wooden table, a pot of beer beside them. One in blue coat, reddish brown breeches, and white stockings ; the other in a long green riding coat, white breeches, and top boots.

1873.—*A Man of the First Empire* (h. 0,34½ ; w. 0,20). Standing, in soft leather boots, and a long riding coat, one hand in his pocket, the other holding a pipe.

1874.—*Smoker at the Door of a Guard Room* (h. 0,38 ; w. 0,26). Seated on a bench against the wall, his sword between his legs, his helmet beside him. (Signed with the initials E. M.)

1874.—*First Sketch for the Cuirassiers* in *1805* (h. 0,43 ; w. 0,53).

1874.—*Gentleman of the time of Louis XIII.* (h. 0,32½ ; w. 0,20). Standing, and looking up at a woman above. A felt hat, high boots, a riding-whip which he bends in his hands. Near him one of the carved pillars of Meissonier's house in Paris.

1874.—*The Alsatian Guide.* Sketch for the oil picture (h. 0,94 ; w. 0,72). He guides a column of dragoons through the forest.

1874.—*Charles I. on Horseback* (h. 0,62 ; w. 0,52). In a wood with a greyhound and a groom in red. The king wears a doublet of white satin, and a broad felt hat with feathers.

1875.—*Izza*, from *L'Affaire Clémenceau* (h. 0,18 ; w. 0,11). A young woman, naked, posing for a sculptor.

1875.—*A Dragoon of the 23rd Regiment.* On horseback in open country, a carbine in his hand.

1875.—*The Sergeant.* Study for *The Sergeant's Portrait* (h. 0,57 ; w. 0,38). White uniform with blue facings.

1875.—*Sketch of Two Lovers, embracing, for the allegory of "The Poet"* (h. 0,34½ ; w. 0,21½).

1875.—*Venetians* (h. 0,32 ; w. 0,23). On the staircase of Meissonier's house in Paris, a young woman in a low bodice, and a noble in a red velvet mantle look down at an unseen person below.

1876.—*The Good-natured Host.* Contes Rémois (h. 0,13 ; w. 0,13½). The innkeeper's young wife stands at the entrance. A horseman has pulled up, and talks to her, hat in hand. Near the door, a wooden bench.

1876.—*An Avenue in the Forest of Saint Germain* (h. 0,31 ; w. 0,42). Great oak-trees and a mossy sward beneath.

1876.—*A Gentleman of the time of Louis XIII.* Bowing, a felt hat in his hand. (Study for *The Arrival at the Castle.*)

1876.—*The Arrival at the Castle* (h. 0,45 ; w. 0,56). A castle of the time of Louis XIII. with figures in the costume of the period. Cavaliers gallantly help ladies to alight from their carriages at the foot of the flight of steps. Two little boys and a greyhound among the groups.

1876.—*A Road in a Forest.* Study for *The Alsatian Guide* (h. 0,55 ; w. 0,43).

1876.—*A Dragoon.* Study for *The Alsatian Guide* (h. 0,49 ; w. 0,34). On a bay horse.

1877.—*The Painter* (h. 0,40 ; w. 0,51). Seated at his easel, in a red velvet robe, his palette in his hand, he rests for a moment, his hand clasped tenderly in that of his young wife, who leans over him.

1877.—*A Dragoon, as Vedette* (h. 0,36 ; w. 0,54). His carbine in his hand ; open landscape.

1877.—*On the Staircase.* A young noble ascends, one hand on the balustrade, the other on his hip. Velvet breeches, a wide ruff, light doublet, a felt hat with upturned brim.

1878.—*A Dragoon, as Vedette* (h. 0,30 ; w. 0,20). In a wood, in winter, his carbine in his hand.

1878.—*An Aide-de-Camp and two Hussars* (h. 0,39 ; w. 0,60½). They advance at a trot across a country district, in rough weather.

1878.—*In the Forest, a Glade and Road* (h. 0,12 ; w. 0,17).

1879.—*The Traveller* (h. 0,35 ; w. 0,25). On horseback, on an open down, in autumn weather. The wind blows his cloak about.

1879.—*Five Studies of mounted Dragoons.*

1879. *An Officer of Cuirassiers, 1805* (h. 0,29½; w. 0,22). On the reverse, the group of the general, and that of the colonel, with their orderlies, for *1805*.

1879.—*The Alsatian Guide* (h. 0,24½; w. 0,16). Black breeches, brown felt hat and coat, white gaiters, red waistcoat with brass buttons. He smokes a pipe.

1879.—*A mounted Dragoon* (h. 0,23½; w. 0,15½). The wind stirs the horsehair plume on his helmet.

1879.—*A Dragoon in the Saddle*, his cloak strapped up (h. 0.24; w. 0,16).

1879.—*A Dragoon on Horseback* (h. 0,26; w. 0,16). His cloak strapped up, his sword drawn, he bends over the saddle-bow.

1879.—*A Gentleman of the time of Henri II.* In a red velvet costume. He stands on the staircase of Meissonier's studio in Paris; on the wall behind him tapestry, with the arms of the Medici.

1880.—*Vincennes.* Artillery practice.

1880.—*The Emperor during the Battle* (h. 0,24; w. 0,40). Napoleon I. watches the movements of the troops, his generals behind him. Two Guides in front, cuirassiers in line; smoke rises from the cannons on the battlefield. (Madame Colette Dumas.)

1880.—*Meissonier.* Full length. Still young; he smokes his pipe before the fire in his studio in Paris, his greyhound at his feet. He has just returned from a ride, and wears his riding-boots. His hat and stick are under the table. On the easel, a large unfinished picture.

1882.—*Portrait of Meissonier.* His dog lies at his feet. He is dressed in a red velvet robe, and seated on a settee, shaped like an X, his feet on a Turkish cushion, his hands on the curved arms of the settee, a book in the right. Brocaded hanging, table with a green velvet cover, on which lie books and a roll of engravings. (Valenciennes Museum.)

1882.—*Shall I Fight?* (h. 0,30; w. 0,19). A Venetian, standing by a window, in a cloak and cap, meditates before taking the decisive step.

1882.—*The Kiss on Horseback.* A lady, leaning over a balcony, holds out her hand to a cavalier, who, standing up on his horse, kisses it as if accustomed to the manœuvre.

1882.—*Portrait of Meissonier*, with a long beard, in a red velvet robe, seated on a settee shaped like an X, a book in his hand, his greyhound beside him. Table, with books.

1883.—*A Gentleman of the time of Louis XIII.* His hat in one hand, the other extended. (A study for the cavalier who helps the lady out of her carriage in the *Arrival at the Castle*.)

1884.—*Venice.* The entrance to the Casa Fumagalli, where Meissonier lived in Venice. Inscribed: *Facendo questo disegno non fui mai più contento, ora amica mia, accettatelo, è un ricordo di felice tempo.* (*I was never more content than when working on this drawing, therefore, dear friend, accept it as a memento of happy hours.*)

1886.—*Bacchus drinking from a spout* (h. 0,46; w. 0,36). Naked, save for a girdle of vine-leaves, he sits astride a cask, his head thrown back, and pours the wine from the spout down his throat. A signboard.

1887.—*A Guide.* Study for *1807* (h. 0,19; w. 0,12).

1887.—*Five Studies of Cuirassiers*, for *1807*. Galloping.

1887.—*Cuirassiers' Boots.* Study for *1807*.

1887.—*A Parchment Book*, with red edges, and two metal clasps. For the "remark" on the engraving after *A Reading at Diderot's House*.

1890.—*Marco, Meissonier's St. Bernard Dog* (h. 0,26; w. 0,37). Lying on the carpet in the studio, his great paws in front of him. A paw sketched in pencil on one side. He is tawny like a lion, with a black muzzle.

1890.—*An Eagle on a Sword.* "Remark" for *1807* (h. 0,09½; w. 0,16).

1890.—*A Dragoon of the Army of Spain* (h. 0,14½; w. 0,10½). He sits down at last to a quiet pipe in his billet. His helmet and sword lie on a chair; his dram of brandy stands on a table beside him.

WATER-COLOURS

(UNDATED)

The Latest News. Peasants seated at a table listening to the reading of the newspapers. An old woman leans forward to hear. To the right, a peasant in a cotton cap, another in front of the fire.

Saint Bartholomew's Day. The ground strewn with corpses; fighting going on before a

church door. A horseman, galloping forward, is struck in the breast by a bullet.

Three Studies of Koubra, Meissonier's Silesian dog.

A Memory of Civil War: the Barricade, 1848 (h. 0,29; w. 0,21). Exhibited among examples of the modern school at the École des Beaux Arts, February, 1884.

Study of Olive Trees at Antibes (h. 0,20; w. 0,34). Exhibited among examples of the modern school at the École des Beaux Arts, February, 1884.

Portrait of Meissonier at the age of 44 (h. 0,40; w. 0,28). Exhibited among examples of the modern school at the École des Beaux Arts, February, 1884.

The Ruins of the Tuileries (h, 0,40; w. 0,28). Exhibited among examples of the modern school at the École des Beaux Arts, February, 1884.

A Study of Trees: winter landscape (h. 0,36; w. 0,38). Exhibited among examples of the modern school at the École des Beaux Arts, February, 1884.

Venice. The pontoon of the garden of the Giudecca.

The three Friends. (h. 0,11; w. 0,13).

A Horseman in a Storm. Landscape of Les Grès, near Poissy.

Seven Studies of Grenadiers, for *1807*.

Two Studies of Baggage, for *1807*.

Two Studies of Guides, half-length, for *1807*.

The Surgeon (back view), for *1807*.

A Guide, galloping, for *1807*.

Two Studies of Dragoons, for *The Alsatian Guide*.

Study of "The Alsatian Guide," smoking.

The Guide and the Dragoons (h. 0,93; w. 0,72). They advance along a forest path in winter. The peasant smokes his pipe. Costume as in the water colour of 1879.

A Forest Scene in autumn. A beech tree, already stripped of its leaves; green moss and yellow ferns.

A Cavalier. Period of Louis XIII. (h. 0,30; w. 0,18). He curls his moustache, leaning against the door-post. Grey doublet with green ribbons, a felt hat on his head.

The Cobbler (h. 0,19; w. 0,14). Seated, holding a boot in his hand. By his side a basket, boots, a bench with his tools. (Drawn for *Les Français peints par Eux-mêmes.*)

The Painter (h. 0,51; w. 0,68). Meissonier's studio in Paris. A painter rests for a moment, his mistress beside him. She holds him in her arms. He is seated in a red velvet gown; black hair. She is fair and rosy, and wears a pale blue dress, and pearls round her neck. Behind them a table, and a Turkish rug, the great bay of the studio, with its green curtain.

A dismounted Cannon (h. 0,31; w. 0,44). The wheels broken, on the ground a black shako with red braid. Drawn for the "remark" on Jacquier's engraving after Friedland, 1807.

A train of Artillery (h. 0,23; w. 0,29). Four horses (two with riders) draw an ammunition waggon, on which are two artillerymen; others in the rear. Mounted officers right and left.

Meissonier. Coming home one day during the siege of Paris, he was struck by the tragic expression of his own head, and made a sketch of it (h. 0,14; w. 0,08½).

Study of a Hand. Holding a rose (for *Punch*) (h. 0,30; w. 0,22).

Trim. Meissonier's dog (h. 0,14; w. 0,16). A black Siberian hound, with a silver collar, stretched on the ground. Red background, with the leg of a table.

Trim (h. 0,10; w. 0,13). On a red sofa.

Study of a gloved Hand, holding a Sword (h. 0,18; w. 0,27).

A Musketeer on Horseback. His hand on the hind-quarters of his horse. Study for *The Arrival at the Castle.*

A Gentleman and Lady. Period of Louis XIII. In profile. Study for *The Arrival at the Castle.*

A Horse. Hind-quarters (h. 0,23; w. 0,34½).

A Mare. On the reverse a gentleman of the time of Louis XV.

A Musketeer on Horseback. He drinks, his back to the spectator.

Studies for *The Arrival at the Castle.* A gentleman standing, and a sleeve.

A Man of the Renaissance. His hand on his sword (h. 0,26½; w. 0,17).

A Cavalier in a Storm (h. 0,19; w. 0,25½). Wrapped in a black cloak, he advances slowly in a dreary landscape.

An Officer of Rank (h. 0,33½; w. 0,48). He watches a movement through his field-glass. His orderly holds his horse's bridle.

Liszt, reading (h. 0,14; w. 0,29½). He reads his breviary in a sunny courtyard.

An Officer of Rank, on horseback (h. 0,19; w. 0,13½).

A Gentleman of the time of Louis XIII. (h. 0,15½; w. 0,10½). In a red cloak and felt hat, bowing.

Joan of Arc (h. 0,18; w. 0,29). In armour, on horseback.

Gentleman of the time of Louis XIII. (h. 0,17; w. 0,10½). Standing, in a large cloak.

Hercules, seated on a lion's skin (h. 0,21; w. 0,18).

Henri IV. In black velvet, leading the Queen by the hand up a staircase, followed by courtiers. Two other groups, and two greyhounds.

A Trumpeter of Musketeers (h. 0,20 ; w. 0,33). A sketch in profile, on horseback.

A Hussar, on a bay horse. Study for *Information* (*Les Renseignements*) (h. 0,31 ; w. 0,21).

Two Sketches of Mounted Cuirassiers (h. 0,25 ; w. 0,18½).

Story of the Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom (h. 0,20 ; w. 0,26). Two burghers, on a bench at the gates of the town, recall the events of the siege. Both in wigs and three-cornered hats, one in red, the other in a pink coat, black breeches, and yellow waistcoat.

Study of a White Horse in a Landscape (h. 0,8½ ; w. 0,10).

Madame Sabatier (h. 0,21 ; w. 0,17). Nearly full face, in a large black bonnet with grey strings.

A Gentleman of the time of Louis XIII. In a red cloak, against a wall, his hand on his sword.

Dragoons in the Forest in Winter (h. 0,45 ; w. 0,84).

DRAWINGS

(DATED)

1834.—*Young Woman.* Seated, her back to the spectator.

1834.—*The Maiden's Prayer.*

1834.—*Study for a Saint Lawrence.*

1834.—*Study of a Man lying down.* Pen, lead pencil, and red chalk. Study for a *Charles the Bold.*

1837.—*A Woman's Head on a Pillow.* Pencil sketch (h. 0,19 ; w. 0,14).

1837.—*The Doctor*, for *La Chaumière Indienne.* Seated in an arm-chair, his legs crossed, holding a book, a three-cornered hat on his head.

1837.—*A Prophet.* Pencil (h. 0,14 ; w. 0,18½). A book in his right hand.

1838.—*Five Studies* for *The Evangelist.*

1838.—*A Philosopher.* Seated, reading from a book in his hands.

1838.—*A Drapery on a Seat.*

1838.—*Paris: The Quai Bourbon.* Pencil drawing (h. 0,09½ ; w. 0,16½). A coal barge ; in the background a bridge, and the Cité.

1838.—*A Gentleman of the time of Louis XI.* for *La Chaumière Indienne.*

1838.—*A Virgin in a Mantle, seated.*

1839.—*The Roadstead, Havre.* Pencil drawing.

1839.—*A Sketch for an Edition of Balzac.* Young woman on a bench, writing.

1839.—*Study of a Young Woman* for *Le Niveau du Mariage* (Curmer's edition).

1839.—*Study of a Prophet* (h. 0,20½ ; w. 0,16). Seated, full face, his legs crossed, a book on his knees.

1839.—*Figure for a picture of "Esther."* Red and black chalk (h. 0,29½ ; w. 0,22).

1839.—*Study of a Sleeve.*

1839.—*A Woman, seated, her head bowed.* Red chalk.

1840.—*Saint Saviour, Martyr.*

1840.—*Portrait of a Man.*

1840.—*A Pair of Lovers.* Sketch for *Le Livre du Mariage.*

1840.—*An Old Peasant Woman, in a Cap, seated.*

1841.—*Study of a Man's Legs.*

1841.—*A Naked Man.*

1841.—*Group of the Holy Family.* The Virgin and Child, with St. Joseph, kneeling.

1842.—*A Young Woman in an arm-chair.*

1842.—*A Servant of the time of Louis XI.* Standing, pouring out wine.

1842.—*Two Studies* for *The Guard-room.*

1842.—*Study of Armour on a Soldier.*

1842.—*A Soldier in half-armour* (h. 0,12 ; w. 0,13).

1842.—*A drunken Soldier, time of Louis XIII.*

1842.—*The Body of a Man on the Ground.* Eighteenth century.

1843.—*A Knight in a Cuirass, seated* (h. 0,35 ; w. 0,21½).

1843.—*Sketch of a Soldier in Armour.*

1844.—*Study* for *Corneille.*

1844.—*Pierre Corneille.* Full face.

1844.—*A seller of old books on the Quais.* Below, a study of the statue of Henry IV. on the Pont Neuf.

1844.—*Sketch of a Young Child.* Inscribed : *20 janvier 1844.*

1844.—*An Old Woman* (h. 0,27½ ; w. 0,16½). She has fallen down by a wall.

1845.—*Two Studies of Philistines struck down by Samson.*

1845.—*Lazarillo de Tormes* (h. 0,33½ ; w. 0,18½). A rapier at his side

1845.—*The Convicts.* The convicts are kneeling,

surrounded by musketeers on horseback, and men-at-arms on foot.

1845.—*Study of Esther, kneeling.* Red chalk.

1845.—*Joan of Arc, armed, on horseback* (h. 0,18 ; w. 0,31½). Knights bearing the oriflamme support her on either side, pages lead her white horse.

1846.—*The Death of an old Bachelor.* Servants ransacking the cupboards.

1846.—*A Gentleman, walking.* Wrapped in a large cloak.

1846.—*Two Sketches of Drunkards.* One asleep, his head on the table.

1846.—*A Soldier in a three-cornered Hat*, for *The Recruiting Sergeant.*

1846.—*Study of a naked Man, standing.*

1846.—*A Man, talking.* A book under his arm.

1846.—*A Citizen of the Seventeenth Century.* In a three-cornered hat, feeling in his pockets.

1846.—*Three Studies of Legs.*

1846.—*The Connoisseur.* Leaning on an arm-chair.

1846.—*Portrait of Dr. Lefèbvre* (h. 0,18½ ; w. 0,14).

1846.—*A Man, seated, in profile.*

1846.—*A Man seated on the Ground* (*La Chaumière Indienne*).

1846.—*Gentleman reading on a Bench.*

1847.—*A Young Man lying down, smoking.*

1848.—*Three Studies* for *The Barricade.*

1848.—*A Young Woman.* Period of Louis XV. Reading in an arm-chair.

1848.—"*Reiters.*" Drinking and shouting ; two quite drunk.

1848.—*A Gentleman drinking coffee.* Eighteenth century.

1848.—*Seven Studies* for *The Barricade.* Bodies of the fallen insurgents.

1848.—*A Dying Insurgent* (h. 0,24 ; w. 0,18½).

1848.—*Studies of Hands.*

1848.—*A Young Woman with her Child.*

1849.—*A Gentleman of the time of Louis XV.* Walking. A man seated opposite him.

1849.—*A Gentleman of the time of Louis XV.* Writing.

1849.—*Two Men.* Period of Louis XV. One drinking, the other with his hand on his hip.

1849.—*Young Man, seated.* Facing the spectator.

1849.—*A Man leaning against a Balustrade.*

1849.—*A Painter at his Easel.*

1849.—*A Man reading aloud.* A woman, a young girl, and a child round a table, listening.

1849.—*Théophile Gautier, profile.*

1849.—*Sellers of old Books on the Quais, Paris.* They chat with their customers ; a man and woman pass, arm in arm, and a student, his portfolio under his arm. The Pont Neuf and statue of Henri IV.

1849.—*Pen Drawing on Wood.* A young woman curtseying to a gentleman, who bows to her ; period of Louis XV.

1849.—*A Citizen of Paris, bowing.*

1849.—*Two Musketeers.* They embrace, holding their felt hats in their hands.

1849.—*Two Comrades shaking Hands.*

1849.—*A Knight in Armour, on horseback.* Marching at the head of his lances.

1849.—*Young Woman sitting on the Ground.*

1850.—*Sunday at Poissy* (h. 0,18 ; w. 0,27). Persons drinking and playing skittles.

1850.—*Two Lovers, arm in arm.* Pen drawing on wood.

1850.—*The Smoker* (h. 0,29 ; w. 0,20). Exhibited among drawings of the modern school at the École des Beaux Arts, February, 1884.

1850.—*A Smoker on a stone bench against a House.*

1851.—*Two Studies* for *Sunday at Poissy* (h. 0,20 ; w. 0,28). One, of men drinking and playing games ; the church tower visible ; another, of a player, standing up.

1852.—*A Young Woman.* Reading, in an arm-chair (h. 0,21½ ; w. 0,28).

1852.—*A Cardinal, escorted by Musketeers* (h. 0,10 ; w. 0,17). Petitioners crowd round the carriage.

1852.—*A Musketeer*, and *A Reiter.*

1852.—*A Woman seated on the Ground.* Louis XV. costume.

1852.—*A Collation in a Garden.* Period of Louis XV. Groups of persons chatting, standing or sitting, and some children.

1852.—*A Young Woman reading a Letter.* To the right, lovers.

1853.—*A young Woman at her Embroidery Frame.* Period of Louis XV. (h. 0,15½ ; w. 0,12½).

1853.—*Another of the Same.*

1853.—*Portrait of Madame Sabatier.* Red chalk and body-colour.

1853.—*A Smoker.* Period of Louis XV.

1853.—*A Citizen.* Period of Louis XV. With powdered hair, and three-cornered hat.

1853.—*A Gentleman.* Period of Louis XV. His hat under his right arm, sword.

1854.—*A Gentleman.* Period of Louis XV. (h. 0,34½ ; w. 0,20). A book under his left arm ; he bends forward, holding his cane behind him. (Bought by the State. Musée du Luxembourg.)

1854.—*A Player at Bowls.* Back view.
1854.—*A Player at Bowls.* Stooping to throw.
1854.—*A Musketeer, in profile* (h. 0,34 ; w. 0,21½). Charcoal.
1854.—*A Musketeer in a Cloak.*
1854.—*A Citizen.* Period of Louis XV. Full face, waistcoat buttoned up, his hands in his pockets.
1854.—*A Player at Bowls.* Period of Louis XV. (h. 0.12½ ; w. 0,15). Leaning forward.
1854.—*Another*, in profile (h. 0,10½ ; w. 0,05½ .
1854.—*A Gentleman.* Period of Louis XIII. Seated, his chin in his right hand.
1854.—*A Reader.* In an arm-chair. Period of Louis XV.
1854.—*A Man writing.* Period of Louis XV.
1855.—*A Gentleman of the Seventeenth Century.* Standing, his hand on a table.
1856.—*A Gentleman.* Period of Louis XV.
1856.—*A Gentleman.* Period of Louis XIV. Study of Meissonier himself, in a large cloak, with a sword, and boots with spurs.
1856.—*Two Studies of Horses.*
1856.—*A Woman* (*Contes Rémois* .
1856.—*A Young Woman.* Red chalk (h. 0,26 ; w. 0,17½ . Listening. Sketch for *Ariosto reading his Verses.*
1856.—*The Same* (h. 0.25½ ; w. 0.18½ .
1856.—*An Old Woman.* In a cloak, seated on a kerbstone (*Contes Rémois*).
1856.—*A Sculptor's Studio* (h. 0,12 ; w. 0,18) (*Contes Rémois*).
1856.—*Study of Legs and Breeches* (Louis XIII.).
1856.—*Two Men at a Tavern.* Period of Louis XV. (h. 0,20 ; w. 0,12½). Pencil, retouched. One feels in his waistcoat pocket for money to pay the maid.
1856.—*A Young Abbé preaching.* Pencil (h. 0,15 ; w. 0,08).
1856.—*A Man in an Arm-chair.* Pencil (h. 0,13 ; w. 0,17½).
1856.—*An Abbé.* Holding a glass and leaning over the table. Red chalk (h. 0.20 ; w. 0,13 .
1856.—*Punch, standing.* His hands on his hump, his stick under his arm (h. 0,14 ; w. 0.08½).
1856.—*Two Heads of Punch.* Pencil.
1856.—*A Knight in Armour, on Horseback.* Pencil, on wood. His visor up, his squire in attendance.
1856.—*Several Sketches* ; and a Gentleman of the time of Louis XV. at table.
1856.—*A Citizen of the Nineteenth Century.* Holding his pipe.
1856.—*Five Studies of Mounted Musketeers.*
1856.—*A Gentleman on Horseback.* Period of Louis XV
1856.—*A Fire-eater, in a large Hat.* His hand on his sword.
1856.—*A little Peasant Girl.* A basket on her arm, offering a flower.
1856.—*A "Reiter."* Seen from behind.
1857.—*The Chess-player.* Sepia for the picture.
1857.—*A Venetian.* Leaning forward in his seat and listening (h. 0,30 ; w. 0,20½).
1857.—*The Same.* Studies for *Ariosto.*
1857.—*A Man in an Arm-chair.* Period of Louis XIII. Pencil (h. 0,12½ ; w. 0,09½).
1857.—*An Abbé.* Period of Louis XV., walking and reading (h. 0,18 ; w. 0,11).
1857.—*An old Savant.* At his work-table. Pencil (h. 0,11 ; w. 0,13½).
1857.—*A Gentleman and a Young Lady.* Giving alms (h. 0,19½ ; w. 0,12).
1858.—*An "Incroyable."* Standing, his hat under his arm. Pencil.
1858.—*A Gentleman.* Period of Louis XIII.
1858.—*A Gentleman.* Period of Louis XV.
1859.—*Horses, unharnessed.*
1859.—*A Cloister.*
1859.—*The Seine and Quays.*
1860.—*An Artilleryman and Guards, Solferino.*
1860.—*Two Artillerymen, Solferino.*
1860.—*Study* of the Keeper's house, and of the forest road for *Le Tourne-bride* (the inn of a country estate).
1860.—*Head of an Old Man.* With fur round his neck. Pencil and body-colour (h. 0,16 ; w. 0,10).
1862.—*A Young Woman.* In a low dress, seated in an arm-chair. Pencil and body-colour (h. 0,13 ; w. 0.15½).
1862.—*The Empress Eugénie at Nancy.* A drawing on wood.
1862.—*A Man in a cloak.* On a seat shaped like an X. Pencil and body-colour.
1862.—*A Venetian.* On a sofa. Study for *Ariosto reading.* Pencil and body-colour (h. 0,21 ; w. 0,17).
1862.—*A Young Woman.* Seated, and holding a book. Period of Louis XV. Red chalk (h. 0,19 ; w. 0,22).
1862.—*A Young Woman.* In profile, seated. Pencil and body-colour (h. 0,19 ; w. 0,15½).
1862.—*Armour.*
1862.—*Sloughi.* Meissonier's greyhound.
1862.—*Four Studies of Horses.*
1862.—*Three Officers of Rank.*
1862.—*Heads of Artillerymen. Gens d'armes, &c., &c.*
1864.—*Napoleon I's Sword.*
1864.—*Three Studies of Officers.*
1867.—*A Cavalier.* Period of Louis XIII. Standing, his sword at his side, his hands

on a cane. (To M. Charles Edmond ; signed M.)

1867.—*A Guide in the Saddle. 1807.*

1867.—*Marshal Ney and his Officers.* Inscribed : *Au Prince de la Moskowa, son dévoué Meissonier, 1867.*

1868.—*An Artilleryman. A Voltigeur, galloping. An officer of Guides.*

1869.—*A Hussar in the Saddle. 1807.*

1869.—*Wife of an Antibes Fisherman.* Holding a child.

1869.—*A Grenadier Officer.* In a busby.

1869.—*A Guide on Horseback.*

1869.—*An Artilleryman on Horseback.*

1870.—*Izza posing to the Sculptor.* (*L'Affaire Clémenceau.*)

1872.—*Bacchus crowned.* Pencil and Chinese white. Signed M. 72 (h. 0,46 ; w. 0,29). Naked, save for a girdle of leaves, he sits astride a cask, his left hand on his hip, and with his right he holds up a vessel from which he pours wine down his throat.

1873.—*The Triumph of the Poet* (h. 0,20 ; w. 0,25). An Apollo, standing. At his feet persons of all ages lay their offerings.

1876.—*A Cavalier on Horseback.* Turning round. Period of Louis XV. Pencil (h. 0,18½ ; w. 0,12).

1878.—*A Cuirassier on Horseback* (h. 0,39 ; w. 0,29).

1878.—*Two Horses.* Galloping.

1878.—*A Cuirassier in the Saddle.*

1878.—*Twelve Studies* for *The Guide.*

1878.—*A General, First Empire.*

1878.—*An Officer of Rank.*

1878.—*A Man.* Standing, full-face.

1879.—*An Officer.* Period of Louis XIII. (h. 0,26 ; w. 0,15). Exhibited among drawings of the modern school at the École des Beaux Arts, February, 1884.

1879.—*A Cavalier.* Period of Louis XIII. ; his felt hat in his left hand ; he twirls his moustache. Signed with the monogram.

1879.—*Drawing for Augier's "Aventurière."* A group of persons standing, one, a woman.

1879.—*The Departure.* A young man on horseback takes leave of his family.

1879.—*Koubra.* Meissonier's greyhound, lying down (h. 0,14 ; w. 0,09).

1880.—*An Officer of Cuirassiers.* On horseback, his sword drawn. Indian ink and sepia.

1880.—*Sketch of M. G.* Seated on the arm of a chair, smoking, and looking through an eyeglass.

1880.—*A Gentleman.* Standing : period of Louis XIII. For *The Arrival at the Castle.*

1880.—*Head of the Dowager*, for *The Arrival at the Castle* (h. 0,14½ ; w. 0,10½).

1880.—*An Equerry.*

1880.—*A Musketeer.*

1880.—*An Officer of Cuirassiers.*

1880.—*A Grenadier.*

1881.—*A Gentleman.* Period of Louis XIII. For *The Arrival at the Castle* (h. 0,25½ ; w. 0,12).

1883.—*A Servant.* Bringing a letter on his three-cornered hat. Signed M. and dated *13 Juin, 1883.*

1883.—*Bayard arming Francis I. before the Battle of Marignan* (h. 0,47½ ; w. 0,65). Sketch in charcoal and sepia, on canvas.

1886.—*Six Studies of Guides.*

1887.—*An Officer of Rank.*

1887.—*Four Studies of Cuirassiers.*

1887.—*A Dead Guide.*

1889.—*The Writer.* Inscribed : *Au Docteur Tuffier, Paris, 1 Janvier, 1889.*

1889.—*A Writer.* Period of Louis XV. Inscribed : *Au Docteur Duchastelet.*

1889.—*A Man, seated* (h. 0,31 ; w. 0,22). Red chalk. Exhibited at the Exposition Centennale, 1889.

1889.—*The Same.* Bending forward. Sketch of a leg on the same sheet. Red chalk. Exhibited at the Exposition Centennale, 1889.

1890.—*A Carriage.* Time of Louis XIII. (h. 0,13 ; w. 0,21).

1890.—*Two Cavaliers and two Foot Soldiers.*

1890.—*A Hussar.* Half-length, with his sword and sabretache in his left hand. Sepia (h. 0,23). To the right, a study for the legs and boots. Last drawing made by Meissonier.

DRAWINGS

(UNDATED)

A Man, standing. Three-quarters face. In a doublet, his hands on his hips.

An Assault of Arms. Before spectators.

A Young Woman. Time of the Directory. Red chalk.

A Man, smiling. Time of Louis XV. Pen sketch.

A Collation in a Garden. Time of Louis XV. A little girl hands fruit. Groups seated on the grass or on seats.

A Man with a Hat in his Hand. Time of Louis XIII.

A Man in Breeches. Putting his arm into his sleeve.

An Old Player at Bowls. Stooping to pick one up.

A Halberdier. Standing, his hands on the shaft (h. 0,31 ; w. 0,17⅕).

A Venetian. Standing, his left hand on his sword (h. 0.31 ; w. 0,17½).

A Veteran Soldier. On a bench. Pencil.

A Guide on Horseback. Back view ; his pelisse thrown over his shoulder.

Five Soldiers of the First Republic, and three Drummers of the Line.

White Horses. Legs and breasts.

A Wounded Soldier. The legs.

A Drummer advancing.

A Foot Soldier of the First Empire.

A Drinker at a Table. Lifting his glass.

A Dog, and a Hand on a Blade.

Gentleman of the time of Louis XIII., with a sword and a large cloak.

The Herald of Murcia. Sounding his trumpet (h. 0.36 ; w. 0,18). Another figure on horseback beside him, but without a head.

Study of Two Young Women. Seated side by side.

Head of a fair Woman. In profile.

A Horseman in a Storm (h. 0,26 ; w. 0,36). On grey paper, touched with white. Walking towards the right.

A Man of the Sixteenth Century (h. 0,38 ; w. 0,20). Standing, his right leg advanced, wrapped in a cloak, a cap on his head, a sword by his side.

A Bravo. On grey paper, the lights put in with white (h. 0,23½ ; w. 0,20). Bending down and listening at a door, sword in hand.

A Man in a Cloak. A large drawing on grey paper (h. 0,43 ; w. 0,29). Bending forward, his left arm held out.

A Woman kneeling (h. 0,24 ; w. 0,20). Leaning backwards, her right arm hanging ; study of drapery.

Sketch of a Man, standing. Red chalk (h. 0,22, from head to feet ; w. 0.08). In a waistcoat and breeches ; he is about to throw a bowl.

A Gentleman in a Cloak. Charcoal and Chinese white. His left hand on his hip, he bends forward, holding out his right hand.

Hercules. Touched with sepia, pasted on to cardboard. Seated on the lion's skin, his club behind him.

The Poet (Apollo) with his Lyre. A design for an enamel dish ; never executed. The lights in white (h. 0,22 ; w. 0,26½). To the left, a sculptor offers a statuette of a winged Victory, the painter his brushes, the warrior his laurels ; two lovers give their crown of roses ; a very young girl is alone, as yet without a lover ; a despairing woman invokes him with clasped hands ; a youth dreams at the feet of the God ; a crowd presses round him. Exhibited at the Exposition Centennale of 1889.

A Man of the Renaissance (h. 0.31 ; w. 0,22½). Standing, wrapped in a cloak. Exhibited at the Exposition Centennale of 1889.

1814. A grisaille of the picture, with modifications (h. 0,46 ; w. 0,38).

Sixty-seven Studies for *1807.*

The Traveller (h. 0.25 ; w. 0.35). Washed drawing, touched with body-colour. Exhibited among drawings of the modern school at the École des Beaux Arts, February, 1884.

The Sculptor. A study (h. 0,29 ; w. 0,16). Drawing washed with Indian ink. Exhibited among drawings of the modern school at the École des Beaux Arts, February, 1884.

Valentin (h. 0.25 ; w. 0,15). Drawing washed with Indian ink, and touched with body-colour. Exhibited among drawings of the modern school at the École des Beaux Arts, February, 1884.

Three Studies for *Samson.* Black and red chalk. Exhibited among drawings of the modern school at the École des Beaux Arts, February, 1884.

The Reader (h. 0,21 ; w. 0,17). Sepia, body-colour. Exhibited among drawings of the modern school at the École des Beaux Arts, February, 1884.

Marshal Ney (h. 0,80 ; w. 0,84). Charcoal. Exhibited among drawings of the modern school at the École des Beaux Arts, February, 1884.

A Lady Embroidering (h. 0,20 ; w. 0,14). Pencil and body-colour. Exhibited among drawings of the modern school at the École des Beaux Arts, February, 1884.

A Man. Period of Louis XV. (h. 0,26 ; w. 0,14). Red chalk touched with white.

Profile of an old Woman, and three studies of hands.

A Man, seated. Leaning back, his legs crossed. He stretches himself, yawning.

A Gentleman in a Cloak. Time of Louis XIII., bowing, hat in hand (h. 0.37 ; w. 0.23). Sketch in charcoal on white paper.

A Figure, time of Louis XIII., for *The Arrival at the Castle* (h. 0,27 ; w. 0,14). Drawing on grey paper touched with white.

Four Suits of Armour and two Helmets, from originals in the Museum of Artillery.

Meissonier with a long Beard. Three-quarters length (h. 0,35 ; w. 0,27) on yellowish paper.

Study of his own Hand. Holding a rose, for *Punch.* Drawing on a panel (h. 0,24 ; w. 0,14).

A Young Man. Standing, wrapped in a cloak, a

sword by his side (h. 0,31 ; w. 0,22½). Exhibited at the Exposition Centennale, 1889.

Head of Meissonier. As he noted it in a mirror, at one o'clock in the morning, December 2, 1870, during the Siege of Paris.

Two Studies of the Innkeeper's Wife.

Three Studies of Musketeers in the Saddle.

Three Studies of Dragoons, for *The Guide.*

Study for *The Stirrup Cup.*

Study of the Postillion.

Chess-players. In Meissonier's studio at Poissy (sepia). A screen behind them, and tapestry on the wall. One reflects before making his move, the other watches him.

Portrait of a Woman (h. 0,29 ; w. 0,20). Red chalk. Exhibited among examples of the modern school at the École des Beaux Arts, February, 1884.

Two Officers (h. 0,14 ; w. 0,10). Pencil. Exhibited among drawings of the modern school at the École des Beaux Arts, February, 1884.

Study for a Charles I. (h. 0,22 ; w. 0,16). Sepia. Exhibited among drawings of the modern school at the École des Beaux Arts, February, 1884.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR BOOKS, &c., AND ETCHINGS

1835.—*Histoire de l'ancien et du nouveau Testament.* By the Maistre de Sacy (Royaumont). Published by Curmer ; large 8vo. By Meissonier : the titles for the story of Holofernes, a tail-piece representing the car of Holofernes, *Judith*, the *Death of Eleazar*, &c.

1835.—Bossuet's *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle*, large 8vo. Published by Curmer. *Isaiah*, *Saint Paul*, *Charlemagne*, &c. In the first vol. eight drawings and two initials, in the second vol., figures in ornamental borders.

1835, 1836, 1837. For the *Magasin Universel ; Napoleon at Schonbrunn ; King John ;* six vignettes

1836-1838.—*Le Livre des Enfants.* A book of fairy ta es 16mo. Seven vignettes. *The Yellow Dwarf* (title). *Voyage dans l'Ile des Plaisirs*, by Fénélon. *Merchants selling Appetite*, &c. Twelve drawings.

1838.—*Paul et Virginie*, published by Curmer. Forty-nine vignettes.

1838.—*La Chaumière Indienne*, published by Curmer. Eighty-three vignettes. On the title-page Meissonier has introduced his own portrait in a medallion side by side with that of Paul Huet.

1838.—*Le Livre du Mariage*, published by Curmer. Six drawings on wood.

1839.—*La Chûte d'un Ange*, by Lamartine. Published by Gosselin and Furne. Two full-page drawings on wood, sixteen head-pieces for the story and the fifteen visions, sixteen vignettes for the story and the fifteen visions.

1839.—*Roland le Furieux (Orlando Furioso).* Knat's edition, 8vo. Seven vignettes.

1839.—*Œuvres de Gresset*, published by Houdaille, 8vo. Two head-pieces, and views of Nevers and Nantes.

1840-1841.—*Les Français peints par Eux-mêmes*, published by Curmer. Five "types," and twenty-six vignettes.

1841.—*Le Prisme.* Sequel to *Les Français peints par Eux-mêmes.* Three vignettes for *Les Gloiteurs ;* six vignettes for *Certains vieux Célibataires.*

1841.—*Physiologie du Rentier de Paris et de la Province*, by Balzac ; published by Martinon. Two drawings on wood, the first, the *rentier*, standing, the second a figure borrowed from *Les Français*, &c.

1841.—*Grèce Pittoresque et Historique*, published by Curmer ; large 8vo. Vignette by Meissonier.

1841.—*Two Titles for Songs*, published by Bruner et Cie., Lyons. (Cabinet des Estampes.)

1841.—*Little sketch* of a citizen under Louis XV., his hands in his pockets, a stick under his arm.

1842.—*The Holy Grail.* Little devotional print ; 12mo. Two angels hold up a scroll above the Cup, others worship it.

1842.—*A Violin on a Table.* Design for a visiting card for M. Vuillaume, the musical instrument maker.

1842.—*The little Smoker.* Period of Louis XIII.

1842.—*The old Smoker.* Bust.

1842.—*A Plate of Sketches.* To the right the large *Smoker.* In the middle the *Sergeant* and his horse, on the left a little girl.

1842.—*The Recruiting Sergeant.* Four subjects, 8vo, for *Chants et Chansons populaires.*

1843.—*The large "Smoker,"* 12mo. Of this there is a copy, reversed, the table to the left.

1843.—*The Sergeant.* A very small square plate. Reproduced in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, May 1, 1862.

1844.—*Le Vicaire de Wakefield*, published by Hetzel. Portrait of the Vicar, standing and reading.

1844.—*Notre Dame de Paris*, by Victor Hugo. Perrotin's edition. *Louis XI. in the Bastille;* 8vo.

1844.—*Le Plutarque Français.* Portrait of Corneille; 4to.

1845.—*Le Livre des petits Enfants*; 8vo, published by Hetzel. Three new woodcuts by Meissonier, and five from *L'Ile des Plaisirs.*

1846.—*Lazarille de Tormes*, published by Dubochet; large 8vo. Ten vignettes.

1858.—*Les Contes Rémois.* Third edition, published by Michel Lévy. 8vo. Other editions published in 1861 and 1864. Two portraits on steel. A little drawing on wood for the title-page. Thirty-four head-pieces.

1858.—*Le Magasin Pittoresque.* The guard-room, and two men gambling; reproductions. See engravings.

1858.—Two photogravures, *The Herald of Murcia*: 4to and 18mo.

1881.—*L'Epée, et les Femmes*, by Ed. de Beaumont. Published by Goupil; 4to. Five drawings.

The "Reiters," from Lazarillo de Tormes. 18mo; on an 8vo sheet.

The Story of the Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom. A very small piece; 32mo. A reproduction of the famous little picture, for the "remark" on the proof engravings of a head of Meissonier; large 8vo.

A Plate of Sketches. Lengthways on the plate, etchings of five heads, and above them a hussar, standing, his sword under his arm. Across the plate, a sketch in dry point of a carriage followed by horsemen.

Punch, standing. 8vo. Turning to the right, and turning to the left.

A Man Running. Three proofs. Story of *Les deux Perdrix*, in *Les Contes Rémois.*

Anglers. 8vo. In a boat moored to a stake.

The Trout-fisher.

A Cavalier. Period of Louis XIII., his horse to the right.

Signor Annibale, for Augier's *Aventurière.*

1860.—*The Man with the Sword*, or *Preparing for the Duel.* A gentleman of the time of Louis XIII. chooses his best sword before a duel.

Corpse of a Soldier (*Siege of Paris*).

1885.—*Meissonier on Horseback in a Wood.* 18mo. The horse three-quarters to the left. Four states; "remark" for *La Rixe.*

1885.—*The Sergeant.* Standing. On a sheet fastened by two pins. "Remark" for *The Sergeant's Portrait.*

1887.—*Bacchus.* Astride on a cask; 18mo. On a sheet fastened by pins. "Remark" for *The Sign Painter.*

A Hussar of the Republic. 12mo. Dry point. Standing, his right hand on his hip, his left on his sword. The 4to plate has for "remark" a head of Ney; five or six proofs only.

Two Hussars of the First Republic. 18mo. Trotting, to the left. "Remark" for *A Game of Piquet.*

The Print Collectors. Eight heads looking at a plate held by a man in the middle. "Remark" for *The Postillion at the Inn-door.*

1890.—*The Eagle on the Emperor's Sword.* Meissonier's last etching. The "remark" for *Friedland, 1807.*

The Farewell. A gentleman of the sixteenth century bids farewell to his wife. The gondola waits for him. Song by Dubourg, the music by A. Maniquet; published by Bonnet, Lyons.

A Monk reading. A little figure engraved by Meissonier in a landscape by Daubigny.

A Vignette for Théophile Gautier's *Fortunio.* A young man and a young woman in a boat, rowed by four negroes.

The Holy Table. An unfinished proof. Below, a sketch of a landscape, with trees to the left, a cottage to the right.

The little "Smoker," standing.

The Smoker (h. 0,75; w. 0,254). A proof on the same plate with *The Recruiting Sergeant*, an unfinished attempt at a smoker, and the figure of a little girl by Wattier.

Sketch of a Man, standing. Period of Louis XV. Walking towards the left, his hands in his pockets, a stick under his right arm.

Four Sketches on the margin of a lithograph, by Français, after Troyon. Side view of a cow, in a landscape.

The Trout-fisher, seated. A proof with the lower part of the plate effaced.

The Sergeant. Two proofs.

The large Smoker. First state.

The "Reiters." Costume of the sixteenth century. Seven veterans walking arm in arm in two rows. Three bibliographic proofs. First state: very slightly bitten, before the tree trunk on the right; proof worked on in water-colour by E. M. Second state: the plate re-bitten. Two proofs.

The Man with the Sword (h. 0,13; w. 0,08).

Two proofs, one of the first state a pure etching, before the background was put in.

Signor Annibale. Design for a costume in Augier's *Aventurière* (h. 0,13; w. 0,09).

Little figure of a Cavalier. Retouched with a pen (h. 0,09; w. 0,08). On horseback, his hand on his hip, going to the right.

The Same. With two young women standing in front, one very lightly sketched.

MODELS IN CLAY AND WAX

A Cuirassier on Horseback. Galloping. Modelled for *1809*. The arms unfinished.

A Crusader, galloping. (Wax.) No bridle.

A little Horseman, walking. (Wax.) No bridle.

A Horse. (Wax.) One rein, on the left side.

A Muse dancing. Modelled for the tapestry with a Dance of Muses, in *Le Chant*.

A Dog, standing up. (Wax.)

Head of a "Reiter." With a small cap. (Wax.)

Napoleon I. (Wax.) On horseback, his right hand in the breast of his coat.

A bare-backed Horse, galloping. (Wax.)

A Horseman in a Storm. (Wax.) The little cloak of black stuff.

A small Model of a Guide for *1809*.

A Cuirassier on Horseback, galloping. (Wax.)

A Cuirassier on Horseback. With drawn sword.

The Herald of Murcia. A cavalier of the time of Louis XIII. sounding a trumpet. (Wax.)

Two Figures (in wax) of naked men, standing, one wearing a girdle with a sword attached. Modelled for the supports of the high chimney-piece in Meissonier's studio.

General Duroc. On horseback, galloping. Last model made by Meissonier, December 1890. Unfinished at his death on January 31, 1891.

REPRODUCTIONS OF MEISSONIER'S WORKS

La Rixe. Etched by Bracquemond, fol., and by Chenay, fol.

A Lost Game. Bracquemond, fol. (Etching.)

The Connoisseur, or *The Brothers van de Velde.* Desclaux, 4to (line engraving), and Le Rat (etching).

A Soldier, asleep. Period of Louis XIII. Gaucherel. (Etching.)

Under the Balcony. Gilbert. (Etching.)

A Cavalier. Gilbert. (Etching.)

The Bravo. Gilbert. (Etching.)

The Standard-Bearer. Toussaint. (Etching.)

A Man of War. Flameng. (Etching.)

The Guard-room. Woodcut by Lavoignat in the *Magasin Pittoresque*, and etching by Noller.

A Soldier. Period of Louis XIII. Le Rat. (Etching.)

A Game of Cards. Le Rat and Flameng. (Etchings.)

An Officer. Le Rat. (Etching.)

A Song. Mongin; 8vo and 4to. (Etchings.)

A Mandolin Player. Le Rat. (Etching.)

Expectation. Le Rat. (Etching.)

The Settling of the Bill. Fournier. (Etching.)

Punch. Rajon and Guillaume. (Etching.)

A Monk ministering to a Dying Man. Steelink. (Line engraving.)

Young Man playing the Violoncello. Mouilleron. (A lithograph.)

Punch with the Rose. Monziès. (Etching.)

A Horse, drinking. Vernier. (A lithograph.)

A Young Man looking at Drawings. (Woodcut.) Salon of 1845.

The Chess-players. Blanchard. (Etching.)

A Game of Piquet. Boulard. (Etching.)

The large "Smoker." Henriette Browne.

A Reader. Carey and Rajon. (Etchings.)

A Reader. Jacquemart. (Etching.)

A Reader. Célestin Nanteuil. (Lithograph.)

A Reader at a Window. Gervais. (Line engraving.)

A Reader, his head on his hand. Rajon. (Etching.)

A Reader. In profile, standing by a table. Courtry and Noller.

A Philosopher. Eighteenth century. Courtry. (Etching.)

The Print-Collectors. Courtry and Jacquemart. (Etchings.)

The Connoisseurs. Flameng. (Etching.)

Marshal Saxe. Courtry.

The Sergeant's Portrait. J. Jacquet, fol. (line engraving), and Mongin, 8vo and fol. (etchings).

The Sign-Painter. J. Jacquet, fol. (Line engraving.)

The Painter. Géry-Bichard and Rajon. (Etchings.)

The Painter. Gaucherel. (Etching.)

The Writer, meditating. Lalauze. (Etching.)

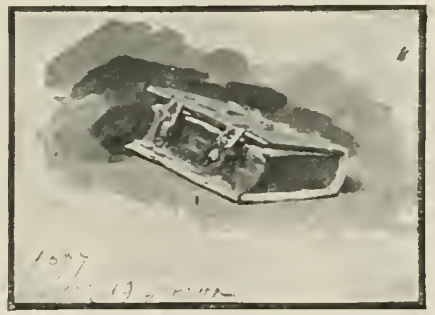
The Writer, meditating. The window open. Courtry and Noller.

The Writer, reading a MS. Mongin. (Etching.)

The two Gamblers. Lavoignat. A woodcut for *Le Magasin Pittoresque*.

The Halt. Flameng. (Etching.)

A Hasty Stirrup-Cup (Sans Débrider). Lalauze ; 4to. (Etching.)
The Vedette. Le Rat. (Etching.)
A Reading at Diderot's House. Mongin and Monziès ; 4to. (Etchings.)
The Flute-player. Le Rat (etching) and Ausseau (on wood).
A young Man playing the Violoncello. Mouilleron. (A lithograph.)
The Etcher. Portrait of Meissonier's son. Rajon ; 4to. (Etching.)
A Flemish Smoker. Rajon. (Etching.)
Friends Chatting. Alfred Rotaut. (Lithograph.)
The Friends. Blanchard ; fol. (Etching.)
The Connoisseurs. Vion. (Etching.)
The Confidence. Vion. (Etching.)
The Postillion. Mongin ; fol. (Etching.)
The Postillion at the Inn-door. Monziès ; fol. (Etching.)
The Traveller. Boulard ; fol. (Etching.)
A Sentry. 1796. Gaucherel ; 4to. (Etching.)
The Orderly. Mongin ; 4to. (Etching.)
Playing Bowls, Antibes. Lalauze. (Etching.)
A Reconnaissance in the Snow. Lalauze. Etching.)
Information. A. Jacquet ; fol. (Etching.)
A Horseman. Sketched in 1871 on a sentry box. Baraud. (A woodcut.)
Colonel of the 12th Cuirassiers. Léveillé. (A woodcut.)
Duroc, 1809. Monziès.
Friedland, 1807. J. Jacquet ; fol. (Line engraving.)
The Campaign in France, 1814. J. Jacquet ; fol. Etching.)
Napoleon I. on Horseback. Noller.
One of the Generals in "Solferino." Laguillermie.
The Lorrainers defiling before the Empress Eugénie at Nancy. Jacquemart ; 4to. (Etching.)
Meissonier. T. C. Regnault. (Line engraving.)
Meissonier, reading. Flame··g. (Etching.)
Meissonier with a long Beard. Danguin. 4to, and Noller.
Meissonier. Gaucherel. (Etching.)
Meissonier's Son. In a Louis XIII. costume. Monziès and Rajon. (Etchings.)
Alex. Dumas the younger. Mongin. (Etching.)
Facsimiles of two Drawings. Gaucherel.
Portrait of M. Hetzel. Manesse. (Etching.)
Moreau and Dessoles before Hohenlinden. E. Boilvin. (Etching.)
Napoleon III. at Solferino. Boulard. (Etching.)
Information (Les Renseignements). Jacquet. (Etching.)
The Writer. P. A. Massé. (Etching.)
The Alsatian Guide. Jacquet. (Etching.)
Sunday at Poissy. Boulard. (Etching.)
A Man-at-Arms. Period of Henri II. (Lithograph.)
A Noble. Period of Henri III.
Lansquenets. (Lithograph.)
A Halberdier. (Lithograph.)
An Arquebusier.
A "Reiter." Leaning upon his lance. Autographic print.)
A Cavalier. Period of Louis XIII.
A Soldier. Period of Louis XIII. Wood engraving.)



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